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THE BOOK OF PRAISE

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**ALLAHABAD.**





THE  
BOOK OF PRAISE  
FROM THE BEST ENGLISH HYMN WRITERS

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY  
ROUNDELL PALMER



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## P R E F A C E.

THE present is an attempt, not to add to the great and constantly increasing multitude of hymn-books intended for congregational use, but to present, under a convenient arrangement, a collection of such examples of a copious and interesting branch of popular literature, as, after a study of the subject which for several years has occupied part of his leisure hours, have seemed to the Editor most worthy of being separated from the mass to which they belong.

A good hymn should have simplicity, freshness, and reality of feeling, a consistent elevation of tone, and a rhythm easy and harmonious, but not juggling or trivial. Its language may be homely, but should not be slovenly or mean. Affectation or visible artifice is worse than excess of homeliness: a hymn is easily spoiled by a single falsetto note. Nor will the

most exemplary soundness of doctrine atone for doggerel, or redeem from failure a prosaic didactic style

There are many hymns in the English language, which will bear the test of these rules, as well, perhaps, as those of Germany, or of the ancient Latin Church. But they are apt to be presented in such company, or in such a manner, as to detract much from their effect. From the operation of causes connected with the nature of such compositions, it happens, that writers, who do not in general rise above mediocrity, sometimes produce beautiful hymns, while, on the other hand, there is far more dross than gold in the works of all voluminous hymn writers. Nor are the principles, on which popular collections of hymns for congregational use are formed, favourable to that kind of selection, which is here attempted. In such collections, as a general rule, the taste of the compilers is regulated by their theology: they seem to be very easily satisfied with all that they think orthodox and edifying, or liturgically appropriate; they do not submit hymns, derived from sources which they respect, to any free or independent criticism; and, on the other hand, they reject, with morbid fastidiousness, every sentiment and expression in which they think

they detect the traces of opinions which they dislike. It is also their frequent habit to cut down the compositions which they approve, with little discrimination or judgment, to such arbitrary dimensions, as suit their ideas of the time which ought to be occupied, during Divine service, by congregational singing.

The same regard to motives of (real, or supposed,) convenience and edification has introduced a system of tampering with the text of hymns, which has now grown into so great an abuse, that to meet with any author's genuine text, in a book of this kind, is quite the exception. Censurable as this practice is, in a literary point of view, it must be confessed that those who adopt it may plead, in their excuse, the examples of many of the writers, whose compositions they alter. The Wesleys altered the compositions of George Herbert, Sandys, Austin, and Watts. Toplady, Madan, and others, altered some of Charles Wesley's hymns, much to his brother John's discontent, as he testifies in the preface to his *Hymn-Book for Methodists*. Toplady's own hymns, even the "Rock of Ages," have not escaped similar treatment. James Montgomery complains much, in the preface to the edition of his collected hymns published in 1853, of his share in this peculiar cross of

suitable heads, compositions of a kind intermediate between hymns for general use and private meditations, which (although the distinction is better marked in some cases than in others) seem to breathe, upon the whole, the accents of particular, rather than general, consciousness and experience. On this account, they are, for the most part, out of place in ordinary hymn-books, and unfit to be sung by public congregations, but their tone, is not the less spiritual and real, and those who know anything of their own wants, and of the power of religion, can scarcely fail to be impressed with their beauty and truth.

The Editor is not sure, whether it may not appear to some to be an objection to this classification, that, by bringing closely together a number of hymns on one subject, a sense of repetition and monotony is created, which might have been avoided by a different method. The repetition, however, which will undoubtedly be met with in the works, not only of different, but even of the same hymn-writers, is of a kind appropriate to such compositions, and, therefore, it ought not to be withdrawn from observation. All lovers of Art are familiar with the habitual repetition of Holy Families, and other sacred subjects, by the early painters,

down to and including Raffaele. The constant enthusiastic contemplation of a few subjects, dear to the universal heart of Christendom, and embodying the highest conceptions of Divine purity and beauty, produced a simplicity, refinement, and spirituality of style, which never tires, notwithstanding its limited range. These are the hymns of painters, addressed to the sense of sight. A similar law has always governed, and to this day governs Christian Hymnody, binding together by the force of a central attraction, more powerful than all causes of difference, times ancient and modern, nations of various race and language, Churchmen and Nonconformists, Churches reformed and unreformed. It is refreshing to turn aside from the divisions of the Christian world, and to rest for a little time in the sense of that inward unity, which, after all, subsists among all good Christians, and which (is it too much to hope?) may perhaps receive some illustration, even from a volume like this.

Throughout the volume, the names of the authors, when known, are affixed to their hymns. When more authors than one have been concerned in the composition of a hymn, or when it is a cento or variation by one person from the work of another, the names of all the





# The Book of Praise.

## PART THE FIRST

### I

#### THE HOLY TRINITY

*"The Catholic Faith is this that we worship one God in  
Trinity, and Trinity in Unity"*

### I

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !  
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee,  
Holy, holy, holy ! Merciful and Mighty !  
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity !

Holy, holy, holy ! all the saints adore Thee,  
Casting down their golden crowns around the  
glassy sea,  
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,  
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be

Holy, holy, holy ! though the darkness hide Thee,  
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may  
not see,  
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,  
Perfect in power, in love and purity

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !  
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth  
and sky and sea,  
Holy, holy, holy ! Merciful and Mighty !  
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity !

*Bishop Reginald Heber 1827.*

## II

Round the Lord in glory seated  
 Cherubim and seraphim  
 Fill'd His temple, and repeated  
 Each to each th' alternate hymn

"Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,  
 "Earth is with its fulness stor'd,  
 "Unto Thee be glory given,  
 "Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

Heaven is still with glory ringing,  
 Earth takes up the angels' cry,  
 "Holy, holy, holy," singing,  
 "Lord of hosts, the Lord most High!"

With His seraph train before Him,  
 With His holy Church below,  
 Thus conspire we to adore Him,  
 Bid we thus our anthem flow

"Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,  
 "Earth is with its fulness stor'd,  
 "Unto Thee be glory given,  
 "Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

*Bishop Richard Mant 1827*

## III

Holy, holy, holy, Lord,  
 God of hosts! When heaven and earth  
 Out of darkness, at Thy word,  
 Issued into glorious birth,  
 All Thy works before Thee stood,  
 And Thine eye beheld them good,  
 While they sang, with one accord,  
 Holy, holy, holy, Lord!

Holy, holy, holy ! Thee,  
One Jehovah evermore,  
Father, Son, and Spirit, we,  
Dust and ashes, would adore  
Lightly by the world esteemed,  
From that world by Thee redeemed,  
Sing we here, with glad accord,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord !

Holy, holy, holy ! All  
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,  
When the ransomed nations fall  
At the footstool of their King  
Then shall saints and seraphim,  
Hearts and voices, swell one hymn,  
Round the Throne with full accord,  
Holy, holy, holy, Lord !  
*James Montgomery 1853*

IV

*Te Deum Laudamus*

God eternal, Lord of all,  
Lowly at Thy feet we fall,  
All the earth doth worship Thee ,  
We amidst the throng would be

All the holy angels cry,  
Hail, thrice holy, God most High  
Lord of all the heavenly powers,  
Be the same loud anthem ours

Glorified apostles raise  
Night and day continual praise  
Hast Thou not a mission too  
For Thy children here to do '

With Thy prophets' goodly line  
 We in mystic bond combine ,  
 For Thou hast to babes revealed  
 Things that to the wise were sealed

Martyrs, in a noble host,  
 Of Thy cross are heard to boast ,  
 Since so bright the crown they wear,  
 Early we Thy cross would bear

All Thy Church in heaven and earth,  
 Jesus ! hail Thy spotless birth ,  
 Own the God, who all has made ,  
 And the Spirit's soothing aid

Offspring of a Virgin's womb ,  
 Slain, and Victor o'er the tomb ,  
 Seated on the Judgment-throne,  
 Number us among Thine own !

Day by day we magnify Thee,  
 And would evermore be nigh Thee  
 Keep us from the Tempter's snare ,  
 Spare Thy people, Jesu, spare !

*James Elwin Mullard 1848.*

v

*Te Deum Laudamus*

Thee we adore, eternal Lord !  
 We praise Thy Name with one accord ;  
 Thy saints, who here Thy goodness see,  
 Through all the world do worship Thee.

To Thee aloud all angels cry,  
 And ceaseless raise their songs on high,

Both cherubin and seraphin,  
The heavens and all the powers therein

The Apostles join the glorious throng ,  
The Prophets swell the immortal song ,  
The Martyrs' noble army raise  
Eternal anthems to Thy praise

Thee, Holy, holy, holy King '  
Thee, the Lord God of hosts, they sing  
Thus earth below, and heaven above,  
Resound Thy glory and Thy love  
*Thomas Cotterill 1810*

VI

I give immortal praise  
To God the Father's love,  
For all my comforts here  
And better hopes above ,  
He sent His own eternal Son  
To die for sins that man had done

To God the Son belongs  
Immortal glory too,  
Who bought us with His blood  
From everlasting woe ,  
And now He lives, and now He reigns,  
And sees the fruit of all His pains

To God the Spirit's name  
Immortal worship give,  
Whose new-creating power  
Makes the dead sinner live ,  
His work completes the great design,  
And fills the soul with joy divine

Almighty God, to Thee  
 Be endless honours done ,  
 The undivided Three,  
 And the mysterious One !  
 Where reason fails with all her powers,  
 There faith prevails, and love adores  
*Isaac Watts 1709*

## VII

O King of kings, before whose throne  
 The angels bow, no gift can we  
 Present that is indeed our own,  
 Since heaven and earth belong to Thee  
 Yet this our souls through grace impart,  
 The offering of a thankful heart

O Jesu, set at God's right hand,  
 With Thine eternal Father plead  
 For all Thy loyal-hearted band,  
 Who still on earth Thy succour need ,  
 For them in weakness strength provide,  
 And through the world their footsteps guide.

O Holy Spirit, Fount of breath,  
 Whose comforts never fail nor fade,  
 Vouchsafe the life that knows no death,  
 Vouchsafe the light that knows no shade ,  
 And grant, that we through all our days  
 May share Thy gifts, and sing Thy praise  
*Variation by Thomas Darling 1857*  
*From John Quarles 1654.*

II

GOD THE CREATOR

*I believe in one God, the Father Almighty, Maker of  
heaven and earth, and of all things visible and  
invisible "*

VIII

PSALM C

Before Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ,  
Know that the Lord is God alone,  
He can create, and He destroy

His sov'reign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and formed us men ,  
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,  
He brought us to His fold again

We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heavens our voices raise ,  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise

Wide as the world is Thy command,  
Vast as eternity Thy love ,  
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move

*Isaac Watts 1719*

*Varied by John Wesley 1737*

## IX

## PSALM XCIII

The Lord Jehovah reigns  
And royal state maintains,  
His head with awful glories crown'd ,  
Arrayed in robes of light,  
Begirt with sovereign might,  
And rays of majesty around

Upheld by Thy commands,  
The world securely stands,  
And skies and stars obey Thy word  
Thy throne was fixed on high  
Before the starry sky  
Eternal is Thy kingdom, Lord

In vain the noisy crowd,  
Like billows fierce and loud,  
Against Thine empire rage and roar  
In vain, with angry spite,  
The surly nations fight,  
And dash like waves against the shore

Let floods and nations rage,  
And all their powers engage ,  
Let swelling tides assault the sky  
The terrors of Thy frown  
Shall beat their madness down  
Thy throne for ever stands on high

Thy promises are true,  
Thy grace is ever new ,  
There fixed, Thy Church shall ne'er remove  
Thy saints with holy fear  
Shall in Thy courts appear,  
And sing Thine everlasting love

*Isaac Watts 1719*



X

Let all the world rejoice,  
The great Jehovah reigns ,  
The thunders are His awful voice ,  
Our life His will ordains ,  
The glories of His Name  
The lightnings, floods, and hail proclaim

He rules by sea and land,  
O'er boundless realms He sways ,  
He holds the oceans in His hand,  
And mighty mountains weighs  
Unequalled and alone  
In majesty He fills His throne

The universe He made  
By His prevailing might ,  
The earth's foundations He hath laid,  
And scattered ancient night ,  
When heaven, and earth, and sea,  
Proclaimed His awful majesty

When the bright orb of day  
First gleamed with ruddy light,  
And yonder moon, with silver ray,  
Marched up the vault of night ,  
And stars bedecked the skies,  
That seemed creation's thousand eyes ,

And earth's fair form was seen,  
With flowers and blossoms drest ,  
And trees, and fields, and meadows green,  
Adorned her youthful breast,  
Hung out in boundless space,  
Amid the ocean's cool embrace ,

Glad was the angel throng  
To see His might prevail ,  
And loud they sung a joyful song  
This universe to hail,  
While yet in youth it stood ,  
The Maker, too, pronounced it good.

But this fair world shall die,  
The creature of a day ,  
In ashes and in ruins lie,  
Its glory passed away  
As when before her birth,  
Again shall be this mighty earth

Soon shall the day be o'er  
Of yonder brilliant sun ,  
And he shall set to rise no more,  
His race of glory run ,  
And soon, alas ! all soon  
Shall fade the stars, and yon pale moon

But ever fix'd, the throne  
Of the Eternal One  
Shall stand, when all creation's gone,  
Unequalled and alone ,  
New worlds to make at will,  
And His own wise designs fulfil

*John Hunt 1853*

## XI

## PSALM CXV

Not unto us, Almighty Lord,  
But to Thyself the glory be '  
Created by Thy awful word,  
We only live to honour Thee

Where is their God ? the heathen cry,  
And bow to senseless wood and stone ,  
Our God, we tell them, fills the sky,  
And calls ten thousand worlds his own.

Vain gods ! vain men ! the Lord alone  
Is Israel's worship, Israel's friend ,  
O fear His power, His goodness own,  
And love Him, trust Him, to the end

Who lean on Him, from strength to strength,  
From light to light, shall onward move,  
Till through the grave they pass at length,  
To sing on high His saving love  
*Henry Francis Lyte 1834.*

## XII

## PSALM CXLVI

Happy the man, whose hopes rely  
On Israel's God , He made the sky,  
And earth and seas with all their train ,  
His truth for ever stands secure,  
He saves the opprest, He feeds the poor ,  
And none shall find his promise vain

The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ,  
The Lord supports the sinking mind ,  
He sends the labouring conscience peace ,  
He helps the stranger in distress,  
The widow and the fatherless,  
And grants the prisoner sweet release

I'll praise Him while He lends me breath,  
And when my voice is lost in death

Praise shall employ my nobler powers  
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
 While life and thought and being last,  
 Or immortality endures

*Isaac Watts 1719.*

## XIII

## PSALM XIX

The spacious firmament on high,  
 With all the blue ethereal sky,  
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
 Their great Original proclaim  
 The unwearied sun, from day to day,  
 Does his Creator's power display,  
 And publishes to every land  
 The work of an Almighty hand

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
 And nightly to the listening earth  
 Repeats the story of her birth ,  
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
 And all the planets in their turn,  
 Confirm the tidings, as they roll,  
 And spread the truth from pole to pole

What, though in solemn silence all  
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball ,  
 What, though no real voice or sound  
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found,  
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
 And utter forth a glorious voice,  
 For ever singing, as they shine,  
 ' The hand that made us is Divine "

*Joseph Addison 1712*

## XII

There is a book, who runs may read,  
Which heavenly truth imparts,  
And all the lore its scholars need,  
Pure eyes and Christian hearts

The works of God, above, below,  
Within us and around,  
Are pages in that book, to show  
How God Himself is found

The glorious Sky, embracing all,  
Is like the Maker's love,  
Wherewith encompass'd, great and small  
In peace and order move

The moon above, the Church below,  
A wondrous race they run,  
But all their radiance, all their glow,  
Each borrows of its sun

The Saviour lends the light and heat  
That crowns His holy hill,  
The saints, like stars, around His seat  
Perform their courses still

The saints above are stars in Heaven,  
What are the saints on earth?  
Like trees they stand, whom God has given,  
Our Eden's happy birth

Faith is their fix'd unswerving root,  
Hope their unfading flower,  
Fair deeds of charity their fruit,  
The glory of their bower

The dew of heaven is like Thy grace ,  
It steals in silence down ,  
But, where it lights, the favoured place  
By richest fruits is known

One name, above all glorious names,  
With its ten thousand tongues  
The everlasting sea proclaims,  
Echoing angelic songs

The raging fire, the roaring wind,  
Thy boundless power display  
But in the gentler breeze we find  
Thy Spirit's viewless way

Two worlds are ours 'tis only sin  
Forbids us to descry,  
The mystic heaven and earth within,  
Plain as the sea and sky

Thou who hast given me eyes to see  
And love this sight so fair,  
Give me a heart to find out Thee,  
And read Thee everywhere

*John Keble 1827*

XV

PSALM LXV

On God the race of man depends,     f  
Far as the earth's remotest ends,     f  
Where the Creator's name is known     f  
By nature's feeble light alone     f

He bids the noisy tempests cease ,  
He calms the raging crowd to peace

When a tumultuous nation raves  
Wild as the winds, and loud as waves

Whole kingdoms, shaken by the storm,  
He settles in a peaceful form ,  
Mountains, establish'd by His hand,  
Firm on their old foundations stand

Behold His ensigns sweep the sky ,  
New comets blaze, and lightnings fly '  
The heathen lands, with swift surprise,  
From the bright horrors turn their eyes

At His command the morning ray  
Smiles in the east, and leads the day ,  
He guides the sun's declining wheels  
Over the tops of western hills

Seasons and times obey His voice ,  
The evening and the morn rejoice  
To see the earth made soft with showers,  
Laden with fruit, and drest in flowers

'Tis from His watery stores on high  
He gives the thirsty ground supply ,  
He walks upon the clouds, and thence  
Doth His enriching drops dispense

The desert grows a fruitful field,  
Abundant food the valleys yield ,  
The valleys shout with cheerful voice,  
And neighbouring hills repeat their joys

Thy works pronounce Thy power divine ,  
O'er every field Thy glories shine ,  
Through every month thy gifts appear ,  
Great God ! Thy goodness crowns the year '

*Isaac Watts 1719*

## XVI

Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess,  
 Thy goodness we adore ,  
 A spring, whose blessings never fail,  
 A sea without a shore

Sun, moon, and stars, Thy love attest  
 In every cheerful ray ,  
 Love draws the curtains of the night,  
 And love restores the day

Thy bounty every season crowns  
 With all the bliss it yields,  
 With joyful clusters bend the vines,  
 With harvests wave the fields

But chiefly Thy compassions, Lord,  
 Are in the Gospel seen ,  
 There, like the Sun, Thy mercy shines  
 Without a cloud between

*Thomas Gibbons 1784.*

## XVII

I sing th' almighty power of God,  
 That made the mountains rise,  
 That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
 And built the lofty skies

I sing the wisdom that ordain'd  
 The sun to rule the day  
 The moon shines full at His command,  
 And all the stars obey



I sing the goodness of the Lord  
That filled the earth with food ,  
He formed the creatures with His word,  
And then pronounced them good

Lord, how Thy wonders are display'd,  
Where'er I turn my eye ,  
If I survey the ground I tread,  
Or gaze upon the sky '

There's not a plant or flower below,  
But makes Thy glories known ,  
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,  
By order from Thy throne

Creatures, as numerous as they be,  
Are subject to Thy care ,  
There's not a place where we can flee  
But God is present there

In Heaven He shines with beams of love,  
With wrath in hell beneath ,  
'Tis on His earth I stand or move,  
And 'tis His air I breathe

His hand is my perpetual guard  
He keeps me with His eye  
Why should I then forget the Lord,  
Who is for ever nigh ?

*Isaac Watts 1715*

## XVIII

Yes, God is good , in earth and sky,  
From ocean-depths and spreading wood,  
Ten thousand voices seem to cry,  
" God made us all, and God is good "

The sun that keeps his trackless way,  
And downward pours his golden flood,  
Night's sparkling hosts, all seem to say  
In accents clear, that God is good

The merry birds prolong the strain,  
Their song with every spring renewed ;  
And balmy air, and falling rain,  
Each softly whisper, " God is good "

I hear it in the rushing breeze ,  
The hills that have for ages stood,  
The echoing sky and roaring seas,  
All swell the chorus, " God is good "

Yes, God is good, all Nature says,  
By God's own hand with speech endued ;  
And man, in louder notes of praise,  
Should sing for joy that God is good.

For all Thy gifts we bless Thee, Lord ,  
But chiefly for our heavenly food,  
Thy pardoning grace, Thy quick'ning word ;  
These prompt our song, that God is good

*John Hampden Gurney 1838—1851*  
*Varied from Eliza Lee Cabot 1826*

XIX

*Nil laudibus nostris eges.*

Our praise Thou need'st not , but Thy love,  
Our Father and our Friend,  
Would have our prayers thus soar above,  
In blessings to descend

Thy secret judgments' depths profound  
Still sings the silent night ,  
The day upon his golden round  
Thy pity infinite

The soul lost in astonishment  
Would speechless wonder fill ,  
But, in the ravish'd bosom pent,  
Love cannot all be still

Feeble and faint, she fain would tell  
Of our great Father's love,  
Tempering the ills that with us dwell,  
And pledging good above

Thither would our best thoughts aspire,  
But chains on us abide ,  
O quicken Thou our faint desire,  
And to Thy presence guide !

*Isaac Williams 1839.*

XX

Let all the world in every corner sing  
My God and King !  
The heavens are not too high ;  
His praise may thither fly .

The earth is not too low ,  
His praises there may grow

Let all the world in every corner sing  
My God and King !  
The Church with psalms must shout ;  
No door can keep them out  
But, above all, the heart  
Must bear the longest part

Let all the world in every corner sing  
My God and King !  
*George Herbert* 1632

## XXI

## PSALM CIV

'O worship the King,  
All glorious above ,  
O gratefully sing  
His power and His love ,  
Our Shield and Defender,  
The Ancient of days,  
Pavilioned in splendour,  
And girded with praise

O tell of His might,  
O sing of His grace,  
Whose robe is the light,  
Whose canopy space ,  
His chariots of wrath  
Deep thunder-clouds form,  
And dark is His path  
On the wings of the storm.

The earth, with its store  
Of wonders untold,  
Almighty, Thy power  
Hath founded of old,  
Hath stablish'd it fast  
By a changeless decree,  
And round it hath cast,  
Like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care  
What tongue can recite ?  
It breathes in the air,  
It shines in the light,  
It streams from the hills,  
It descends to the plain,  
And sweetly distils  
In the dew and the rain

Frail children of dust,  
And feeble as frail,  
In Thee do we trust,  
Nor find Thee to fail  
Thy mercies how tender !  
How firm to the end !  
Our Maker, Defender,  
Redeemer, and Friend !

O measureless Might !  
Ineffable Love !  
While angels delight  
To hymn Thee above,  
The humbler creation,  
Tho' feeble their lays,  
With true adoration  
Shall hsp to Thy praise  
*Sir Robert Grant* [1833]

## XXII

Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,  
From realm to realm the notes shall sound ,  
And Heaven's exulting sons rejoice  
To bear the full Hosanna round.

When, starting from the shades of night,  
At dread Jehovah's high behest,  
The Sun arrayed his limbs in light,  
And Earth her virgin beauty drest,

Thy praise transported Nature sung  
In pealing chorus loud and far ,  
The echoing vault with rapture rung,  
And shouted every morning star.

When, bending from His native sky,  
The Lord of Life in mercy came,  
And laid His bright effulgence by,  
To bear on earth a human name ,

The song, by cherub voices raised,  
Roll'd through the dark blue depths above ;  
And Israel's shepherds heard amazed  
The seraph notes of peace and love

And shall not man the concert join,  
For whom this bright creation rose ,  
For whom the fires of morning shine,  
And eve's still lamps, that woo repose ?

And shall not he the chorus swell,  
Whose form the Incarnate Godhead wore ,  
Whose guilt, whose fears, whose triumph tell  
How deep the wounds his Saviour bore ?

Long as yon glittering arch shall bend,  
Long as yon orbs in glory roll,  
Long as the streams of life descend  
To cheer with hope the fainting soul,

Thy praise shall fill each grateful voice,  
Shall bid the song of rapture sound  
And heaven's exulting sons rejoice  
To bear the full Hosanna round

*John Bowdler 1814.*

XXIII

PSALM CIII

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven ;  
To His feet thy tribute bring ,  
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
Who like me His praise should sing ?  
Praise Him ! praise Him !  
Praise the everlasting King !

Praise Him for His grace and favour,  
To our fathers in distress ,  
Praise Him, still the same for ever,  
Slow to chide, and swift to bless ,  
Praise Him ! praise him !  
Glorious in His faithfulness !

Father-like He tends and spares us ;  
Well our feeble frame he knows ,  
In His hands He gently bears us,  
Rescues us from all our foes  
Praise Him ! praise him !  
Widely as His mercy flows !

Angels, help us to adore Him,  
Ye behold Him face to face,  
Sun and moon, bow down before Him,  
Dwellers all in time and space,  
Praise Him ! praise Him !  
Praise with us the God of grace !

*Henry Francis Lyte 1834*

## XXIV

## PSALM CL

Praise the Lord, His glories show,  
Saints within His courts below,  
Angels round His throne above,  
All that see and share His love  
Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,  
Tell his wonders, sing his worth,  
Age to age, and shore to shore,  
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore !

Praise the Lord, His mercies trace,  
Praise His providence and grace,  
All that He for man hath done,  
All He sends us through His Son  
Strings and voices, hands and hearts,  
In the concert bear your parts,  
All that breathe, your Lord adore,  
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore !

*Henry Francis Lyte 1834*



XXV

PSALM CXLVIII.

Praise the Lord of Heaven, praise Him in the  
height,  
Praise Him, all ye angels, praise Him, stars and  
light,  
Praise Him, skies, and waters, which above the skies,  
When His word commanded, 'stablished did arise

Praise the Lord, ye Mountains of the deeps and seas,  
Rocks and hills and mountains, cedars and all trees,  
Praise Him, clouds and vapours, snow, and hail, and  
fire,  
Stormy wind, fulfilling only His desire

Praise Him, fowls and cattle, princes and all kings,  
Praise Him, men and maidens, all created things,  
For the Name of God is excellent alone,  
Over earth His footstool, over heaven His throne  
*Thomas Bagnall Baker 1844*

XXVI

Hark, my soul, how every thing  
Strives to serve our bounteous King,  
Each a double tribute pays,  
Sings its part, and then obeys

Nature's chief and sweetest quire  
Him with cheerful notes admire,  
Chanting every day their lauds,  
While the grove their song applauds

Though their voices lower be,  
Streams have too their melody ,  
Night and day they warbling run,  
Never pause, but still sing on

All the flowers that gild the spring  
Hither their still music bring ,  
If Heaven bless them, thankful they  
Smell more sweet, and look more gay.

Only we can scarce afford  
This short office to our Lord ,  
We, on whom His bounty flows,  
All things gives, and nothing owes

Wake, for shame, my sluggish heart,  
Wake, and gladly sing thy part ,  
Learn of birds, and springs, and flowers,  
How to use thy nobler powers

Call whole nature to thy aid,  
Since 'twas He whole nature made ,  
Join in one eternal song,  
Who to one God all belong

Live for ever, glorious Lord !  
Live, by all Thy works ador'd !  
One in Three, and Three in One,  
Thrice we bow to Thee alone !

*John Austin 1668.*

## XXVII

Come, O come ! in pious lays  
Sound we God Almighty's praise ,  
Hither bring, in one consent,  
Heart, and voice, and instrument  
Music add of every kind,  
Sound the trump, the cornet wind,  
Strike the viol, touch the lute,  
Let not tongue nor string be mute ,  
Nor a creature dumb be found  
That hath either voice or sound

Let those things which do not live  
In still music praises give ,  
Lowly pipe, ye worms that creep  
On the earth or in the deep  
Loud aloft your voices strain,  
Beasts and monsters of the main ,  
Birds, your warbling treble sing ,  
Clouds, your peals of thunder ring ,  
Sun and moon, exalted higher,  
And bright stars, augment the choir

Come, ye sons of human race,  
In this chorus take your place,  
And amid the mortal throng  
Be you masters of the song  
Angels and supernal powers,  
Be the noblest tenors  
Let, in praise of God, the sound  
Run a never-ending round,  
That our song of praise may be  
Everlasting, as is He

From earth's vast and hollow womb,  
 Music's deepest base may come ,  
 Seas and floods, from shore to shore,  
 Shall their counter-tenors roar  
 To this concert, when we sing,  
 Whistling winds your descants bring ,  
 That our song may over-climb  
 All the bounds of place and time,  
 And ascend, from sphere to sphere,  
 To the great Almighty's car

So from Heaven on earth He shall  
 Let His gracious blessings fall ,  
 And this huge wide orb we see  
 Shall one choir, one temple be ,  
 Where in such a praiseful tone  
 We will sing what He hath done,  
 That the cursed fiends below  
 Shall thereat impatient grow  
 Then, O come, in pious lays  
 Sound we God Almighty's praise !

*George Wither. 1641.*

#### XXVIII

To God, ye choir above, begin  
 A hymn so loud and strong,  
 That all the universe may hear  
 And join the grateful song

Praise Him, thou sun, Who dwells unseen  
 Amidst transcendent light,  
 Where thy refulgent orb would seem  
 A spot, as dark as night

Thou silver moon, ye host of stars,  
The universal song  
Through the serene and silent night  
To listening worlds prolong

Sing Him, ye distant worlds and suns,  
From whence no travelling ray  
Hath yet to us, through ages past,  
Had time to make its way

Assist, ye raging storms, and bear  
On rapid wings His praise,  
From north to south, from east to west,  
Through heaven, and earth, and seas

Exert your voice, ye furious fires  
That rend the watery cloud,  
And thunder to this nether world  
Your Maker's words aloud

Ye works of God, that dwell unknown  
Beneath the rolling main ,  
Ye birds, that sing among the groves,  
And sweep the azure plain ,

Ye stately hills, that rear your heads,  
And towering pierce the sky ,  
Ye clouds, that with an awful pace  
Majestic roll on high ,

Ye insects small, to which one leaf  
Within its narrow sides  
A vast extended world displays,  
And spacious realms provides ,

Ye race, still less than these, with which  
 The stagnant water teems,  
 To which one drop, however small,  
 A boundless ocean seems ,

Whate'er ye are, where'er ye dwell,  
 Ye creatures great or small,  
 Adore the wisdom, praise the power,  
 That made and governs all

And if ye want or sense or sounds,  
 To swell the grateful noise,  
 Prompt mankind with that sense, and they  
 Shall find for you a voice

From all the boundless realms of space  
 Let loud Hosannas sound ,  
 Loud send, ye wondrous works of God,  
 The grateful concert round

*Philip Skelton 1784.*

XXIX

The strain upraise of joy and praise,	Alleluia !
To the glory of their King	
Shall the ransomed people sing,	Alleluia !
And the choirs that dwell on high	
Shall re-echo through the sky,	Alleluia !
They through the fields of Paradise who roam,	
The blessed ones, repeat through that bright home,	Alleluia !

The planets glittering on their heavenly way,  
The shining constellations, join and say,  
Alleluia !

Ye clouds that onward sweep,  
Ye winds on pinions light,  
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep,  
Ye lightnings, wildly bright,  
In sweet consent unite your Alleluia !  
Ye floods and ocean billows,  
Ye storms and winter snow,  
Ye days of cloudless beauty,  
Hoar frost and summer glow ,  
Ye groves that wave in spring,  
And glorious forests, sing  
Alleluia !

First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,  
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say  
Alleluia !

Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain,  
Join in creation's hymn, and cry again,  
Alleluia !

Here let the mountains thunder forth sonorous,  
Alleluia !

There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus,  
Alleluia !

Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry  
Alleluia !

Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply  
Alleluia !

To God, Who all creation made,  
The frequent hymn be duly paid ,  
Alleluia !

This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord  
Almighty loves ,  
Alleluia !

This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ  
Himself approves,

Alleluia!

Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice awaking,  
Alleluia!

And children's voices echo, answer making,  
Alleluia!

Now from all men be outpoured  
Alleluia to the Lord,  
With Alleluia evermore  
The Son and Spirit we adore  
Praise be done to the Three in One,  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

*John Mason Neale 1851*

## CHRIST INCARNATE

### III

*"And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God, begotten of His Father before all worlds, God of God, Light of Light, Very God of Very God, Begotten, not made, being of one Substance with the Father, by Whom all things were made Who for us men, and for our salvation, came down from Heaven, and was Incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made man."*

### XXX

*"Jam desinant suspiria"*

Away with sorrow's sigh,  
Our prayers are heard on high,  
And through Heaven's crystal door  
On this our earthly floor  
Comes meek-eyed Peace to walk with poor mortality.



In dead of night profound,  
There breaks a seraph sound  
Of never-ending morn ,  
The Lord of glory born  
Within a holy grot on this our sullen ground

Now with that shepherd crowd  
If it might be allowed,  
We fain would enter there  
With awful hastening fear,  
And kiss that cradle chaste in reverend worship  
bowed

O sight of strange surprise  
That fills our gazing eyes  
A manger coldly strew'd,  
And swaddling bands so rude,  
A leaning mother poor, and child that helpless lies

Art Thou, O wondrous sight,  
Of lights the very Light ,  
Who holdest in Thy hand  
The sky and sea and land ,  
Who than the glorious heavens art more exceeding  
bright ?

'Tis so , faith darts before,  
And, through the cloud drawn o'er,  
She sees the God of all,  
Where angels prostrate fall,  
Adoring tremble still, and trembling still adore

No thunders round Thee break ,  
Yet doth Thy silence speak  
From that, Thy Teacher's seat,  
To us around Thy feet,  
To shun what flesh desires, what flesh abhors to seek.

Within us, Babe divine,  
 Be born, and make us 'Thine ,  
 Within our souls reveal  
 Thy love and power to heal ,  
 Be born, and make our hearts Thy cradle and Thy  
 shrine

*Isaac Williams 1839*

XXXI.

What sudden blaze of song  
 Spreads o'er the expanse of Heaven ?  
 In waves of light it thrills along,  
 Th' angelic signal given  
 Glory to God ! from yonder central fire  
 Flows out the echoing lay beyond the starry quire.

Like circles widening round  
 Upon a clear blue river,  
 Orb after orb, the wondrous sound  
 Is echoed on for ever-  
 "Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,  
 And love towards men of love, salvation and  
 release !"

Yet stay, before thou dare  
 To join that festal throng ;  
 Listen, and mark what gentle air  
 First stirred the tide of song  
 'Tis not, "the Saviour born in David's home,  
 To whom for power and health obedient worlds  
 should come"

'Tis not, "the Christ the Lord  
 With fixed adoring look

The quire of angels caught the word,  
Nor yet their silence broke  
But when they heard the sign, where Christ  
should be,  
In sudden light they shone, and heavenly harmony

Wrapped in His swaddling bands,  
And in His manger laid,  
The Hope and Glory of all lands  
Is come to the world's aid  
No peaceful home upon His cradle smil'd ,  
Guests rudely went and came, where slept the royal  
Child

But where Thou dwellest, Lord,  
No other thought should be,  
Once duly welcomed and ador'd  
How should I part with Thee ?  
Bethlehem must lose Thee soon , but Thou wilt  
grace  
The single heart to be Thy sure abiding place

Thee, on the bosom laid  
Of a pure virgin mind,  
In quiet ever and in shade  
Shepherd and sage may find ,  
They, who have bowed untaught to Nature's  
sway,  
And they, who follow Truth along her star-paved  
way

The pastoral spirits first  
Approach Thee, Babe divine ,  
For they in lowly thoughts are nurst,  
Meet for Thy lowly shrine

Sooner than they should miss where Thou dost  
dwell,  
Angels from Heaven will stoop to guide them to  
Thy cell

Still, as the day comes round  
For Thee to be reveal'd,  
By wakeful shepherds Thou art found  
Abiding in the field  
All though the wintry heaven and chill night air  
In music and in light Thou dawnest on their prayer

O faint not ye for fear !  
What though your wandering sheep,  
Reckless of what they see and hear  
Lie lost in wilful sleep ?  
High Heaven, in mercy to your sad annoy,  
Still greets you with glad tidings of immortal joy

Think on the eternal home  
The Saviour left for you ,  
Think on the Lord most Holy, come  
To dwell with hearts untrue  
So shall ye tread untired His pastoral ways,  
And in the darkness sing your carol of high praise  
*John Keble 1827.*

XXXIII<sup>e</sup>

'Tis come, the time so oft foretold,  
The time eternal love forecast ,  
Four thousand years of hope have rolled,  
And God hath sent His Son at last ,  
Let heaven, let earth, adore the plan ,  
Glory to God, and grace to man !

To swains that watch'd their nightly fold,  
Of lowly lot, of lowly mind,  
To these the tidings first were told,  
That told of hope for lost mankind ,  
God gives His Son , no more He can ,  
Glory to God, and grace to man !

And well to shepherds first 'tis known,  
The Lord of angels comes from high,  
In humblest aspect like their own,  
Good Shepherd, for His sheep to die  
O height and depth, which who shall span ?  
Glory to God, and grace to man !

Fain with those meek, those happy swains,  
Lord, I would hear that angel quire ,  
Till, ravished by celestial strains,  
My heart responds with holy fire ,  
(That holy fire Thy breath must fan ,)  
Glory to God, and grace to man !

*Thomas Grinfield 1836.*

XXXIII

While shepherds watched their flocks by night  
All seated on the ground,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around

“ Fear not,” said he , (for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind ,)  
“ Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
“ To you and all mankind

"To you, in David's town, this day  
 "Is born of David's line  
 "The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord ;  
 "And thus shall be the sign

"The heavenly Babe you there shall find  
 "To human view displayed,  
 "All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,  
 "And in a manger laid"

Thus spake the Seraph , and forthwith  
 Appeared a shining throng ~  
 Of angels, praising God, and thus  
 Address'd their joyful song

"All glory be to God on high,  
 "And to the earth be peace ,  
 "Good will henceforth from Heaven to men  
 "Begin, and never cease !"

*Nahum Tate 1698*

#### XXXIV

Hark ! how all the welkin rings  
 Glory to the King of kings !  
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
 God and sinners reconciled !  
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
 Join the triumph of the skies ,  
 Universal nature say, ~  
 Christ the Lord is born to-day !

Christ, by highest Heaven adored ;  
 Christ, the Everlasting Lord ,  
 Late in time behold Him come,  
 Offspring of a Virgin's womb

Veiled in flesh the Godhead see ,  
Hail, th' Incarnate Deity,  
Pleased as man with men to appear,  
Jesus, our Immanuel here !

Hail ! the heavenly Prince of Peace !  
Hail ! the Sun of Righteousness !  
Light and life to all He brings,  
Risen with healing in His wings  
Mild He lays His glory by,  
Born that man no more may die,  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth

Come, Desire of nations, come,  
Fix in us Thy humble home !  
Rise, the Woman's conquering Seed,  
Bruise in us the Serpent's head !  
Now display Thy saving power,  
Ruined nature now restore,  
Now in mystic union join  
Thine to ours, and ours to Thine !

Adam's likeness, Lord, efface ,  
Stamp Thy image in its place ,  
Second Adam from above,  
Reinstate us in Thy love !  
Let us Thee, though lost, regain,  
Thee, the Life, the Heavenly Man  
O ! to all Thyself impart,  
Formed in each believing heart !

*Charles Wesley* 1739

XXXI

We'll sing, in spite of scorn  
 Our theme is come from Heaven  
 To us a Child is born,  
 To us a Son is given,  
 The sweetest news that ever came  
 We'll sing, though all the world should blame

The long-expected morn  
 Has dawn'd upon the earth,  
 The Saviour Christ is born,  
 And angels sing His birth  
 We'll join the bright seraphic throng,  
 We'll share their joys, and swell their song.

O ! 'tis a lofty theme,  
 Supplied by angels' tongues !  
 All other objects seem  
 Unworthy of our songs  
 This sacred theme has boundless charms,  
 It fills, it captivates, it warms

Now sing of peace divine,  
 Of grace to guilty man,  
 No wisdom, Lord, but Thine  
 Could form the wondrous plan,  
 Where peace and righteousness embrace,  
 And justice goes along with grace

Give praise to God on high,  
 With angels round His throne,  
 Give praise to God with joy,  
 Give praise to God alone !  
 'Tis meet His saints their songs should raise,  
 And give the Saviour endless praise

*Thomas Kelly* 1806—1836



XXXVI

The scene around me disappears,  
And, borne to ancient regions,  
While time recalls the flight of years,  
I see angelic legions  
Descending in an orb of light  
Amidst the dark and silent night  
I hear celestial voices

Tidings, glad tidings from above  
To every age and nation !  
Tidings, glad tidings ! God is Love,  
To man He sends salvation !  
His Son beloved, His only Son,  
The work of mercy hath begun ,  
Give to His Name the glory !

Through David's city I am led ,  
Here all around are sleeping ,  
A Light directs to yon poor shed ,  
There lonely watch is keeping  
I enter , ah ! what glories shine !  
Is this Immanuel's earthly shrine,  
Messiah's infant Temple ?

It is, it is , and I adore  
This Stranger meek and lowly,  
As saints and angels bow before  
The throne of God thrice Holy !  
Faith through the veil of flesh can see  
The Face of Thy Divinity,  
My Lord, my God, my Saviour !  
*James Montgomery* 1825

## XXXVII

Though rude winds usher thee, sweet day,  
Though clouds thy face deform,  
Though nature's grace is swept away  
Before thy sleety storm,  
Ev'n in thy sombrest wintry vest,  
Of blessed days thou art most blest

Nor frigid air nor gloomy morn  
Shall check our jubilee,  
Bright is the day when Christ was born,  
No sun need shine but He,  
Let roughest storms their coldest blow,  
With love of Him our hearts shall glow

Inspired with high and holy thought,  
Fancy is on the wing,  
It seems as to mine ear it brought  
Those voices carolling,  
Voices through heaven and earth that ran,  
Glory to God, good will to man

I see the shepherds gazing wild  
At those fair spirits of light,  
I see them bending o'er the Child  
With that untold delight  
Which marks the face of those who view  
Things but too happy to be true

There, in the lowly manger laid,  
Incarnate God they see,  
He stoops to take, through spotless maid,  
Our frail humanity  
Son of high God, creation's Heir,  
He leaves His Heaven to raise us there

Through Him, Lord, we are born anew,  
Thy children once again ,  
Oh ! day by day our hearts renew,  
That Thine we may remain,  
And, angel-like, may all agree,  
One sweet and holy family

Oft, as this joyous morn doth come  
To speak our Saviour's love,  
Oh, may it bear our spirits home,  
Where He now reigns above ,  
That day which brought Him from the skies,  
And man restores to Paradise !

T'hen let winds usher thee, sweet day,  
Let clouds thy face deform ,  
Though nature's grace is swept away  
Before thy sleety storm ,  
Ev'n in thy sombiest wintry vest  
Of blessed days thou art most blest  
*Samuel Rickards 1825*

## XXXVIII

It came upon the midnight clear,  
That glorious song of old,  
From angels bending near the earth  
To touch their harps of gold  
" Peace, on the earth, goodwill to men  
From Heaven's all-gracious King "   
The world in solemn stillness lay  
To hear the angels sing

Still through the cloven skies they come  
With peaceful wings unfur'd ,

And still their heavenly music floats  
O'er all the weary world .  
Above its sad and lowly plains  
They bend on hovering wing,  
And ever o'er its Babel sounds  
The blessed angels sing

But with the woes of sin and strife  
The world has suffered long ,  
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled  
Two thousand years of wrong ,  
And man, at war with man, hears not  
The love-song which they bring  
Oh ! hush the noise, ye men of strife ,  
And hear the angels sing !

And ye, beneath life's crushing load  
Whose forms are bending low,  
Who toil along the climbing way  
With painful steps and slow ,  
Look now ! for glad and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wing  
Oh ! rest beside the weary road,  
And hear the angels sing !

For lo ! the days are hastening on,  
By prophet-bards foretold,  
When with the ever-circling years  
Comes round the age of gold ,  
When Peace shall over all the earth  
Its ancient splendours fling,  
And the whole world send back the song  
Which now the angels sing

*Edmund Hamilton Sears* [1850]

XXXIX

The race that long in darkness pined  
Have seen a glorious Light ,  
The people dwell in Day, who dwelt  
In Death's surrounding night

To hail Thy rise, Thou better Sun,  
The gathering nations come,  
Joyous as when the reapers bear  
The harvest-treasures home

For Thou our burden hast removed,  
And quell'd th' oppressor's sway,  
Quick as the slaughtered squadrons fell  
In Midian's evil day

To us a Child of Hope is born,  
To us a Son is given ,  
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,  
Him all the hosts of heaven

His Name shall be the Prince of Peace,  
For evermore adored,  
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,  
The great and mighty Lord

His power increasing still shall spread,  
His reign no end shall know  
Justice shall guard His throne above,  
And Peace abound below

*John Morrison 1781*

## XL

Bright was the guiding star that led  
With mild benignant ray  
The Gentiles to the lowly shed,  
Where the Redeemer lay

But lo ! a brighter, clearer light  
Now points to His abode ,  
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,  
To guide us to our God

O haste to follow where it leads ,  
The gracious call obey ,  
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,  
The Christian's destined way

O gladly tread the narrow path  
While light and grace are given !  
Who meekly follow Christ on earth,  
Shall reign with Him in heaven

*Harriett Auber 1829*

## XLI

As with gladness men of old  
Did the guiding star behold ,  
As with joy they hailed its light,  
Leading onward, beaming bright ,  
So, most gracious God, may we  
Evermore be led to Thee

As with joyful steps they sped  
To that lowly manger-bed ,  
There to bend the knee before  
Him whom heaven and earth adore

So may we with willing feet  
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat

As they offered gifts most rare  
At that manger rude and bare ,  
So may we with holy joy,  
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,  
All our costliest treasures bring,  
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King

Holy Jesus ! every day  
Keep us in the narrow way ,  
And, when earthly things are past,  
Bring our ransomed souls at last  
Where they need no star to guide,  
Where no clouds Thy glory hide

In the heavenly countiy bright  
Need they no created light ,  
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,  
Thou its Sun, which goes not down  
There for ever may we sing  
Alleluas to our King

*William Chatterton Dix 1860*

XLII

Hark, the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,  
The Saviour promised long ,  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song !

He comes, the prisoners to release  
In Satan's bondage held ,  
The gates of brass before Him burst,  
The iron fetters yield

He comes, from thickest films of vice  
 To clear the mental ray,  
 And on the eye-balls of the blind  
 To pour celestial day

He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
 The bleeding soul to cure,  
 And with the treasures of His grace  
 To enrich the humble poor

Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
 Thy welcome shall proclaim,  
 And heaven's eternal arches ring  
 With thy beloved name

*Philip Doddridge* 17

#### XLIII

Lo ! He comes ! let all adore Him !  
 'Tis the God of grace and truth !  
 Go ! prepare the way before Him,  
 Make the rugged places smooth !  
 Lo ! He comes, the mighty Lord !  
 Great His work, and His reward

Let the valleys all be raised ,  
 Go, and make the crooked straight ,  
 Let the mountains be abased ,  
 Let all nature change its state ,  
 Through the desert mark a road ,  
 Make a highway for our God

Through the desert God is going,  
 Through the desert waste and wild,  
 Where no goodly plant is growing,  
 Where no verdure ever smiled ,



But the desert shall be glad,  
And with verdure soon be clad

Where the thorn and briar flourish'd,  
Trees shall there be seen to grow,  
Planted by the Lord and nourish'd,  
Stately, fair, and fruitful too,  
They shall rise on every side,  
They shall spread their branches wide.

From the hills and lofty mountains  
Rivers shall be seen to flow,  
There the Lord will open fountains,  
Thence supply the plains below,  
As He passes, every land  
Shall confess His powerful hand  
*Thomas Kelly 1809.*

## XLIV

## PSALM XCVIII

Joy to the world, the Lord is come,  
Let earth receive her King,  
Let every heart prepare Him room,  
And heaven and nature sing

Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns,  
Let men their songs employ,  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains  
Repeat the sounding joy

No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground  
He comes to make His blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found

He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of His righteousness,  
And wonders of His love

*Isaac Watts 1709*

## XLV

Thus saith God of His Anointed ,  
He shall let My people go ,  
'Tis the work for Him appointed,  
'Tis the work that He shall do ,  
And My city  
He shall found, and build it too

He whom man with scorn refuses,  
Whom the favoured nation hates,  
He it is Jehovah chooses,  
Him the highest place awaits ,  
Kings and princes  
Shall do homage at His gates

He shall humble all the scorers,  
He shall fill His foes with shame ,  
He shall raise and comfort mourners  
By the sweetness of His Name ,  
To the captives  
He shall liberty proclaim.

He shall gather those that wand'r'd ,  
When they hear the trumpet's sound,  
They shall join the sacred standard,  
They shall come and flock around ,  
He shall save them,  
They shall be with glory crown'd  
*Thomas Kelly 1809.*

XLVI

O for a thousand tongues to sing  
My dear Redeemer's praise,  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of His grace !

My gracious Master and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread, through all the earth abroad,  
The honours of Thy Name

Jesus, the Name that charms our fears,  
• That bids our sorrows cease ,  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace !

He speaks, and, listening to His voice,  
New life the dead receive ,  
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,  
The humble poor believe.

Hear Him, ye deaf, His praise, ye dumb,  
Your loosened tongues employ ,  
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,  
And leap, ye lame, for joy !

*Charles Wesley 1743*

XLVII

How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear !  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear !

It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast ,  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest

Dear Name! the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place,  
My never-failing treasury, fill'd  
With boundless stores of grace,

By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,  
Although with sin defiled ,  
Satan accuses me in vain,  
And I am owned a child

Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring

Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought ,  
But, when I see Thee as Thou art,  
I'll praise Thee as I ought

Till then, I would Thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath ;  
And may the music of Thy Name  
Refresh my soul in death !

*John Newton 1779*

IV

*"And was Crucified for us under Pontius Pilate, He  
suffered, and was buried"*

XLVIII

When I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast  
Save in the death of Christ, my God,  
All the vain things that charm me most  
I sacrifice them to His blood

See from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small,  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all  
*Isaac Watts, 1709.*

XLIX

We sing the praise of Him Who died,  
Of Him Who died upon the cross,  
The sinner's hope let men deride  
For this we count the world but loss

Inscribed upon the cross we see  
 In shining letters, God is Love ;  
 He bears our sins upon the tree,  
 He brings us mercy from above

The Cross ! it takes our guilt away ,  
 It holds the fainting spirit up ,  
 It cheers with hope the gloomy day,  
 And sweetens every bitter cup ,

It makes the coward spirit brave ,  
 And nerves the feeble arm for fight ,  
 It takes its terror from the grave,  
 And gilds the bed of death with light ,

The balm of life, the cure of woe,  
 The measure and the pledge of love,  
 The sinner's refuge here below,  
 The angels' theme in heaven above  
*Thomas Kelly* 1815

## I

Lord Jesu, when we stand afar  
 And gaze upon Thy Holy Cross,  
 In love of Thee and scorn of self,  
 Oh ! may we count the world as loss.

When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,  
 And the rough way that Thou hast trod,  
 Make us to hate the load of sin  
 That lay so heavy on our God

Oh holy Lord ! uplifted high  
 With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,  
 Embracing in Thy wondrous love  
 The sinful world that lies below.

Give us an ever living faith  
To gaze beyond the things we see ;  
And in the mystery of Thy Death  
Draw us and all men unto Thee !

*William Walsham How* [1854.

## LI

Beneath Thy cross I lay me down,  
And mourn to see Thy bloody crown ,  
Love drops in blood from every vein ,  
Love is the spring of all His pain

Here, Jesus, I shall ever stay,  
And spend my longing hours away,  
Think on Thy bleeding wounds and pain,  
And contemplate Thy woes again

The rage of Satan and of sin,  
Of foes without, and fears within,  
Shall ne'er my conquering soul remove  
Or from Thy cross, or from Thy love

Secured from harms beneath Thy shade,  
Here death and hell shall ne'er invade ,  
Nor Sinai, with its thundering noise,  
Shall e'er disturb my happier joys

O unmolested happy rest !  
Where upward fears are all suppress ,  
Here I shall love, and live secure,  
And patiently my cross endure

*William Williams* 1772.

## LII

Plunged in a gulf of dark despair  
 We wretched sinners lay,  
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
 Or spark of glimmering day

With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace  
 Beheld our helpless grief  
 He saw, and oh' amazing love'  
 He ran to our relief

Down from the shining seats above  
 With joyful haste He fled,  
 Entered the grave in mortal flesh,  
 And dwelt among the dead

Oh' for this love, let rocks and hills  
 Their lasting silence break,  
 And all harmonious human tongues  
 The Saviour's praises speak'

Angels, assist our mighty joys;  
 Strike all your harps of gold'  
 But, when you raise your highest notes,  
 His love can ne'er be told

*Isaac Watts 1709.*

## LIII

## PSALM VIII.

O Lord, how good, how great art Thou,  
 In heaven and earth the same!  
 There angels at Thy footstool bow,  
 Here babes Thy grace proclaim



When glorious in the nightly sky  
Thy moon and stars I see,  
O, what is man ! I wondering cry,  
To be so loved by Thee !

To him Thou hourly deign'st to give  
New mercies from on high ,  
Didst quit Thy Throne with him to live,  
For him in pain to die

Close to Thine own bright seraphim  
His favoured path is trod ,  
And all beside are serving him,  
That he may serve his God

O Lord, how good, how great art Thou,  
In heaven and earth the same !  
There angels at Thy footstool bow,  
Here babes Thy grace proclaim  
*Henry Francis Lyte 1834*

## LIV

Blow ye the trumpet, blow,  
The gladly solemn sound ,  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound ,  
The year of Jubilee is come ,  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Jēsus, our great High Priest,  
Hath full atonement made ,  
Ye weary spirits, rest ,  
Ye mournful souls, be glad .  
The year of Jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Exalt the Lamb of God,  
 The all-atoning Lamb,  
 Redemption in His blood  
 Throughout the world proclaim  
 The year of Jubilee is come,  
 Return, ye ransomed sinners home.

Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
 Your liberty receive,  
 And safe in Jesus dwell,  
 And blest in Jesus live  
 The year of Jubilee is come,  
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Ye, who have sold for nought  
 Your heritage above,  
 Shall have it back unbought,  
 The gift of Jesus' love,  
 The year of Jubilee is come,  
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

The Gospel Trumpet hear,  
 The news of heavenly grace,  
 And, saved from earth, appear  
 Before your Saviour's face  
 The year of Jubilee is come,  
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home

*Charles Wesley 1751*

LV

Now let us join with hearts and tongues,  
 And emulate the angels' songs,  
 Yea, sinners may address their King  
 In songs that angels cannot sing,

They praise the Lamb who once was slain ,  
But we can add a higher strain ,  
Not only say, He suffered thus,  
But that He suffered all for us

Jesus, who pass'd the angels by,  
Assumed our flesh to bleed and die ,  
And still He makes it His abode ,  
As man He fills the throne of God.

Our next of kin, our Brother now,  
Is He to whom the angels bow ,  
They join with us to praise His Name,  
But we the nearest interest claim

But ah ! how faint our praises rise !  
Sure 'tis the wonder of the skies,  
That we, who share His richest love,  
So cold and unconcern'd should prove

O glorious hour ! it comes with speed,  
When we, from sin and darkness freed,  
Shall see the God who died for man,  
And praise Him more than angels can

*John Newton. 1779.*

## LVI

O Saviour, may we never rest  
Till Thou art form'd within ,  
Till Thou hast calm'd our troubled breast,  
And crush'd the power of sin

O may we gaze upon Thy cross,  
Until the wondrous sight  
Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,  
And earthly sorrows light

Until, releas'd from carnal ties,  
 Our spirit upward springs,  
 And sees true peace above the skies,  
 True joy in heavenly things

There as we gaze, may we become  
 United, Lord, to Thee ,  
 And in a fairer, happier home,  
 Thy perfect beauty see

*William Hiley Bathurst 1831*

LVII.

Saviour, I lift my trembling eyes  
 To that bright seat, where, placed on high,  
 The great, the atoning Sacrifice,  
 For me, for all, is ever nigh

Be Thou my guard on peril's brink ,  
 Be Thou my guide through weal or woe ,  
 And teach me of Thy cup to drink,  
 And make me in Thy path to go

For what is earthly change or loss ?  
 Thy promises are still my own  
 The feeblest frame may bear Thy cross,  
 The lowliest spirit share Thy Throne

*Anon "M. G. T." 1831.*

V

CHRIST RISEN

*"And the third day He rose again, according to the  
Scriptures"*

LVIII

Again the Lord of Life and Light  
Awakes the kindling ray,  
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,  
And pours increasing day

O what a night was that which wrapt  
The heathen world in gloom !  
O what a sun, which broke this day  
Triumphant from the tomb !

This day be grateful homage paid,  
And loud hosannas sung ,  
Let gladness dwell in every heart,  
And praise on every tongue

Ten thousand differing lips shall join  
To hail this welcome morn,  
Which scatters blessings from its wings  
To nations yet unborn

The powers of darkness leagued in vain  
To bind His Soul in death ,  
He shook their kingdom, when He fell,  
With His expiring breath

King of glory, Soul of bliss !  
 Everlasting life is this,  
 Thee to know, Thy power to prove,  
 Thus to sing, and thus to love !

*Charles Wesley. 1743*

## LX

Jesus Christ is risen to-day,	Hallelujah !
Our triumphant holy day,	Hallelujah !
Who did once upon the cross	Hallelujah !
Suffer to redeem our loss ,	Hallelujah !

Hymns of praises let us sing	Hallelujah !
Unto Christ our heavenly King,	Hallelujah !
Who endured the cross and grave,	Hallelujah !
Sinners to redeem and save ,	Hallelujah !

But the pain that He endured,	Hallelujah !
Our salvation has procured	Hallelujah !
Now above the sky He's king,	Hallelujah !
Where the angels ever sing	Hallelujah !

Sing we to our God above	Hallelujah !
Praise eternal as His love ,	Hallelujah !
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,	Hallelujah !
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ,	Hallelujah !

*Anon [1708]*

*(Last stanza by Charles Wesley)*

## LXI

*Ad templa nos rursus vocat.*

Now morning lifts her dewy veil  
 With new-born blessings crown'd .  
 Oh ! haste we then her light to hail  
 In courts of holy ground !

But Christ, triumphant o'er the grave,  
Shines more divinely bright  
Oh ! sing we then His power to save,  
And walk we in His light !

When from the swaddling bands of shade,  
Sprang forth the world so fair,  
In robes of brilliancy arrayed,  
Oh, what a Power was there !

When He, who gave His guiltless Son  
A guilty world to spare,  
Restored to life the Holy One,  
• Oh, what a Love was there !

When forth from His Creator's hand  
The earth in beauty stood,  
All decked with light at His command,  
He saw, and called it good

But still more lovely in His sight,  
The earth still fairer stood,  
When the Holy Lamb had wash'd it white  
In His atoning blood

Still, as the morning rays return,  
To the pious soul 'tis given  
In fancy's mirror to discern  
The radiant domes of Heaven

But now what our eternal Sun  
Hath shed His beams abroad,  
In Him we see the Holy One,  
And mount at once to God

Oh, holy, blessed Three in One !  
 May Thy pure light be given,  
 That we the paths of death may shun,  
 And keep the road to Heaven !

*John Chandler* 1837

*Variation from Isaac Williams* 1834

LXII

The Son of God ! the Lord of Life !  
 How wondrous are His ways !  
 O for a harp of thousand strings,  
 To sound abroad His praise !  
 How passing strange, to leave the seat  
 Of Heaven's eternal throne,  
 And hosts of glittering Seraphim,  
 For guilty man alone !

And did He bow His sacred head,  
 And die a death of shame ?  
 Let men and angels magnify  
 And bless His holy name !  
 O let us live in peace and love,  
 And cast away our pride,  
 And crucify our sins afresh  
 As He was crucified !

He rose again , then let us rise  
 From sin, and Christ adore,  
 And dwell in peace with all mankind,  
 And tempt the Lord no more  
 The Son of God ! the Lord of Life !  
 How wondrous are His ways !  
 O for a harp of thousand strings  
 To sound abroad His praise !

*George Mogridge* [1851]



## LXIII

Salvation ! oh ! the joyful sound '  
'Tis pleasure to our ears '  
A sovereign balm for every wound,  
A cordial for our fears '

Buried in sorrow and in sin,  
At hell's dark door we lay ,  
But we arise, by grace Divine,  
To see a heavenly day

Salvation ! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around,  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound '

*Isaac Watts 1709*

## LXIV

The foe behind, the deep before,  
Our hosts have dared and past the sea  
And Pharaoh's warriors strew the shore,  
And Israel's ransom'd tribes are free  
Lift up, lift up your voices now '  
The whole wide world rejoices now '  
The Lord hath triumph'd gloriously '  
The Lord shall reign victoriously '  
Happy morrow,  
Turning sorrow  
Into peace and mirth '  
Bondage ending,  
Love descending  
O'er the earth '

Seals assuring,  
 Guards securing,  
     Watch His earthly prison  
 Seals are shattered,  
 Guards are scattered,  
 Christ hath risen !

No longer must the mourners weep,  
 Nor call departed Christians dead ,  
 For death is hallowed into sleep  
     And every grave becomes a bed  
     Now once more,  
     Eden's door  
 Open stands to mortal eyes ,  
 For Christ hath risen, and men shall rise  
     Now at last,  
     Old things past,  
     Hope and joy and peace begin  
 For Christ hath won, and man shall win

It is not exile, rest on high  
 It is not sadness, peace from strife  
 To fall asleep is not to die ,  
 To dwell with Christ is better life  
     Where our banner leads us,  
     We may safely go  
     Where our Chief precedes us,  
     We may face the foe  
     His right arm is o'er us,  
     He will guide us through  
 Christ hath gone before us .  
 Christians ! follow you !

*John Mason Neale 1851*

VI

CHRIST ASCENDED

*" And ascended into Heaven , and sitteth on the right  
hand of the Father "*

LXV

Thou art gone up on high  
To mansions in the skies,  
And round Thy throne unceasingly  
The songs of praise arise  
But we are lingering here  
With sin and care oppress'd ,  
Lord ! send Thy promised Comforter,  
And lead us to Thy rest !

Thou art gone up on high  
But Thou didst first come down,  
Through earth's most bitter agony  
To pass unto Thy crown  
And girt with griefs and fears  
Our onward course must be ,  
But only let that path of tears  
Lead us, at last, to Thee !

Thou art gone up on high  
But Thou shalt come again  
With all the bright ones of the sky  
Attendant in Thy train  
Oh ! by Thy saving power  
So make us live and die,  
That we may stand, in that dread hour,  
At Thy right hand on high !

*Emma Toke 1851*

Oh ! by all the pains and woe  
Suffer'd once for man below,  
Bending from Thy throne on high,  
Hear our solemn Litany !

By Thy helpless infant years,  
By Thy life of want and tears,  
By Thy days of sore distress  
In the savage wilderness ,  
By the dread mysterious hour  
Of the insulting tempter's power .  
Turn, oh ! turn a favouring eye,  
Hear our solemn Litany !

By the sacred griefs that wept  
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept ,  
By the boding tears that flowed  
Over Salem's lov'd abode ,  
By the anguish'd sigh that told  
Treachery lurk'd within Thy fold ,  
From Thy seat above the sky,  
Hear our solemn Litany !

By Thine hour of dire despair ,  
By Thine agony of prayer ,  
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,  
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn ,  
By the gloom that veil'd the skies  
O'er the dreadful sacrifice ,  
Listen to our humble cry,  
Hear our solemn Litany !

By Thy deep expiring groan<sup>e</sup>,  
By the sad sepulchral stone ,  
By the vault, whose dark abode  
Held in vain the rising God ,

Oh ! from earth to heaven restored,  
Mighty re-ascended Lord,  
Listen, listen to the cry  
Of our solemn Litany !

*Sir Robert Grant 1815*

## LXIX

Saviour, who, exalted high  
In Thy Father's majesty,  
Yet vouchsaf'st Thyself to show  
To Thy faithful flock below ,  
Foretaste of that blissful sight,  
When, arrayed in glorious light,  
Beaming with paternal grace,  
They shall see Thee face to face  
Saviour, though this earthly shroud  
Now my mortal vision cloud,  
Still Thy presence let me see,  
Manifest Thyself to me !

Son of God, to Thee I cry  
By the holy mystery  
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,  
By thy pure and holy birth,  
Offspring of the Virgin's womb ,  
By the light, through midnight gloom  
Bursting on the shepherds' gaze ,  
By the angels' song of praise  
By the leading of the star,  
The Eastern sages' guide from far ,  
By their gifts, with worship meet  
Offer'd at thy infant feet  
Lord, Thy presence let me see,  
Manifest Thyself to me !

Man of sorrows, hear me cry !  
By Thy great humility ,

By Thy meekly-bowed head ,  
 By Thy gentle spirit, fled  
 To the mansions of the dead ,  
 By the wound, whence issuing flow'd  
 Water mingled with Thy blood ,  
 By Thy breathless body, laid  
 In the rock's sepulchral shade,  
 Where man ne'er before reposed,  
 Straightly watch'd, securely closed ,  
 Lord, Thy presence let me see,  
 Manifest Thyself to me !

Lord of Glory, God most high,  
 Man exalted to the sky,  
 God and man, to Thee I cry !  
 With Thy love my bosom fill,  
 Prompt me to perform Thy will ,  
 Grant me, what Thou bidd'st, to do ,  
 What Thou proffer'st to pursue  
 So may He, the Sun above,  
 Guard me with a Parent's love !  
 So may He, the Spirit blest,  
 Whisper comfort, hope, and rest !  
 So mayst Thou, my Saviour, come,  
 Make this froward heart Thy home,  
 And manifest Thyself to me  
 In the Triune Deity !

*Bishop Richard Mant 1828*

LXX.

Jesu ! behold, the Wise from far,  
 Led to Thy cradle by a star,  
 Bring gifts to Thee, their God and King !  
 O guide us by Thy light, that we  
 The way may find, and still to Thee  
 Our hearts, our all, for tribute bring !

Jesu ' the pure, the spotless Lamb,  
Who to the Temple humbly came,  
Duteous, the legal rites to pay '  
O make our proud, our stubborn will  
All Thy wise, gracious laws fulfil,  
Whate'er rebellious nature say '

Jesu ' who on the fatal wood  
Pour'dst out Thy life's last drop of blood,  
Nailed to the accursed shameful cross '  
O may we bless Thy love, and be  
Ready, dear Lord, to bear for thee  
All shame, all grief, all pain, and loss '

Jesu ' who, by Thine own love slain,  
By Thine own Power took'st life again,  
And Conqueror from the grave didst rise '  
O may Thy death our souls revive,  
And ev'n on earth a new life give,  
A glorious life, that never dies '

Jesu ' who to Thy heaven again  
Return'dst in triumph, there to reign,  
Of men and angels sovereign king '  
O may our parting souls take flight  
Up to that land of joy and light,  
And there for ever grateful sing '

All glory to the sacred Three,  
One undivided Deity '  
All honour, power, and love, and praise '  
Still may Thy blessed Name shine bright  
In beams of uncreated light,  
Crown'd with its own eternal rays '  
*Variation from John Austin 1668,*  
*By John Wesley, 1739*

## LXXI

Hail, Thou once despised Jesus,  
Hail, thou Galilean king !  
Thou didst suffer to release us,  
Thou didst free salvation bring  
Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,  
Bearer of our sin and shame ,  
By Thy merits we find favour ,  
Life is given through Thy Name !

Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
All our sins were on Thee laid ,  
By Almighty Love anointed,  
Thou hast full atonement made  
All Thy people are forgiven  
Through the virtue of Thy Blood ,  
Opened is the gate of Heaven ,  
Peace is made 'twixt man and God

Jesus, hail ! enthroned in glory,  
There for ever to abide ,  
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,  
Seated at Thy Father's side  
There for sinners Thou art pleading ,  
There Thou dost our place prepare ,  
Ever for us interceding  
Till in glory we appear

Worship, honour, power, and blessing,  
Thou art worthy to receive ,  
Loudest praises, without ceasing  
Meet it is for us to give !  
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,  
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ,  
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,  
Help to chant Immanuel's praise !



Soon we shall, with those in glory,  
His transcendent grace relate ,  
Gladly sing th' amazing story  
Of His dying love so great  
In that blessed contemplation  
We for evermore shall dwell,  
Crown'd with bliss and consolation,  
Such as none below can tell  
*John Bakewell 1760*

## LXXII

Join all the glorious names  
Of wisdom, love, and power,  
That ever mortals knew,  
That angels ever bore ,  
All are too mean to speak His worth,  
Too mean to set my Saviour forth

But oh ! what gentle terms,  
What condescending ways,  
Doth our Redeemer use  
To teach His heavenly grace !  
Mine eyes with joy and wonder see  
What forms of love He bears for me

Array'd in mortal flesh  
He like an Angel stands,  
And holds the promises  
And pardons in His hands ,  
Commission'd from His Father's throne  
To make His grace to mortals known

Great Prophet of my God,  
My tongue would bless Thy Name ,  
By Thee the joyful news  
Of our salvation came ,

While Thou didst condescend on earth  
To suffer rude disdain,  
They cast their honours at Thy feet,  
And waited on Thy train

Blest Angels, who adoring wait  
Around the Saviour's Throne,  
Oh ! tell us, for your eyes have seen  
The wonders He has done

Ye saw Him, when the heavens and earth,  
A chaos first, He made,  
And night involved the formless deep  
In her tremendous shade

And when, amidst the darksome void,  
He bade the light arise,  
And kindled up those shining orbs  
That now adorn the skies,

Ye saw,—and in melodious song  
Your powerful voices raise,  
While all the new-born worlds resound  
Their great Creator's praise

And, when on earth He deign'd to dwell,  
In mortal flesh array'd,  
Ye wondering saw the Holy Child  
In Bethlehem's stable laid

While in the lowly crib reposed,  
His Mother's tender care,  
Ye stood around His homely bed,  
And watch'd His slumbers there

When fasting in the desert long  
His spotless soul was tried,  
Ye saw Him there the Tempter foil,  
And soon His wants supplied

Ye heard what gracious words He spoke,  
The hearts of men to win ,  
And saw, well pleased, the listening crowd  
Drink the sweet doctrine in ,

Beheld diseases, tempests, death,  
His sovereign word obey,  
And how, on dark benighted minds,  
He poured eternal day

Saw Him, from busy scenes retired  
To spend the midnight hours,  
While pure devotion fill'd His soul  
With all her rapturous powers

When on the sacred mount He shone,  
In His own light array'd,  
Ye saw, and own'd your Sovereign there,  
And your just homage paid ,

Saw, when o'er Salem's fearful doom  
He shed the tender tear ,  
And how, to all His gracious calls,  
She turned the deafened ear

In all his toils, and dangers too,  
Ye did His steps attend ,  
Oft paused, and wondered, how at last  
This scene of love would end

And when the Powers of Hell combined  
To fill His cup of woe,  
Your pitying eyes beheld His tears  
In bloody anguish flow

As on the torturing Cross He hung,  
And darkness veil'd the sky,  
Ye saw, aghast, that awful sight,  
The Lord of Glory die !

Astonish'd, here ye search and learn  
High Heaven's mysterious ways,  
That thus to guilty dying man  
Immortal life conveys

Anon He bursts the gates of death,  
Subdues the tyrant's power  
Ye saw th' illustrious Conqueror rise,  
And hailed the blissful hour,

Tended His chariot up the sky,  
And bore Him to His Throne ,  
Then swept your golden harps, and cried  
"The glorious work is done !"

My soul the joyful triumph feels,  
And thinks the moments long,  
Ere she her Saviour's glory sees,  
And joins your rapturous song

*James Fanch and Daniel Turner* [1791 |

VII.

CHRIST'S KINGDOM AND JUDGMENT

*" And He shall come again with Glory, to judge both the  
quick and the dead whose Kingdom shall have no  
end "*

LXXIV

Now is the hour of darkness past ,  
Christ has assumed His reigning power ,  
Behold the great accuser cast  
Down from the skies to rise no more

'Twas by Thy Blood, immortal Lamb,  
Thine armies trod the Tempter down ,  
'Twas by Thy word and powerful Name  
They gained the battle and renown

Rejoice, ye heavens ! let every star  
Shine with new glories round the sky !  
Saints, while ye sing the heavenly war,  
Raise your Deliverer's Name on high !  
*Isaac Watts 1709*

LXXV

Rejoice, the Lord is King,  
Your Lord and King adore ,  
Mortals, give thanks and sing,  
And triumph evermore  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ,  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice

Jesus the Saviour reigns,  
The God of truth and love ,  
When he had purged our stains,  
He took His seat above  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ,  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice

His kingdom cannot fail ,  
He rules o'er earth and Heaven ;  
The keys of death and hell  
Are to our Jesus given  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice

He sits at God's right hand,  
Till all His foes submit,  
And bow to His command,  
And fall beneath His feet  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ,  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice

He all His foes shall quell,  
Shall all our sins destroy,  
And every bosom swell  
With pure seraphick joy .  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, Rejoice

Rejoice in glorious hope ,  
Jesus the Judge shal' come,  
And take His servants up  
To their eternal home  
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,  
The Trump of God shall sound, rejoice

*Charles Wesley 1745*

## LXXVI

The Lord is King ! lift up thy voice,  
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice !  
From world to world the joy shall ring,  
The Lord Omnipotent is King

The Lord is King ! who then shall dare  
Resist His will, distrust His care,  
Or murmur at His wise decrees,  
Or doubt His royal promises ?

The Lord is King ! Child of the dust,  
The Judge of all the earth is just  
Holy and true are all His ways  
Let every creature speak His praise

He reigns ! ye saints, exalt your strains ,  
Your God is King, your Father reigns ,  
And He is at the Father's side,  
The Man of Love, the Crucified

Come, make your wants, your burdens known,  
He will present them at the Throne ,  
And angel bands are waiting there  
His messages of love to bear

O, when His wisdom can mistake,  
His might decay, His love forsake,  
Then may His children cease to sing,  
The Lord Omnipotent is King

Alike pervaded by His eye,  
All parts of His dominion lie ,  
This world of ours, and worlds unseen  
And thin the boundary between

## LXXIX

Hosanna ! raise the pealing hymn  
 To David's Son and Lord ,  
 With Cherubim and Seraphim  
 Exalt the Incarnate Word

Hosanna ! Lord, our feeble tongue  
 No lofty strains can raise  
 But Thou wilt not despise the young,  
 Who meekly chant Thy praise

Hosanna ! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,  
 How vast Thy gifts, how free !  
 Thy Blood, our life , Thy word, our feast ,  
 Thy Name, our only plea

Hosanna ! Master, lo ! we bring  
 Our offerings to Thy Throne ,  
 Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,  
 But hearts to be Thine own

Hosanna ! once Thy gracious ear  
 Approved a lisping throng ,  
 Be gracious still, and deign to hear  
 Our poor but grateful song

O Saviour, if, redeem'd by Thee,  
 Thy temple we behold,  
 Hosannas through eternity  
 We'll sing to harps of gold

*William Henry Havergal* 1833



LXXX

PSALM LXXII

Hail to the Lord's Anointed,  
Great David's greater Son !  
Hail, in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun !  
He comes to break oppression,  
To let the captive free,  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity

He comes with succour speedy,  
To those who suffer wrong ,  
To help the poor and needy,  
And bid the weak be strong  
To give them songs for sighing,  
Their darkness turn to light,  
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying  
Were precious in His sight

He shall come down like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth,  
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,  
Spring in His path to birth ;  
Before Him, on the mountains,  
Shall peace, the herald, go,  
And righteousness, in fountains,  
From hill to valley flow

Arabia's desert-ranger  
To Him shall bow the knee ,  
The Ethiopian stranger  
His glory come to see

With offerings of devotion  
Ships from the Isles shall meet,  
To pour the wealth of ocean  
In tribute at His feet

Kings shall fall down before Him,  
And gold and incense bring  
All nations shall adore Him,  
His praise all people sing ,  
For He shall have dominion  
O'er river, sea, and shore ,  
Far as the eagle's pinion,  
Or dove's light wing, can soar

For Him shall prayer unceasing,  
And daily vows ascend,  
His kingdom still increasing  
A kingdom without end  
The mountain-dews shall nourish  
A seed, in weakness sown,  
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,  
And shake like Lebanon

O'er every foe victorious  
He on His throne shall rest,  
From age to age more glorious,  
All blessing and all-blest  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove ,  
His Name shall stand for ever,  
That Name to us is Love

*James Montgomery 1822*

LXXXI

Behold ' the Mountain of the Lord  
In latter days shall rise  
On mountain tops, above the hills,  
And draw the wondering eyes

To this the joyful nations round,  
All tribes and tongues shall flow ,  
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,  
And to His house we'll go

The beam that shines from Zion hill  
Shall lighten every land ,  
The King who reigns in Salem's towers  
Shall all the world command

No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,  
Or mar the peaceful years ,  
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,  
To pruning-hooks their spears

No longer hosts encountering hosts  
Their millions slain deplore ,  
They hang the trumpet in the hall,  
And study war no more

Come, then ' O, come, from every land,  
To worship at His shrine ,  
And, walking in the Light of God,  
With holy beauties shine

*Michael Bruce 1768*

## LXXXII

## PSALM LXXII

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run ,  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more

For Him shall endless prayer be made,  
And praises throng to crown His Head ,  
His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice

People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on His Name

Blessings abound where'er He reigns ,  
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ,  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest

Where He displays His healing power,  
Death and the curse are known no more ,  
In Him the tribes of Adam boast  
More blessings than their father lost

Let every creature rise, and bring  
Peculiar honours to our King ,  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the long Amen !

*Isaac Watts 1719*

LXXXIII

PSALM LXXII

Great God, Whose universal sway  
The known and unknown worlds obey,  
Now give the kingdom to Thy Son,  
Extend His power, exalt His throne

As rain on meadows newly mown,  
So shall He send His influence down ,  
His grace on fainting souls distils  
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills

The heathen lands, that lie beneath  
The shade of overspreading death,  
Revive at His first dawning light,  
And deserts blossom at the sight

The saints shall flourish in His days,  
Dress'd in the robes of joy and praise ,  
Peace, like a river, from His Throne  
Shall flow to nations yet unknown

*Isaac Watts 1719*

LXXXIV

From Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand,  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain

Though thou art m'ld, alas !  
 And drunk with misery,  
 Th'it cup begins to pass  
 To them that hated thee  
 But know, we honour Israel's name,  
 Our God and Abraham's is the same

Rise, Jacob, from thy woes,  
 And thy Messiah see,  
 He, Who thy fathers chose,  
 Has not forgotten thee  
 At His command, we bid you come,  
 Her Israel Zion welcomes home  
*William Hunt, 1813*

## LXXXVII

The Lord of Might from Sinai's brow  
 Gave forth His voice of thunder,  
 And Israel lay on earth below,  
 Outstretch'd in fear and wonder  
 Beneath His feet was pitchy night,  
 And at His left hand and His right  
 The rocks were rent asunder

The Lord of Love on Calvary,  
 A meek and suffering stranger,  
 Upraised to heaven His languid eye  
 In nature's hour of danger,  
 For us He bore the weight of woe,  
 For us He gave His blood to flow,  
 And met His Father's anger

The Lord of Love, the Lord of Might,  
The King of all created,  
Shall back return to claim His right  
On clouds of glory seated,  
With trumpet-sound, and angel-song,  
And hallelujahs loud and long,  
O'er death and hell defeated

*Bishop Reginald Heber 1827*

LXXXVIII

See, the ransomed millions stand,  
Palms of conquest in their hand,  
This before the Throne their strain,  
"Hell is vanquish'd, death is slain,  
"Blessing, honour, glory, might,  
"Are the Conqueror's native right,  
"Thrones and powers before Him fall,  
"Lamb of God, and Lord of all!"

Hasten, Lord! the promised hour,  
Come in glory and in power,  
Still Thy foes are unsubdued,  
Nature sighs to be renewed  
Time has nearly reach'd its sum,  
All things with Thy Bride say, Come,  
Jesus, whom all worlds adore,  
Come, and reign for evermore!  
*Josiah Conder 1837—1856*

LXXXIX

Thou Judge of quick and dead,  
Before whose bar severe  
With holy joy, or guilty dread,  
We all shall soon appear,

H

Our cautioned souls prepare  
For that tremendous Day,  
And fill us now with watchful care,  
And stir us up to pray

To pray, and wait the hour,  
The awful hour unknown,  
When, robed in majesty and power,  
Thou shalt from Heaven come down,  
The immortal Son of Man,  
To judge the human race,  
With all Thy Father's dazzling train,  
With all Thy glorious grace

To damp our earthly joys,  
To increase our gracious fears,  
For ever let the Archangel's voice  
Be sounding in our ears ,  
The solemn midnight cry,  
"Ye Dead, the Judge is come !"  
"Arise, and meet Him in the sky,  
"And meet your instant doom !"

O may we thus be found,  
Obedient to His word,  
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,  
And looking for our Lord  
O may we thus insure  
Our lot among the blest,  
And watch a moment, to secure  
An everlasting rest !

*Charles Wesley 1749*



XC

Lo ! He comes, with clouds descending,  
Once for favoured sinners slain  
Thousand thousand saints attending  
Swell the triumph of His train  
Hallelujah !  
God appears, on earth to reign !

Every eye shall now behold Him,  
Robed in dreadful majesty ,  
Those who set at nought and sold Him,  
Pierced, and nailed Him to the Tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true Messiah see

Every island, sea, and mountain,  
Heaven and earth shall flee away ,  
All who hate Him must, confounded,  
Hear the trump proclaim the day ,  
Come to judgment !  
Come to judgment, come away !

Now Redemption, long expected,  
See in solemn pomp appear !  
All His saints, by man rejected,  
Now shall meet Him in the air  
Hallelujah !  
See the day of God appear !

Answer Thine own Bride and Spirit ,  
Hasten, Lord, the general doom ,  
The new Heaven and earth, t' inherit  
Take Thy pining exiles home  
All creation  
Travails, groans, and bids Thee come !

H 2

Yea, Amen ! let all adore Thee,  
 High on Thine eternal throne  
 Saviour, take the power and glory,  
 Claim the kingdom for Thine own  
 O, come quickly,  
 Everlasting God, come down !

*Variation by Martin Madan 1760*

*From Charles Wesley 1758*

*And John Cunnick 1752*

## XCI

Lo ! He comes with clouds descending !  
 Hark ! the trump of God is blown,  
 And th' Archangel's voice attending  
 Makes the high procession known  
 Sons of Adam !  
 Rise, and stand before your God !

Crowns and sceptres fall before Him,  
 Kings and conquerors own His sway,  
 Haughtiest monarchs now adore Him,  
 While they see His lightnings play  
 How triumphant  
 Is the world's Redeemer now !

Hear His voice, as mighty thunder  
 Sounding in eternal roar,  
 While its echo rends in sunder  
 Rocks and mountains, sea and shore  
 Hark ! His accents  
 Through th' unfathomed deep resound !

"Come, Lord Jesus ! O come quickly !"  
 Oft has prayed the mourning Bride  
 "Lo !" He answers, "I come quickly !"

Who Thy coming may abide ?  
All who loved Him,  
All who long'd to see His day  
"Come," He saith, "ye heirs of glory ,  
"Come, ye purchase of my blood ,  
"Claim the Kingdom now before you,  
"Rise, and fill the mount of God,  
"Fix'd for ever  
"Where the Lamb on Sion stands"  
See ! ten thousand burning seraphs  
From their thrones as lightnings fly ,  
"Take," they cry, "your seats above us,  
"Nearest Him that rules the sky !"  
Patient sufferers,  
How rewarded are ye now !  
Now their trials all are ended  
Now the dubious warfare's o'er ,  
Joy no more with sorrow blended,  
They shall sigh and weep no more ,  
God for ever  
Wipes the tear from every eye  
Through His passion all victorious  
Now they drink immortal wine ,  
In Emmanuel's likeness glorious  
As the firmament they shine ,  
Shine for ever,  
With the bright and morning Star  
Shout aloud, ye ethereal choirs !  
Triumph in Jehovah's praise !  
Kindle all your heavenly fires,  
All your palms of victory raise !  
Shout His conquests,  
Shout salvation to the Lamb !

Thou didst heal the sinner's grief,  
And didst heal the dying thief  
Even I may hope relief

All unworthy is my prayer,  
Make my soul Thy mercy's care,  
And from fire eternal spare !

Place me with Thy sheep, that band  
Who shall separated stand  
From the goats, at Thy right hand !

When Thy voice in wrath shall say,  
Cursèd ones, depart away !  
Call me with the blest, I pray !

Lord, Thine ear in mercy bow !  
Broken is my heart and low  
Guard of my last end be Thou !

In that day, that mournful day,  
When to judgment wakes our clay,  
Show me mercy, Lord, I pray !

*Henry Alford 1847*

### VIII

*"And I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and  
Giver of Life, who proceedeth from the Father  
and the Son, who with the Father and the Son  
together is worshipped and glorified, who spake  
by the Prophets"*

### XCIII

When God of old came down from Heaven,  
In power and wrath He came,  
Before His feet the clouds were riven,  
Half darkness and half flame

Around the trembling mountain's base  
The prostrate people lay,  
A day of wrath, and not of grace,  
A dim and dreadful day

But, when He came the second time,  
He came in power and love,  
Softer than gale at morning prime,  
Hover'd His holy Dove

The fires, that rush'd on Sinai down  
In sudden torrents dread,  
Now gently light, a glorious crown,  
On every sainted head

Like arrows went those lightnings forth,  
Wing'd with the sinner's doom  
But these, like tongues, o'er all the earth,  
Proclaiming life to come

And, as on Israel's awe-struck ear  
The voice exceeding loud,  
The trump, that angels quake to hear,  
Thrill'd from the deep dark cloud,

So, when the Spirit of our God  
Came down, His flock to find,  
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,  
A rushing mighty wind

Nor doth the outward ear alone  
At that high warning start,  
Conscience gives back th' appalling tone,  
'Tis echoed in the heart

It fills the Church of God, it fills  
The sinful world around ,  
Only in stubborn hearts and wills  
No place for it is found

To other strains our souls are set ,  
A giddy whirl of sin  
Fills ear and brain, and will not let  
Heav'n's harmonies come in

Come, Lord ! come Wisdom, Love, and Power ,  
Open our ears to hear !  
Let us not miss the accepted hour ,  
Save, Lord, by love or fear !

*John Keble 1827*

XCIV

*Veni Creator Spiritus*

Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,  
And lighten with celestial fire ,  
Thou the Anointing Spirit art,  
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.  
Thy blessed unction from above  
Is comfort, life, and fire of love  
Enable with perpetual light  
The dulness of our blinded sight ,  
Anoint and cheer our soiled face  
With the abundance of Thy grace ,  
Keep far our foes , give peace at home ,  
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come ,  
Teach us to know the Father, Son,  
And Thee of Both, to be but One

That, through the ages all along,  
This may be our endless song,  
" Praise to Thy Eternal merit,  
" Father, Son, and Holy Spirit !"  
Amen !

*Bishop John Cosin 1627*

XCV

*Veni Creator Spiritus*

Holy Spirit, gently come,  
Raise us from our fallen state,  
Fix Thy everlasting home  
In the hearts Thou didst create !  
Gift of God most High !  
Visit every troubled breast  
Light and Life and Love supply ,  
Give our spirits perfect rest !

Heavenly Unction from above,  
Comforter of weary saints,  
Fountain, Life, and Fire of Love,  
Hear, and answer our complaints !  
Thee we humbly pray,  
Finger of the Living God,  
Now Thy sevenfold grace display,  
Shed our Saviour's love abroad !

Now Thy quickening influence bring,  
On our spirits sweetly move ,  
Open every mouth to sing  
Jesus' everlasting love !  
Lighten every heart ,  
Drive our enemies away ,  
Joy and peace to us impart ,  
Lead us in the heavenly way !

Take the things of Christ and show  
What our Lord for us hath done ,  
May we God the Father know  
Only in and through the Son

Nothing will we fear,  
Though to wilds and deserts driven,  
While we feel Thy Presence near,  
Witnessing our sins forgiven

Glory be to God alone,  
God, whose hand created all !  
Glory be to God the Son,  
Who redeem'd us from our fall !

To the Holy Ghost  
Equal praise and glory be,  
When the course of time is lost,  
Lost in wide eternity !

*William Hammond* 1745

XCVI

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
My sinful maladies remove ,  
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Guide,  
O'er every thought and step preside.

The light of truth to me display,  
That I may know and choose my way ,  
Plant holy fear within mine heart,  
That I from God may ne'er depart

Conduct me safe, conduct me far  
From every sin and hurtful snare ,  
Lead me to God, my final Rest,  
In His enjoyment to be blest



Lead me to Christ, the Living Way,  
Nor let me from His pastures stray  
Lead me to Heaven, the seat of bliss,  
Where pleasure in perfection is

Lead me to holiness, the road  
That I must take to dwell with God ,  
Lead to Thy Word, that rules must give,  
And sure directions how to live

Lead me to means of grace, where I  
May own my wants, and seek supply  
Lead to Thyself, the Spring from whence  
To fetch all quickening influence

Thus I, conducted still by Thee,  
Of God a child beloved shall be,  
Here to His family pertain,  
Hereafter with Him ever reign

*Simon Browne 1720.*

XCVII

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all Thy quickening powers,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours

Look how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these trifling toys ,  
Our souls can neither fly nor go  
To reach eternal joys !

In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise ,  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies

Dear Lord, and shall we ever lie  
At this poor dying rate ?  
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,  
And Thine to us so great !

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all Thy quickening powers !  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours

*Isaac Watts 1709*

XCVIII

Come, Holy Spirit come  
Let Thy bright beams arise,  
Dispel the darkness from our minds,  
And open all our eyes

Cheer our desponding hearts,  
Thou heavenly Paraclete ,  
Give us to lie, with humble hope  
At our Redeemer's feet

Revive our drooping faith,  
Our doubts and fears remove,  
And kindle in our breasts the flame  
Of never-dying love

Convince us of our sin,  
Then lead to Jesus' blood,  
And to our wondering view reveal  
The secret love of God

Show us that loving Man  
That rules the courts of bliss,  
The Lord of hosts, the Mighty God,  
The Eternal Prince of Peace

'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,  
To sanctify the soul,  
To pour fresh life in every part,  
And new-create the whole

Dwell therefore in our hearts,  
Our minds from bondage free,  
'Then we shall know, and praise, and love  
The Father, Son, and Thee !

*Joseph Hart 1759*

XCIX

Lord God the Holy Ghost,  
In this accepted hour,  
As on the day of Pentecost,  
Descend in all Thy power !  
We meet with one accord  
In our appointed place,  
And wait the promise of our Lord,  
The Spirit of all grace

Like mighty rushing wind  
Upon the waves beneath,  
Move with one impulse every mind,  
One soul, one feeling breathe  
The young, the old, inspire  
With wisdom from above,  
And give us hearts and tongues of fire  
To pray, and praise, and love

Spirit of Light, expel  
And chase our gloom away,  
With lustre shining more and more  
Unto the perfect day !

Spirit of Truth, be Thou  
 In life and death our Guide !  
 O Spirit of adoption, now  
 May we be sanctified !

*James Montgomery* 1819

## C

*O du allersüßte Freude* (Paul Gerhardt) 1653

Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness,  
 Pierce the clouds of sinful night,  
 Come, Thou source of sweetest gladness,  
 Breathe Thy Life, and spread Thy Light !  
 Loving Spirit, God of Peace !  
 Great Distributor of grace !  
 Rest upon this congregation,  
 Hear, O hear our supplication !

From that height which knows no measure  
 As a gracious shower descend,  
 Bringing down the richest treasure  
 Men can wish, or God can send !  
 O Thou Glory, shining down  
 From the Father and the Son,  
 Grant us Thy illumination !  
 Rest upon this congregation !

Known to Thee are all recesses  
 Of the earth and spreading skies  
 Every sand the shore possesses  
 Thy Omniscient Mind describes  
 Holy Fountain ! wash us clean  
 Both from error and from sin !  
 Make us fly what Thou refusest,  
 And delight in what Thou choosest !

Manifest Thy love for ever ,  
Fence us in on every side ,  
In distress be our reliever,  
Guard and teach, support and guide !  
Let Thy kind effectual grace  
Turn our feet from evil ways ,  
Show Thyself our new Creator,  
And conform us to Thy Nature !

Be our Friend on each occasion,  
God ! omnipotent to save !  
When we die, be our salvation,  
When we're buried, be our grave !  
And, when from the grave we rise,  
Take us up above the skies,  
Seat us with Thy saints in glory,  
There for ever to adore Thee !

*Variation by Augustus M. Toplady 1776*

*From John Christian Jacobus 1725*

CI

Holy Spirit, in my breast  
Grant that lively Faith may rest,  
And subdue each rebel thought  
To believe what Thou hast taught

When around my sinking soul  
Gathering waves of sorrow roll,  
Spirit blest, the tempest still,  
And with Hope my bosom fill

Holy Spirit, from my mind  
Thought and wish and will unkind,  
Deed and word unkind remove,  
And my bosom fill with love

Faith, and Hope, and Charity,  
Comforter, descend from Thee,  
Thou the Anointing Spirit art,  
These Thy gifts to us impart,

Till our faith be lost in sight,  
Hope be swallowed in delight,  
And love return to dwell with Thee,  
In the threefold Deity !

*Bishop Richard Mant 1828*

## CII

Full of weakness and of sin,  
We look to Thee for life  
Lord, Thy gracious work begin,  
And calm the inward strife !

Though our hearts are prone to stray,  
Be Thou a constant Friend  
Though we know not how to pray,  
Thy saving mercy send !

Let Thy Spirit, gracious Lord,  
Our souls with love inspire,  
Strength and confidence afford,  
And breathe celestial fire !

Teach us first to feel our need,  
Then all that need supply,  
When we hunger, deign to feed,  
And hear us when we cry !

When we cleave to earthly things,  
Send Thy reviving grace,  
Raise our souls, and give them wings,  
To reach Thy holy place!  
*William Hiley Bathurst 1831*

CIII

There is a River, deep and broad,  
Its course no mortal knows,  
It fills with joy the Church of God,  
And widens as it flows  
•  
Clearer than crystal is the stream,  
And bright with endless day,  
The waves with every blessing teem,  
And life and health convey  
Where'er they flow, contentions cease,  
And love and meekness reign,  
The Lord Himself commands the peace,  
And foes conspire in vain  
Along the shores, angelic bands  
Watch every moving wave,  
With holy joy their breast expands,  
When men the waters crave  
To them distressed souls repair,  
The Lord invites them nigh,  
They leave their cares and sorrows there,  
They drink, and never die  
•  
Flow on, sweet Stream, more largely flow,  
The earth with glory fill,  
Flow on, till all the Saviour know,  
And all obey His will  
*William Hurn 1813*

## CIV

There is a Stream, which issues forth  
From God's eternal Throne,  
And from the Lamb, a living stream  
Clear as the crystal stone

The stream doth water Paradise,  
It makes the angels sing,  
One cordial drop revives my heart,  
Hence all my joys do spring

Such joys as are unspeakable,  
And full of glory too,  
Such hidden manna, hidden pearls,  
As worldlings do not know

Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,  
From fancy 'tis concealed,  
What Thou, Lord, hast laid up for Thine,  
And hast to me revealed

I see Thy face, I hear Thy voice,  
I taste Thy sweetest love  
My soul doth leap but O for wings,  
The wings of Noah's dove !

Then should I flee far hence away,  
Leaving this world of sin !  
Then should my Lord put forth His hand,  
And kindly take me in !

Then should my soul with angels feast  
On joys that always last !  
Blest be my God, the God of joy,  
Who gives me here a taste

*John Mason 1683*



CV

Ye sons of earth, prepare the plough,  
Break up your fallow ground ,  
The Sower is gone forth to sow,  
And scatter blessings round

The seed that finds a stony soil  
Shoots forth a hasty blade ,  
But ill repays the sower's toil,  
Soon wither'd, scorch'd, and dead

The thorny ground is sure to balk  
All hopes of harvest there ,  
We find a tall and sickly stalk,  
But not the fruitful ear

The beaten path and highway side  
Receive the trust in vain ,  
The watchful birds the spoil divide,  
And pick up all the grain

But when the Lord of grace and power  
Has bless'd the happy field,  
How plenteous is the golden store  
The deep-wrought furrows yield !

Father of mercies ! we have need  
Of Thy preparing grace  
Let the same Hand, that gives the seed,  
Provide a fruitful place !

*William Cowper 1779*

## CVI

## PSALM XIX

Behold, the morning sun  
Begins his glorious way ,  
His beams through all the nations run,  
And life and light convey

But where the gospel comes,  
It spreads divine light,  
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,  
And gives the blind then sight

How perfect is Thy word !  
And all Thy judgments just !  
For ever sure Thy promise, Lord ,  
And men securely trust

While with my heart and tongue  
I spread Thy praise abroad,  
Accept the worship and the song,  
My Saviour and my God !

*Isaac Watts 1719*

## CVII

## PSALM XIX

The starry firmament on high,  
And all the glories of the sky,  
Yet shine not to Thy praise, O Lord,  
So brightly as Thy written word ,  
The hopes that holy word supplies,  
Its truths divine, and precepts wise,  
In each a heavenly beam I see,  
And every beam conducts to Thee

When, taught by painful proof to know  
That all is vanity below,  
The sinner roams from comfort far,  
And looks in vain for sun or star ,  
Soft gleaming then those lights divine  
Through all the cheerless darkness shine,  
And sweetly to the ravish'd eye  
Disclose the Day-spring from on high

The heart, in sensual fetters bound,  
And barren as the wintry ground,  
Confesses, Lord, Thy quickening ray ,  
Thy word can charm the spell away ,  
With genial influence can beguile  
The frozen wilderness to smile  
Bid living waters o'er it flow,  
And all be paradise below

Almighty Lord, the sun shall fail,  
The moon forget her nightly tale,  
And deepest silence hush on high  
The radiant chorus of the sky ,  
But, fix'd for everlasting years,  
Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,  
Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,  
When heaven and earth have pass'd away.

*Sir Robert Grant* 1839

## IX

## THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH

*" And I believe one Catholic and Apostolic Church "*

## CVIII

Jerusalem, my happy home,  
When shall I come to thee ?  
When shall my sorrows have an end,  
Thy joys when shall I see ?

O happy harbour of the saints !  
O sweet and pleasant soil !  
In thee no sorrow may be found,  
No grief, no care, no toil

There lust and lucre cannot dwell,  
There envy bears no sway ,  
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,  
But pleasure every way

Thy walls are made of precious stones,  
Thy bulwarks diamonds square ,  
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,  
Exceeding rich and rare

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles  
With carbuncles do shine ,  
Thy very streets are paved with gold,  
Surpassing clear and fine

Ah, my sweet home, Jerusalem,  
Would God I were in thee !  
Would God my woes were at an end,  
Thy joys that I might see !

Thy saints are crown'd with glory great ,  
They see God face to face ,  
They triumph still, they still rejoice,  
Most happy is their case

We that are here in banishment  
Continually do moan,  
We sigh, and sob, we weep, and wail,  
Perpetually we groan

Our sweet is mix'd with bitter gall,  
Our pleasure is but pain,  
Our joys scarce last the looking on,  
Our sorrows still remain

But there they live in such delight,  
Such pleasure and such play,  
As that to them a thousand years  
Doth seem as yesterday

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks  
Continually are green,  
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers  
As nowhere else are seen

Quite through the streets, with silver sound,  
The flood of Life doth flow ,  
Upon whose banks on every side  
The wood of Life doth grow

There trees for evermore bear fruit,  
And evermore do spring ,  
There evermore the angels sit,  
And evermore do sing

Jerusalem, my happy home,  
 Would God I were in thee !  
 Would God my woes were at an end,  
 Thy joys that I might see !

*Anon " F B P " [1616]*

## CIX

Sweet place, sweet place alone !  
 The court of God most High,  
 The Heaven of Heavens, the Throne  
 Of spotless majesty !

O happy place !  
 When shall I be,  
 My God, with Thee,  
 To see Thy face ?

The stranger homeward bends,  
 And sigheth for his rest  
 Heaven is my home, my friends  
 Lodge there in Abraham's breast :

O happy place !  
 When shall I be,  
 My God, with Thee,  
 To see Thy face ?

Earth's but a sorry tent  
 Pitch'd for a few frail days,  
 A short-leas'd tenement ,  
 Heaven's still my song, my praise.

O happy place !  
 When shall I be,  
 My God, with Thee,  
 To see Thy face ?

No tears from any eyes  
Drop in that holy quene,  
But Death itself there dies,  
And sighs themselves expue  
O happy place !  
When shall I be,  
My God, with Thee,  
To see Thy face ?

There should temptations cease,  
My frailties there should end,  
There should I rest in peace  
In the arms of my best Friend  
• O happy place !  
When shall I be,  
My God, with Thee,  
To see Thy face ?

Jerusalem on high  
My song and City is,  
My home whenc'er I die,  
The centre of my bliss  
O happy place !  
When shall I be,  
My God, with Thee,  
To see Thy face ?

Thy walls, sweet city, thine,  
With pearls are garnished,  
Thy gates with praises shine  
Thy streets with gold are spread ;  
O happy place !  
When shall I be,  
My God, with Thee,  
To see Thy face ?

No sun by day shines there,  
Nor moon by silent night ,  
Oh no ! these needless are ,  
The Lamb's the city's Light  
O happy place !  
When shall I be,  
My God, with Thee,  
To see Thy face ?

There dwells my Lord, my King,  
Judged here unfit to live ,  
There angels to Him sing,  
And lowly homage give  
O happy place !  
When shall I be,  
My God, with Thee,  
To see Thy face ?

The Patriarchs of old  
There from their travels cease ,  
The Prophets there behold  
Their long'd-for Prince of Peace  
O happy place !  
When shall I be,  
My God, with Thee,  
To see Thy face ?

The Lamb's Apostles there  
I might with joy behold ,  
The Harpers I might hear  
Harping on harps of gold .  
O happy place !  
When shall I be,  
My God, with Thee,  
To see Thy face ?



The bleeding Martyrs, they  
Within those courts are found,  
Clothed in pure array,  
Their scars with glory crown'd  
O happy place !  
When shall I be,  
My God, with Thee,  
To see Thy face ?

Ah me ! Ah me ! that I  
In Kedar's tents here stay !  
No place like this on high !  
Thither, Lord ! guide my way !  
O happy place !  
When shall I be,  
My God, with Thee,  
To see Thy face ?

*Samuel Crossman 1664*

CX

Jerusalem, my happy home,  
Name ever dear to me !  
When shall my labours have an end,  
In joy and peace, and thee ?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls,  
And pearly gates behold ?  
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold ?

There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,  
Nor sin nor sorrow know  
Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes  
I onward press to you

Hunger they ne'er shall feel again,  
 Nor burning thirst shall they sustain :  
 To wells of living water led,  
 By God the Lamb for ever fed

Unknown to mortal ears, they sing  
 The secret glories of their King  
 Tell me the subject of their lays,  
 And whence then loud exalted praise ?

Jesus, the Saviour, is their theme ,  
 They sing the wonders of His Name ,  
 To Him ascribing power and grace,  
 Dominion, and eternal praise

Amen ! they cry, to Him alone,  
 Who dares to fill His Father's throne ,  
 They give Him glory, and again  
 Repeat His praise, and say, Amen !

*Rowland Hill 1783.*

### CXIII

O happy saints, who dwell in light,  
 And walk with Jesus, clothed in white ,  
 Safe landed on that peaceful shore,  
 Where pilgrims meet to part no more

Released from sin, and toil, and grief  
 Death was their gate to endless life ,  
 An open'd cage, to let them fly  
 And build their happy nest on high

And now they range the heavenly plains,  
 And sing their hymns in melting strains ,  
 And now their souls begin to prove  
 The heights and depths of Jesus' love

He cheers them with eternal smile ,  
They sing hosannas all the while ,  
Or, overwhelm'd with rapture sweet,  
Sink down adoring at His feet

Ah ! Lord ! with tardy steps I creep,  
And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep ,  
Yet strip me of this house of clay,  
And I will sing as loud as they  
*John Berridge 1785.*

CXIV

REV VII 13—17

How bright these glorious spirits shine ·  
Whence all their white array ?  
How came they to the blissful seats  
Of everlasting day ?

Lo ! these are they from sufferings great  
Who came to realms of light ,  
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd  
Those robes which shine so bright

Now with triumphal palms they stand  
Before the throne on high,  
And serve the God they love, amidst  
The glories of the sky

His presence fills each heart with joy  
Tunes every mouth to sing ,  
By day, by night, the sacred courts  
With glad hosannas ring

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,  
 Nor suns with scorching ray,  
 God is their Sun, whose cheering beams  
 Diffuse eternal day

The Lamb, which dwells amidst the throne,  
 Shall o'er them still preside,  
 Feed them with nourishment divine,  
 And all their footsteps guide

'Mong pastures green He'll lead His flock,  
 Where living streams appear,  
 And God the Lord from every eye  
 Shall wipe off every tear

*William Cameron 1781*

*(Variation from Isaac Watts 1709)*

CXV

REV VII 13—17

Palms of glory, raiment bright,  
 Crowns that never fade away,  
 Gird and deck the saints in light,  
 Priests, and kings, and conquerors they

Yet the conquerors bring their palms  
 To the Lamb amidst the throne,  
 And proclaim in joyful psalms  
 Victory through His cross alone

5

Kings for harps their crowns resign,  
 Crying, as they strike the chords,  
 "Take the kingdom, it is Thine,  
 King of kings, and Lord of lords!"

Round the altar priests confess,  
If their robes are white as snow,  
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness,  
And His blood, that made them so

Who were these ? on earth they dwelt ,  
Sinners once, of Adam's race ,  
Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt ,  
But were saved by sovereign grace

They were mortal, too, like us  
Ah ! when we, like them, must die,  
May our souls, translated thus,  
Triumph, reign, and shine on high !

*James Montgomery* [1853]

CXVI

PSALM LXXXVII

Glorious things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God ,  
He, whose word cannot be broken,  
Form'd thee for His own abode  
On the Rock of Ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose ?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes

See, the streams of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love,  
Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove  
Who can faint, while such a river  
Ever flows their thirst to assuage,  
Grace, which, like the Lord the giver,  
Never fails from age to age ?

Round each habitation hovering,  
 See the cloud and fire appear,  
 For a glory and a covering ,  
 Showing that the Lord is near  
 Thus deriving from their banner  
 Light by night, and shade by day,  
 Safe they feed upon the manna,  
 Which He gives them when they pray

Saviour, if of Zion's city  
 I, through grace, a member am,  
 Let the world deride or pity,  
 I will glory in Thy Name  
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,  
 All his boasted pomp and show ,  
 Solid joys and lasting treasure  
 None but Zion's children know

*John Newton* 1779

#### CXVII

The Son of God goes forth to war,  
 A kingly crown to gain ,  
 His blood-red banner streams afar  
 Who follows in His train ?

Who best can drink His cup of woe,  
 Triumphant over pain,  
 Who patient bears His cross below,  
 He follows in his train

The martyr, first, whose eagle eye  
 Could pierce beyond the grave ,  
 Who saw his Master in the sky,  
 And call'd on Him to save

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,  
In midst of mortal pain,  
He prayed for them that did the wrong  
Who follows in his train ?

A glorious band, the chosen few,  
On whom the Spirit came ,  
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,  
And mock'd the cross and flame

They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,  
The lion's gory mane ,  
They bow'd their necks the death to feel  
Who follows in their train ?

A noble army, men and boys,  
The matron and the maid,  
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,  
In robes of light arrayed

They clumb'd the steep ascent of heaven,  
Through peril, toil, and pain ,  
O God ! to us may grace be given  
To follow in their train !

*Bishop Reginald Heber 1827*

CXVIII

Ye servants of the Lord,  
Each in his office wait,  
Observant of His heavenly word,  
And watchful at His gate

Let all your lamps be bright,  
And trim the golden flame ,  
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,  
For awful is His name

Watch, 'tis your Lord's command,  
 And, while we speak, He's near,  
 Mark the first signal of His hand,  
 And ready all appear

O happy servant he,  
 In such a posture found!  
 He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
 And be with honour crown'd

Christ shall the banquet spread  
 With His own Royal hand,  
 And raise that favourite servant's head  
 Amid the angelic band

*Philip Doddridge 1755*

CXIX

A soldier's course, from battles won  
 To new-commencing strife,  
 A pilgrim's, restless as the sun  
 Behold the Christian's life!

Prepared the trumpet's call to greet,  
 Soldier of Jesus, stand!  
 Pilgrim of Christ, with ready feet  
 Await thy Lord's command

The hosts of Satan pant for spoil,  
 How can thy warfare close?  
 Lonely, thou tread'st a foreign soil,  
 How canst thou hope repose?

Seek, soldier! pilgrim! seek thine home,  
 Reveal'd in sacred lore,  
 The land, whence pilgrims never roam,  
 Where soldiers war no more



Where grief shall never wound, nor death  
Disturb the Saviour's reign,  
Nor sin, with pestilential breath,  
His holy realm profane

The land, where, (suns and moons unknown,  
And night's alternate sway,)  
Jehovah's ever-burning throne  
Upholds unbroken day

The land, (for Heaven its bliss unseen  
Bids earthly types suggest,)  
Where healing-leaves and fadeless green  
Fruit-laden groves invest

Where founts of life their treasures yield  
In streams that never cease,  
Where everlasting mountains shield  
Vales of eternal peace

Where they who meet shall never part,  
Where grace achieves its plan,  
And God, uniting every heart,  
Dwells face to face with man.

*Thomas Gasborne 1803*

CXX.

Hark, 'tis a martial sound !  
To arms, ye saints, to arms !  
Your foes are gathering round,  
And peace has lost its charms  
Prepare the helmet, sword, and shield,  
The trumpet calls you to the field

No common foes appear  
To dare you to the fight,  
But such as own no fear  
And glory in their might

The Powers of Darkness are at hand ,  
Resist, or bow to their command

An arm of flesh must fail  
In such a strife as this ,  
He only can prevail  
Whose arm immortal is  
'Tis Heaven itself the strength must yield,  
And weapons fit for such a field

And Heaven supplies them too  
The Lord, who never faints,  
Is greater than the foe,  
And He is with His saints  
Thus arm'd, they venture to the fight ,  
Thus arm'd, they put their foes to flight

And, when the conflict's past,  
On yonder peaceful shore  
They shall repose at last,  
And see their foes no more ,  
The fruits of victory enjoy,  
And never more their arms employ

*Thomas Kelly* 1809

CXXI

O Israel, to thy tents repair  
Why thus secure on hostile ground ?  
Thy King commands thee to beware,  
For many foes thy camp surround

The trumpet gives a martial strain  
O Israel, gird thee for the fight !  
Arise, the combat to maintain,  
And put thine enemies to flight !

Thou shouldst not sleep, as others do ,  
Awake , be vigilant , be brave !  
The coward, and the sluggard too,  
Must wear the fetters of the slave

A nobler lot is cast for thee ,  
A kingdom waits thee in the skies  
With such a hope, shall Israel flee,  
Or yield, through weariness, the prize ?

No ! let a careless world repose  
And slumber on through life's short day,  
While Israel to the conflict goes,  
And bears the glorious prize away !  
*Thomas Kelly* 1806

CXXII

Much in sorrow, oft in woe,  
Onward, Christians, onward go ,  
Fight the fight, and, worn with strife,  
Steep with tears the Bread of Life

Onward, Christians, onward go ,  
Join the war, and face the foe ,  
Faint not ! much doth yet remain ,  
Dreary is the long campaign

Shrink not, Christians ! will ye yield ?  
Will ye quit the painful field ?  
Will ye flee in danger's hour ?  
Know ye not your Captain's power ?

Let your drooping hearts be glad ,  
March, in heavenly armour clad ,  
Fight, nor think the battle long ,  
Victory soon shall tune your song

How sweet the prospect is !  
 It cheers the pilgrim's breast !  
 We're journeying through the wilderness,  
 But soon shall gain our rest !  
 Hallelujah !  
 We are on our way to God !

*Thomas Kelly* 1812

## CXXV

When Israel, by Divine command,  
 The pathless desert trod,  
 They found, though 'twas a barren land,  
 A sure resource in God  
 A cloudy pillar mark'd their road,  
 And screen'd them from the heat ;  
 From the hard rocks their water flow'd,  
 And manna was their meat  
 Like them, we have a rest in view,  
 Secure from adverse powers ,  
 Like them, we pass a desert too ,  
 And Israel's God is ours  
 His Word a light before us spreads  
 By which our path we see ,  
 His Love, a banner o'er our heads,  
 From harm preserves us free  
 Jesus, the Bread of Life, is given  
 To be our daily food ,  
 We drink a wondrous stream from Heaven,  
 'Tis water, wine, and blood  
 Lord ! 'tis enough ! I ask no more,  
 These blessings are Divine ,  
 I envy not the worldling's store,  
 If Christ and Heaven are mine

*John Newton* 1779

CXXVI

Children of the Heavenly King,  
As ye journey, sweetly sing,  
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in His works and ways !

We are travelling home to God,  
In the way the Fathers trod,  
They are happy now, and we  
Soon their happiness shall see

O ye banish'd seed, be glad !  
Christ our Advocate is made,  
Us to save, our flesh assumes,  
Brother to our souls becomes

Shout, ye little flock, and blest !  
You on Jesus' Throne shall rest,  
There your seat is now prepared,  
There your kingdom and reward

Lift your eyes, ye sons of Light !  
Zion's city is in sight  
There our endless home shall be,  
There our Lord we soon shall see

Fear not, brethren, joyful stand  
On the borders of your land,  
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,  
Bids you undismayed go on

Lord<sup>o</sup> obediently we go,  
Gladly leaving all below  
Only Thou our Leader be,  
And we still will follow Thee !

Seal our love, our labours end ,  
 Let us to Thy bliss ascend ,  
 Let us to Thy kingdom come ,  
 Lord ! we long to be at home

*John Cennick 1742*

## CXXVII

Awake, and sing the song  
 Of Moses and the Lamb,  
 Wake every heart and every tongue  
 To praise the Saviour's Name

Sing of His dying love ,  
 Sing of His rising power ,  
 Sing how He intercedes above  
 For those whose sins He bore.

Sing, till we feel our hearts  
 Ascending with our tongues ,  
 Sing, till the love of sin departs,  
 And grace inspires our songs

Sing on your heavenly way,  
 Ye ransom'd sinners, sing ,  
 Sing on, rejoicing every day  
 In Christ the eternal King

Soon shall ye hear Him say, .  
 Ye blessed children, come ,  
 Soon will He call you hence away,  
 And take his wanderers home

*Variation from William Hammond 1745*

*By Martin Madan 1760*

CXXVIII

*"Te læta, mundi Conditor"*

Thou, great Creator, art possest,  
And Thou alone, of endless rest,  
To angels only it belongs  
To lift to Thee their ceaseless songs

But we must toil and toil again  
With ceaseless woe and endless pain,  
How then can we, in exile drear,  
Lift the glad song of glory here !

Oh Thou, who wilt forgiving be  
To all who truly turn to Thee,  
Grant us to mourn the heavy cause  
Of all our woe, Thy broken laws

Then to such salutary grief  
Let Faith and Hope bring due relief,  
And we, too, soon shall be possest  
Of ceaseless songs and endless rest  
*John Chandler 1837*

CXXIX

Praise to the radiant Source of bliss,  
Who gives the blind their sight,  
And scatters round their wond'ring eyes  
A flood of sacred light

In paths unknown He leads them on  
To His Divine abode,  
And shows new miracles of grace  
Through all the heavenly road

The ways all rugged and perplex'd  
He renders smooth and straight,  
And strengthens every feeble knee  
To march to Zion's gate

Through all the path I'll sing His Name,  
Till I the Mount ascend,  
Where toils and storms are known no more,  
And anthems never end !

*Philipp Doddridge 1755*

X

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS

*" The Communion of Saints " (Apostles' Creed)*

CXXX

When Christ the Lord would come on earth,  
His messenger before Him went,  
The greatest born of mortal birth  
And charged with words of deep intent

The least of all that here attend  
Hath honour greater far than he ,  
He was the Bridegroom's joyful friend,  
His Body and His Spouse are we

A higher race, the sons of light,  
Of water and the Spirit born ,  
He the last star of parting night,  
And we the children of the morn



And, as he boldly spake Thy word,  
And joyed to hear the Bridegroom's voice,  
Thus may Thy pastors teach, O Lord !  
And thus Thy hearing Church rejoice  
*Henry Alford 1845*

CXXXI

How rich Thy favours, God of grace,  
How various and Divine !  
Full as the ocean they are pour'd,  
And bright as Heaven they shine

He to eternal glory calls,  
• And leads the wondrous way  
- To His own Palace, where He reigns  
In uncreated day

Jesus, the Herald of His love,  
Displays the radiant prize,  
And shows the purchase of His Blood  
To our admiring eyes

He perfects what His hand begins,  
And stone on stone he lays,  
Till firm and fair the building rise  
A temple to His praise

The songs of everlasting years  
That mercy shall attend,  
Which leads, through sufferings of an hour,  
To joys that never end,  
• *Philip Doddridge 1755*

## CXXXII

## PSALM LXXXIV

Pleasant are Thy courts above  
 In the land of light and love,  
 Pleasant are thy courts below  
 In this land of sin and woe  
 O, my spirit longs and fains  
 For the converse of Thy saints,  
 For the brightness of Thy face,  
 For Thy fulness, God of grace!

Happy birds that sing and fly  
 Round Thy altars, O Most High!  
 Happier souls that find a rest  
 In a Heavenly Father's breast!  
 Like the wandering dove, that found  
 No repose on earth around,  
 They can to their ark repair,  
 And enjoy it ever there

Happy souls! their praises flow  
 Even in this vale of woe,  
 Waters in the desert rise,  
 Manna feeds them from the skies  
 On they go from strength to strength,  
 Till they reach Thy throne at length,  
 At Thy feet adoring fall,  
 Who hast led them safe through all

Lord! be mine this prize to win!  
 Guide me through a world of sin  
 Keep me by Thy saving grace,  
 Give me at Thy side a place

Sun and Shield alike Thou art ,  
Guide and guard my erring heart !  
Grace and glory flow from Thee ,  
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me !

*Henry Francis Lyte* 1834

CXXXIII

PSALM LXXXIV

Lord of the worlds above,  
How pleasant and how fau  
The dwellings of Thy love,  
Thy earthly temples, are !  
To Thine abode  
My heart aspires  
With warm desires  
To see my God

O happy souls that pray  
Where God appoints to hear !  
O happy men that pay  
Their constant service there !  
They praise Thee still ,  
And happy they  
That love the way  
To Sion's hill

They go from strength to strength  
Through this dark vale of tears,  
Till each arrives at length,  
Till each in Heaven appears  
O glorious seat,  
When God our King  
Shall thither bring  
Our willing feet !

*Isaac Watts* 1719

## CXΛXIV

'Tis Heaven begun below  
To hear Christ's praises flow  
In Zion, where His Name is known  
What will it be above  
To sing redeeming love,  
And cast our crowns before His throne !

When we adore Him there,  
We shall be void of fear,  
Nor faith, nor hope, nor patience need  
Love will absorb us quite,  
Love in the midst of light,  
On God's eternal love shall feed

Oh ! what sweet company  
We then shall hear and see !  
What harmony will there abound !  
When souls unnumber'd sing  
The praise of Zion's King,  
Nor one dissenting voice is found !

With everlasting joy,  
Such as will never cloy,  
We shall be fill'd, nor wish for more ,  
Bright as meridian day,  
Calm as the evening ray,  
Full as a sea without a shore

Till that blest period come,  
Zion shall be my home ,  
And may I never thence remove,  
Till from the Church below  
To heaven at once I go,  
And there commune in perfect love !

*Joseph Swain* 1792

## CXXXV

Lo ! God is here ! Let us adore,  
And own, how dreadful is this place !  
Let all within us feel His power,  
And silent bow before His face !  
Who know His power, His grace who prove,  
Serve Him with awe, with reverence love

Lo ! God is here ! Him day and night  
Th' united quires of angels sing  
To Him, enthroned above all height,  
Heaven's hosts their noblest praises bring  
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,  
Who praise Thee with a stammering tongue !

Gladly the toys of earth we leave,  
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for Thee alone  
To Thee our will, soul, flesh, we give ,  
O take, O seal them for Thine own !  
Thou art the God ! Thou art the Lord !  
Be Thou by all Thy works adored !

Being of beings, may our praise  
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill ,  
Still may we stand before Thy face,  
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will !  
To Thee may all our thoughts arise,  
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice !

In Thee we move , all things of Thee  
Are full, Thou source and life of all !  
Thou vast, unfathomable Sea !  
Fall prostrate, lost in wonder fall,  
Ye sons of men , for God is Man !  
All may we lose, so Thee we gain !

As flowers their opening leaves display,  
And glad drink in the solar fire,  
So may we catch Thy every ray,  
So may Thy influence us inspire ,  
Thou Beam of the eternal Beam,  
Thou purging Fire , Thou quickening Flame !

*John Wesley 1739*  
*From Gerhard Tersteegen*

## CXXXVI

Jesus, where'er Thy people meet,  
There they behold Thy mercy-seat ,  
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,  
And every place is hallowed ground

For Thou, within no walls confined,  
Inhabitest the humble mind ,  
Such ever bring Thee where they come,  
And going take Thee to their home

Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,  
Thy former mercies here renew ,  
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim  
The sweetness of Thy saving Name

Here may we prove the power of prayer  
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care,  
To teach our faint desires to rise,  
And bring all Heaven before our eyes

Behold, at Thy commanding word,  
We stretch the curtain and the cord ,  
Come Thou, and fill this wider space,  
And bless us with a large increase

Lord, we are few, but Thou art near ,  
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear ,  
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,  
And make a thousand hearts Thine own !

*William Cowper* 1779

CXXXVII

The heaven of heavens cannot contain  
The Universal Lord ,  
Yet He in humble hearts will deign  
To dwell and be adored

Where'er ascends the sacrifice  
Of fervent praise and prayer,  
Or on the earth, or in the skies,  
The Heaven of God is there

His presence there is spread abroad  
Through realms, through worlds unknown ,  
Who seeks the mercies of his God  
Is ever near His Throne

*William Drennan* 1815

CXXXVIII

How blest the sacred tie that binds,  
In union sweet, according minds ,  
How swift the heavenly course they run,  
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one !

To each the soul of each how dear !  
What jealous love, what holy fear !  
How doth the generous flame within  
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin !

Their streaming tears together flow  
 For human guilt and mortal woe ,  
 Their ardent prayers together rise  
 Like mingling flames in sacrifice

Together both they seek the place  
 Where God reveals His awful face ,  
 How high, how strong, their raptures swell,  
 There's none but kindred souls can tell

Nor shall the glowing flame expire,  
 When nature droops her sickening fire ,  
 Then shall they meet in realms above ,  
 A heaven of joy, because of love

*Anna Letitia Barbauld* [1773 |

CXXXIX

*O quam juvat fratres, Deus*

O Lord, how joyful 'tis to see  
 The brethren join in love to Thee ,  
 On Thee alone their heart relies,  
 Their only strength Thy grace supplies

How sweet, within Thy holy place,  
 With one accord to sing Thy grace,  
 Besieging Thine attentive ear  
 With all the force of fervent prayer

O may we love the house of God,  
 Of peace and joy the blest abode ,  
 O may no angry strife destroy  
 That sacred peace, that holy joy

The world without may rage, but we  
 Will only cling more close to Thee,  
 With hearts to Thee more wholly given,  
 More wean'd from earth, more fix'd on Heaven



Lord, shower upon us from above  
The sacred gift of mutual love ,  
Each other's wants may we supply,  
And reign together in the sky

*John Chandler* 1837

CXL

Come, let us join our friends above,  
That have obtain'd the prize,  
And on the eagle wings of love  
To joy celestial rise  
Let all the saints terrestrial sing  
With those to glory gone,  
For all the servants of our King,  
In earth and Heaven, are one

One family, we dwell in Him,  
One Church, above, beneath  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream of death  
One army of the living God,  
To His command we bow ,  
Part of His host hath cross'd the flood,  
And part is crossing now

Ten thousand to their endless home  
This solemn moment fly ,  
And we are to the margin come,  
And we expect to die ,  
His militant embodied host  
With wishful looks we stand,  
And long to see that happy coast,  
And reach that heavenly land

Our old companions in distress  
 We haste again to see,  
 And eager long for our release  
 And full felicity  
 Even now by faith we join our hands  
 With those that went before,  
 And greet the blood-besprinkled bands  
 On the eternal shore

Our spirits too shall quickly join,  
 Like theirs with glory crown'd,  
 And shout to see our Captain's sign,  
 To hear His trumpet sound  
 Oh ! that we now might grasp our Guide !  
 Oh ! that the word were given !  
 Come, Lord of hosts ! the waves divide,  
 And land us all in Heaven !

*Charles Wesley 1759*

CXLI

Hosanna to the Living Lord !  
 Hosanna to the Incarnate Word !  
 To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,  
 Let earth, let Heaven, Hosanna sing  
 Hosanna ! Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

"Hosanna," Lord, Thine angels cry ,  
 "Hosanna," Lord, Thy saints reply  
 Above, beneath us, and around,  
 The dead and living swell the sound  
 Hosanna ! Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

O Saviour, with protecting care  
 Return to this Thy house of prayer,  
 Assembled in Thy sacred Name,  
 Where we Thy parting promise claim  
 Hosanna ! Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,  
Eternal, bid Thy Spirit rest ,  
And make our secret soul to be  
A temple pure, and worthy Thee  
Hosanna ! Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

So, in the last and dreadful day,  
When earth and Heaven shall melt away,  
Thy flock, redeem'd from sinful stain,  
Shall swell the sound of praise again  
Hosanna ! Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !  
\*Bishop Reginald Heber 1811

XI

THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS

*" I acknowledge one Baptism for the Remission of Sins "*

CXLII

PSALM CIII

My soul, repeat His praise  
Whose mercies are so great,  
Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate

High as the heavens are raised  
Above the ground we tread,  
So far the riches of His grace  
Our highest thoughts exceed

His power subdues our sins ,  
And His forgiving love,  
Far as the east is from the west,  
Doth all our guilt remove

The pity of the Lord  
To those that fear His Name,  
Is such as tender parents feel ,  
He knows our feeble frame

Our days are as the grass,  
Or like the morning flower ,  
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,  
It withers in an hour

But Thy compassions, Lord,  
To endless years endure,  
And children's children ever find  
Thy words of promise sure

*Isaac Watts 1719*

CXLIII

There is a fountain fill'd with blood  
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins ,  
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains

The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day ,  
And there have I, as vile as he,  
Wash'd all my sins away

Dear dying Lamb ! Thy precious Blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransom'd Church of God  
Be saved, to sin no more

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme.  
And shall be till I die

Then in a nobler, sweeter song  
I'll sing Thy power to save,  
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave

Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,  
Unworthy though I be,  
For me a blood-bought free reward,  
A golden harp for me

'Tis strung, and tuned for endless years,  
And form'd by power divine,  
To sound in God the Father's ears,  
No other Name but Thine

*William Cowper 1779*

CXLIV

Jesu, Thou art my Righteousness,  
For all my sins were Thine ,  
Thy death hath bought of God my peace,  
Thy life hath made Him mine

Spotless and just in Thee I am ,  
I feel my sins forgiven ,  
I taste salvation in Thy Name,  
And antedate my heaven

For ever here my rest shall be,  
Close to Thy bleeding side ,  
Thus all my hope, and all my plea,  
For ~~me~~ the Saviour died !

My dying Saviour and my God,  
Fountain for guilt and sin,  
Sprinkle me ever with Thy Blood,  
And cleanse and keep me clean !

Wash me, and make me thus Thine own ,  
Wash me, and mine Thou art !  
Wash me, but not my feet alone  
My hands, my head, my heart !

Th' atonement of Thy Blood apply,  
Till faith to sight improve ,  
Till hope in full fruition die,  
And all my soul be love

*Charles Wesley 1740.*

CXLV

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee !  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy riven side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power

Not the labours of my hands  
Can fulfil Thy law's demands ,  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone ,  
Thou must save, and Thou alone

Nothing in my hand I bring ,  
Simply to Thy Cross I cling ,  
Naked, come to Thee for dress ,  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ,  
Foul, I to the Fountain fly ,  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyestrings break in death,  
When I soar through tracts unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne ,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee !

*Augustus Montague Toplady 1776*

CXLVI

God of my salvation, hear,  
And help me to believe ,  
Simply do I now draw near,  
Thy blessing to receive  
Full of guilt, alas ! I am,  
But to Thy wounds for refuge flee ,  
Friend of sinners ! spotless Lamb !  
Thy Blood was shed for me

Standing now as newly slain,  
To Thee I lift mine eye ,  
Balm of all my grief and pain,  
Thy Blood is always nigh ,  
Now as yesterday the same  
Thou art, and wilt for ever be ,  
Friend of sinners ! spotless Lamb !  
Thy Blood was shed for me

Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,  
Nor can Thy grace procure ,  
Empty send me not away,  
For I, Thou know'st, am poor  
Dust and ashes is my name,  
My all is sin and misery ,  
Friend of sinners ! spotless Lamb !  
Thy Blood was shed for me

No good work, or word, or thought,  
Bring I to gain Thy grace ,  
Pardon I accept unbought,  
Thy proffer I embrace ,  
Coming, as at first I came,  
To take, and not bestow on Thee ,  
Friend of sinners ! spotless Lamb !  
Thy Blood was shed for me

Saviour ! from Thy wounded side  
I never will depart ,  
Here will I my spirit hide  
When I am pure in heart  
Till my place above I claim,  
This only shall be all my plea,  
Friend of sinners ! spotless Lamb !  
Thy Blood was shed for me

*Charles Wesley 1742*

CXLVII

Just as I am, without one plea  
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee, whose Blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, though toss'd about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings and fears within, without,  
O Lamb of God, I come !



Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve !  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, (Thy Love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down,) Now,  
to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, of that free love  
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,  
Here for a season, then above,  
O Lamb of God, I come !

*Charlotte Elliott 1836*

CXLVIII

When wounded sore the stricken soul  
Lies bleeding and unbound,  
One only hand, a pierced hand,  
Can salve the sinner's wound

When sorrow swells the laden breast,  
And tears of anguish flow,  
One only heart, a broken heart,  
Can feel the sinner's woe

When penitence has wept in vain  
Over some foul dark spot,  
One only stream, a stream of blood,  
Can wash away the blot

'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,  
His hand that brings relief,

His heart that's touch'd with all our joys  
And feebleth for our grief

Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord,  
Unseal that cleansing tide,  
We have no shelter from our sin,  
But in Thy wounded side

*Cecil Frances Alexander* [1858]

## XII

### RESURRECTION AND ETERNAL LIFE

*"And I look for the Resurrection of the dead, and the  
Life of the world to come Amen"*

#### CXLIX

Earth to earth, and dust to dust,  
Laid, we own the sentence just,  
Head and tongue, and hand and heart,  
All in guilt have borne their part,  
Righteous is the common doom,  
All must moulder in the tomb

Like the seed in spring-time sown,  
Like the leaves in autumn strown,  
Low these goodly flames must lie,  
All our pomp and glory die,  
Soon the Spoiler seeks his prey,  
Soon he bears us all away

Yet the seed, upraised again,  
Clothes with green the smiling plain,  
Onward as the seasons move,  
Leaves and blossoms deck the grove,  
And shall we forgotten lie,  
Lost for ever, when we die?

Lord, from Nature's gloomy night  
Turn we to the Gospel's light ,  
Thou didst triumph o'er the grave,  
Thou wilt all Thy people save ,  
Ransom'd by Thy Blood, the just  
Rise immortal from the dust

*John Hampden Gurney* 1838.

CL

O God, Thy grace and blessing give  
To us, who on thy Name attend,  
That we this mortal life may live  
Regardful of our journey's end

Teach us to know that Jesus died,  
And rose again, our souls to save ,  
Teach us to take Him as our Guide,  
Our Help from childhood to the grave

Then shall not death with terror come,  
But welcome as a bidden guest,  
The herald of a better home,  
The messenger of peace and rest

And, when the awful signs appear  
Of Judgment, and the Throne above  
Our hearts still fix'd, we shall not fear,  
God is our trust , and God is Love  
*Anon* [1853 ]

CLI

Dearest of names, our Lord, our King !  
Jesus, Thy praise we humbly sing  
In cheerful songs we'll spend our breath,  
And in Thee triumph over death

Death is no more among our foes,  
Since Christ, the mighty Conqueror, rose,  
Both power and sting the Saviour broke,  
He died, and gave the finish'd stroke

Saints die, and we should gently weep,  
Sweetly in Jesus' arms they sleep,  
Far from this world of sin and woe,  
Nor sin, nor pain, nor grief, they know

Death no terrific foe appears,  
An angel's lovely form he wears,  
A friendly messenger he proves  
To every soul whom Jesus loves

Death is a sleep, and O ! how sweet  
To souls prepared its stroke to meet !  
Then dying beds, their graves are blest,  
For all to them is peace and rest

Their bodies sleep, their souls take wing,  
Uprise to Heaven, and there they sing  
With joy before the Saviour's face,  
Triumphant in victorious grace

Soon shall the earth's remotest bound  
Feel the Archangel's trumpet sound,  
Then shall the grave's dark caverns shake,  
And joyful all the saints shall wake-

Bodies and souls shall then unite,  
Arrayed in glory, strong and bright,  
And all His saints will Jesus bring  
His face to see, His love to sing

O may I live, with Jesus nigh,  
And sleep in Jesus when I die !  
Then, joyful, when from death I wake,  
I shall eternal bliss partake  
*Samuel Medley* 1800

CLII

We sing His love, Who once was slain,  
Who soon o'er death revived again,  
That all His saints through Him might have  
Eternal conquests o'er the grave  
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we  
Shall rise to immortality

The saints, who now with Jesus sleep,  
His own Almighty power shall keep,  
Till dawns the bright illustrious day  
When death itself shall die away  
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we  
Shall rise to immortality

How loud shall our glad voices sing,  
When Christ His risen saints shall bring  
From beds of dust, and silent clay,  
To realms of everlasting day !  
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we  
Shall rise to immortality

When Jesus we in glory meet,  
Our utmost joys shall be complete ,  
When landed on that heavenly shore,  
Death and the curse will be no more  
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we  
Shall rise to immortality

Hasten, dear Lord, the glorious day,  
And this delightful scene display,  
When all Thy saints from death shall rise  
Raptured in bliss beyond the skies '  
    Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we  
    Shall rise to immortality

*Rowland Hill 1796*

## CLIII

My life's a shade, my days  
Apace to death declined,  
My Lord is Life, He'll raise  
My dust again, ev'n mine  
    Sweet truth to me '  
    I shall arise,  
    And with these eyes  
    My Saviour see

My peaceful grave shall keep  
My bones till that sweet day  
I wake from my long sleep  
And leave my bed of clay  
    Sweet truth to me '  
    I shall arise,  
    And with these eyes  
    My Saviour see

My Lord His angels shall  
Their golden trumpet's sound,  
At whose most welcome call  
My grave shall be unbound ,  
    Sweet truth to me '  
    I shall arise,  
    And with these eyes  
    My Saviour see,

I said sometimes with tears,  
Ah me ! I'm loth to die !  
Lord, silence Thou these fears  
My life's with Thee on high  
    Sweet truth to me !  
    I shall arise,  
    And with these eyes  
    My Saviour see

What means my trembling heart,  
To be thus shy of death ?  
My Life and I sha'n't part,  
Though I resign my breath  
    Sweet truth to me !  
    I shall arise,  
    And with these eyes  
    My Saviour see

Then welcome, harmless grave !  
By thee to heaven I'll go  
My Lord His death shall save  
Me from the flames below  
    Sweet truth to me !  
    I shall arise,  
    And with these eyes  
    My Saviour see  
            *Samuel Crossman* 1664

## CLIV

Why do we mourn departing friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms ?  
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends  
    To call them to His arms

Are we not tending upward too,  
As fast as time can move ?  
Nor would we wish the hours more slow  
To keep us from our love

Why should we tremble to convey  
Their bodies to the tomb ?  
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,  
And left a long perfume

The graves of all His saints He bless'd,  
And softened every bed  
Where should the dying members rest,  
But with the dying Head ?

Thence He arose, ascending high,  
And showed our feet the way ,  
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly  
At the great rising day

Then let the last loud trumpet sound,  
And bid our kindred rise  
Awake, ye nations under ground !  
Ye saints, ascend the skies !

*Isaac Watts 1709*

CLV

Spirit ! leave thine house of clay !  
Lingering dust, resign thy breath !  
Spirit ! cast thy chains away !  
Dust, be thou dissolved in death !  
Thus the Almighty Saviour speaks,  
While the faithful Christian dies ,  
Thus the bonds of life he breaks,  
And the ransomed captive flies,



Prisoner, long detained below ,  
Prisoner, now with freedom blest ,  
Welcome from a world of woe,  
Welcome to a Land of Rest !  
Thus the choir of angels sing,  
As they bear the soul on high,  
While with hallelujahs ring  
All the regions of the sky

Grave, the guardian of our dust !  
Grave, the treasury of the skies !  
Every atom of thy trust  
Rests in hope again to rise  
Hark ! the Judgment trumpet calls  
Soul, rebuild thy house of clay,  
Immortality thy walls,  
And Eternity thy day !

*Variation [1812]*

*From James Montgomery 1803*

CLVI

Deathless principle, arise !  
Soar, thou native of the skies ,  
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,  
To His glorious likeness wrought !

Go, to shine before His throne ,  
Deck his mediatorial crown ,  
Go, His triumphs to adorn ,  
Made for God, to God return !

Lo, He beckons from on high !  
Fearless to His presence fly !  
Thine the merit of His Blood ,  
Thine the Righteousness of God

Angels, joyful to attend,  
Hovering round thy pillow, bend,  
Wait to catch the signal given  
And escort thee quick to Heaven

Is thy earthly house distressed,  
Willing to retain her guest ?  
'Tis not thou, but she, must die ,  
Fly, celestial tenant, fly !

Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,  
Sweetly breathe thyself away ,  
Singing, to thy crown remove,  
Swift of wing, and fired with love

Shudder not to pass the stream ,  
Venture all thy care on Him ,  
Him, whose dying love and power  
Still'd its tossing, hush'd its roar

Safe is the expanded wave,  
Gentle as a summer's eve ,  
Not one object of His care  
Ever suffered shipwreck there

See the haven full in view ,  
Love Divine shall bear thee through ,  
Trust to that propitious gale ,  
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail

Saints, in glory perfect made,  
Wait thy passage through the shade  
Ardent for thy coming o'er,  
See, they throng the blissful shore !

Mount, their transports to improve ,  
Join the longing choir above ,  
Swiftly to their wish be given ,  
Kindle higher joy in Heaven !

Such the prospects that arise  
To the dying Christian's eyes ,  
Such the glorious vista faith  
Opens through the shades of death

*Augustus Montague Toplady* 1777

CLVII

Happy soul ! thy days are ended,  
All thy mourning days below ,  
Go, by angel guards attended,  
To the sight of Jesus go !  
Waiting to receive thy spirit,  
Lo, the Saviour stands above,  
Shews the purchase of His merit,  
Reaches out the crown of love !

Struggle through thy latest passion  
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,  
To His uttermost salvation,  
To His everlasting rest !  
For the joy He sets before thee,  
Bear a momentary pain ,  
Die, to live the life of glory ,  
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign !

*Charles Wesley* 1749

## CLVIII

The waves of trouble, how they rise,  
How loud the tempests roar !  
But death shall land our weary souls  
Safe on the heavenly shore

There, to fulfil His sweet commands,  
Our speedy feet shall move ,  
No sin shall clog our wing'd zeal,  
Or cool our burning love

There shall we sit, and sing, and tell  
The wonders of His grace,  
Till heavenly raptures fire our hearts,  
And smile in every face

For ever His dear sacred Name  
Shall dwell upon our tongue,  
And Jesus and salvation be  
The close of every song

*Isaac Watts 1709*

## CLIX

Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell,  
With all your feeble light  
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,  
Pale empress of the night

And thou, refulgent orb of day,  
In brighter flames array'd ,  
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,  
No more demands thine aid

Ye stars are but the shining dust  
Of my divine abode,  
The pavement of those heavenly courts  
Where I shall reign with God

The Father of eternal light  
Shall there His beams display,  
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix  
With that unvaried day

No more the drops of piercing grief  
Shall swell into mine eyes ,  
Nor the meridian sun decline  
Amid those brighter skies

There all the millions of His saints  
Shall in one song unite,  
And each the bliss of all shall view  
With infinite delight

*Philip Doddridge* 1755

CLX

Far from these narrow scenes of night  
Unbounded glories rise,  
And realms of infinite delight,  
Unknown to mortal eyes

Far distant land , could mortal eyes  
But half its joys explore,  
How would our spirits long to rise,  
And dwell on earth no more !

There pain and sickness never come,  
And grief no more complains  
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,  
And endless pleasure reigns

No cloud those blissful regions know,  
For ever bright and fair ,  
For sin, the source of mortal woe,  
Can never enter there

There no alternate night is known,  
Nor sun's faint sickly ray ,  
But glory from the sacred Throne'  
Spreads everlasting day

The glorious monarch there displays  
His beams of wondrous grace ,  
His happy subjects sing His praise,  
And bow before His face

O may the heavenly prospect fire  
Our hearts with ardent love,  
Till wings of faith and strong desire  
Bear every thought above<sup>1</sup>

Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,  
For Thy bright courts on high ,  
Then bid our spirits rise, and join  
The chorus of the sky

*Anne Steele 1760*

## CLXI

There is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign,  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain

There everlasting spring abides,  
And never withering flowers ,  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dress'd in living green  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan roll'd between

But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea,  
And linger shivering on the brink,  
And fear to launch away

O ! could we make our doubts remove,  
These gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With unclouded eyes ,

Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er ,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore

*Isaac Watts 1709*

## CLXII

There is a blessed Home  
Beyond this land of woe,  
Where trials never come,  
Nor tears of sorrow flow,  
Where faith is lost in sight,  
And patient hope is crown'd,  
And everlasting light  
Its glory throws around

There is a land of peace,  
Good angels know it well,  
Glad songs that never cease  
Within its portals swell,  
Around its glorious Throne  
Ten thousand saints adore  
Christ, with the Father One,  
And Spirit, evermore

O joy all joys beyond,  
To see the Lamb who died,  
And count each sacred wound  
In hands, and feet, and side,  
To give to Him the praise  
Of every triumph won,  
And sing through endless days  
The great things He hath done

Look up, ye saints of God,  
Nor fear to tread below  
The path your Saviour trod  
Of daily toil and woe,  
Wait but a little while  
In uncomplaining love,  
His own most gracious smile  
Shall welcome you above

*Sir Henry Williams Baker* 1861



## CLXIII

The roseate hues of early dawn,  
The brightness of the day,  
The crimson of the sunset sky,  
How fast they fade away !  
Oh ! for the pearly gates of heaven !  
Oh ! for the golden floor !  
Oh ! for the Sun of Righteousness  
That setteth nevermore '

The highest hopes we cherish here,  
How fast they tire and faint !  
How many a spot defiles the robe  
That wraps an earthly saint !  
Oh ! for a heart that never sins !  
Oh ! for a soul wash'd white !  
Oh ! for a voice to praise our King,  
Nor weary day or night !

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,  
And grace to lead us higher  
But there are perfectness and peace  
Beyond our best desire  
Oh ! by Thy love and anguish, Lord !  
Oh ! by Thy life laid down !  
Oh ! that we fall not from Thy grace  
Nor cast away our crown !

*Cecil Frances Alexander* [1853]

## CLXIV

Friend after friend departs,  
Who hath not lost a friend ?  
There is no union here of hearts,

That finds not here an end  
 Were this frail world our only rest,  
 Living or dying, none were blest  
 Beyond the flight of time,  
 Beyond this vale of death,  
 There surely is some blessed clime,  
 Where life is not a breath,  
 Nor life's affections transient fire,  
 Whose sparks fly upwards to expire  
 There is a world above,  
 Where parting is unknown,  
 A whole eternity of love,  
 Form'd for the good alone  
 And faith beholds the dying here  
 Translated to that happier sphere  
 Thus star by star declines  
 Till all are pass'd away,  
 As morning high and higher shines  
 To pure and perfect day,  
 Nor sink those stars in empty night,  
 They hide themselves in heaven's own light  
*James Montgomery* 1824

## CLXV

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,  
 Thy better portion trace,  
 Rise from transitory things  
 Towards Heaven, thy native place  
 Sun and moon and stars decay,  
 Time shall soon this earth remove,  
 Rise, my soul, and haste away  
 To seats prepared above

Rivers to the ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their course ,  
Fire ascending seeks the sun ,  
Both speed them to their source  
So my soul, derived from God,  
Pants to view His glorious face,  
Forward tends to His abode,  
To rest in His embrace

Fly me Riches, fly me Cares,  
Whilst I that coast explore ,  
Flattering world, with all thy snares,  
Solicit me no more !  
Pilgrims fix not here their home ,  
Strangers tarry but a night ,  
When the last dear morn is come,  
They'll rise to joyful light

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn ,  
Press onward to the prize ,  
Soon our Saviour will return  
Triumphant in the skies  
Yet a season, and you know  
Happy entrance will be given,  
All our sorrows left below,  
And earth exchanged for heaven  
*Robert Seagrave 1748.*

## CLXVI

We seek a rest beyond the skies,  
In everlasting day ,  
Through floods and flames the passage lies,  
But Jesus guards the way  
The swelling flood, and raging flame,  
Hear and obey His word ,  
Then let us triumph in His Name ,  
Our Saviour is the Lord !

*John Newton* 1779

## CLXVII

There is an hour, when I must part  
With all I hold most dear ,  
And life, with its best hopes, will then  
As nothingness appear

There is an hour, when I must lie  
Low on affliction's bed,  
And anguish, pain, and tears become  
My bitter daily bread

There is an hour, when I must sink  
Beneath the stroke of death,  
And yield to Him, who gave it first,  
My struggling vital breath

There is an hour, when I must stand  
Before the judgment seat,  
And all my sins, and all my foes,  
In awful vision meet

There is an hour, when I must look  
On one eternity,  
And nameless woe, or blissful life,  
My endless portion be

O Saviour, then, in all my need,  
Be near, be near to me ,  
And let my soul, in stedfast faith,  
Find life and Heaven in Thee '  
*Andrew Reed* 1842

CLXVIII

PSALM XC

Our God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home

Under the shadow of Thy Throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure ,  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure

Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same

A thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are like an evening gone ,  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun

The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
With all their lives and cares,  
Are carried downwards by Thy flood,  
And lost in following years

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away ,  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day

Our God, our help in ~~ages~~ <sup>years</sup> past ,  
Our hope for years to come ,  
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home !

*Isaac Watts* 1719

END OF PART I.

## PART II.

HYMNS ARRANGED ACCORDING TO THE  
SUBJECTS OF THE LORD'S PRAYER





# The Book of Praise.

## PART THE SECOND

"LORD, TEACH US TO PRAY"

(*Luke x. 1*)

### CLXIX

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,  
Utter'd, or unexpress'd ,  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast

Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of the eye,  
When none but God is near

Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try ,  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice  
Returning from his ways,  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, Behold, he prays !

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
 The Christian's native air,  
 His watchword at the gates of death,  
 He enters Heaven with prayer

The saints, in prayer, appear as one  
 In word, and deed, and mind,  
 While with the Father and the Son  
 Sweet fellowship they find

Nor prayer is made by man alone  
 The Holy Spirit pleads,  
 And Jesus, on the eternal Throne,  
 For mourners intercedes

O Thou, by Whom we come to God!  
 The Life, the Truth, the Way!  
 The path of prayer Thyself hast trod  
 Lord! teach us how to pray!

*James Montgomery 1819*

# I

"OUR FATHER, WHICH ART IN HEAVEN,  
 HALLOWED BE THY NAME"

CLXX

PSALM LXIII

O God, Thou art my God alone,  
 Early to Thee my soul shall cry;  
 A pilgrim in a land unknown,  
 A thirsty land whose springs are dry

Oh ! that it were as it hath been !  
When, praying in the holy place,  
Thy power and glory I have seen,  
And marked the footsteps of Thy grace !

Yet, through this rough and thorny maze,  
I follow hard on Thee, my God  
Thine hand unseen upholds my ways ,  
I safely tread where Thou hast trod

Thee, in the watches of the night,  
When I remember on my bed,  
Thy Presence makes the darkness light,  
Thy guardian wings are round my head

Better than life itself Thy love,  
Dearer than all beside to me  
For whom have I in Heaven above,  
Or what on earth compared to Thee ?

Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,  
For all Thy mercy I will give ,  
My soul shall still in God rejoice ,  
My tongue shall bless Thee while I live  
*James Montgomery* 1822

CLXXI

PSALM CXLV

My God, my King, Thy various praise  
Shall fill the remnant of my days ,  
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,  
Till death and glory raise the song

The wings of every hour shall bear  
 Some thankful tribute to Thine ear,  
 And every setting sun shall see  
 New works of duty done for Thee  
 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim,  
 Thy bounty flows, an endless stream,  
 Thy mercy swift, Thine anger slow,  
 But dreadful to the stubborn foe  
 But who can speak Thy wondrous deeds?  
 Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds,  
 Vast and unsearchable Thy ways,  
 Vast and immortal be Thy praise!

*Isaac Watts* 1719

CLXXII.

PSALM CXXXIX

Lord, Thou hast form'd mine every part,  
 Mine inmost thought is known to Thee,  
 Each word, each feeling of my heart,  
 Thine ear doth hear, Thine eye can see  
 Though I should seek the shades of night,  
 And hide myself in guilty fear,  
 To Thee the darkness seems as light,  
 The midnight as the noonday clear  
 The heavens, the earth, the sea, the sky,  
 All own Thee ever present there,  
 Where'er I turn, Thou still art nigh,  
 Thy Spirit dwelling everywhere  
 Oh may that Spirit, ever blest,  
 Upon my soul in radiance shine,  
 Till, welcomed to eternal rest,  
 I taste Thy Presence, Lord Divine!

*Robert Allan Scott* 1839

CI XXIII

When all Thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise

O how shall words with equal warmth  
The gratitude declare,  
That glows within my ravish'd heart '   
But Thou canst read it there

Thy Providence my life sustain'd,  
And all my wants rediest,  
When in the silent womb I lay,  
And hung upon the breast

To all my weak complaints and cries  
Thy mercy lent an ear,  
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt  
To form themselves in prayer

Unnumbered comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestowed,  
Before my infant heart conceived  
From whence these comforts flowed

When in the slippery paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,  
And led me up to man

Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,  
It gently clear'd my way ,  
And through the pleasing snares of vice,  
More to be fear'd than they

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou  
With health renew'd my face ,  
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
Revived my soul with grace

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss  
Has made my cup run o'er ,  
And in a kind and faithful friend  
Has doubled all my store

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ ,  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart  
That tastes those gifts with joy

Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue ,  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew

When nature fails, and day and night  
Divide thy works no more,  
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,  
Thy mercy shall adore

Through all eternity to Thee  
A joyful song I'll raise  
But O ! eternity's too short  
To utter all Thy praise !

*Joseph Addison* 1712

II

"THY KINGDOM COME"

CLXXIV

Lord ! come away !

Why dost Thou stay ?

Thy road is ready , and Thy paths made straight

With longing expectation wait

The consecration of Thy beauteous feet !

Ride on triumphantly ! Behold, we lay

Our lusts and proud wills in Thy way !

Hosanna ! Welcome, to our hearts ! Lord, here

Thou hast a temple too , and full as dear

As that of Sion, and as full of sin

Nothing but thieves and robbers dwell therein

Enter, and chase them forth, and cleanse the floor !

Crucify them, that they may never more

Profane that holy place

Where Thou hast chose to set Thy face

And then, if our stiff tongues shall be

Mute in the praises of Thy Deity,

The stones out of the temple wall

Shall cry aloud, and call

Hosanna ! and Thy glorious footsteps greet ! Amen !

*Bishop Jeremy Taylor 1655.*

CLXXV

Jesus, Thy Church with longing eyes

For Thy expected coming waits ,

When will the promised light arise,

And glory beam from Zion's gates ?

Ev'n now, when tempests round us fall,  
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,  
Thy words with pleasure we recall,  
And deem that our redemption's nigh

Come, gracious Lord, our hearts renew,  
Our foes repel, our wrongs redress,  
Man's rooted enmity subdue,  
And crown Thy Gospel with success

O come, and reign o'er every land,  
Let Satan from his throne be hurl'd,  
All nations bow to Thy command,  
And grace revive a dying world !

Yes, Thou wilt speedily appear !  
The smitten earth already reels,  
And not far off we seem to hear  
The thunder of Thy chariot wheels

Teach us in watchfulness and prayer  
To wait for the appointed hour,  
And fit us by Thy grace to share  
The triumphs of Thy conquering power  
*William Hiley Bathurst 1831*

## CLXXVI.

Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart,  
Star of the coming day !  
Arise, and with Thy morning beams  
Chase all our griefs away !



Come, blessed Lord ! let every shore  
And answering island sing  
The praises of Thy royal name,  
And own Thee as their King.

Bid the whole earth, responsive now  
To the bright world above,  
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy  
In memory of Thy love

Lord, Lord ! Thy fair creation groans  
The air, the earth, the sea,  
In unison with all our hearts,  
And calls aloud for Thee

Thine was the Cross, with all its fruits  
Of grace and peace divine  
Be Thine the crown of glory now,  
The palm of victory Thine !

*Su Edward Denny. 1848*

CLXXVII

O Saviour ! is Thy promise fled ?  
Nor longer might Thy grace endure  
To heal the sick, and raise the dead,  
And preach the Gospel to the poor ?

Come, Jesus, come ! return again,  
With brighter beam Thy servants bless,  
Who long to feel Thy perfect reign,  
And share Thy kingdom's happiness !

A feeble race, by passion driven,  
In darkness and in doubt we roam,  
And lift our anxious eyes to Heaven,  
Our hope, our harbour, and our home

Yet, 'mid the wild and wintry gale,  
 When death rides darkly o'er the sea,  
 And strength and earthly daring fail,  
 Our prayers, Redeemer ! rest on Thee

Come, Jesus, come ! and as of yore  
 The prophet went to clear Thy way,  
 A harbinger Thy feet before,  
 A dawning to Thy brighter day ,

So now may grace, with heavenly shower,  
 Our stony hearts for truth prepare ,  
 Sow in our souls the seed of power,  
 Then come, and reap Thy harvest there !

*Bishop Reginald Heber* 1811

#### CLXXVIII

O Spirit of the living God !

In all Thy plenitude of grace,  
 Where'er the foot of man hath trod,  
 Descend on our apostate race !

Give tongues of fire and hearts of love  
 To preach the reconciling word ,  
 Give power and unction from above,  
 Whene'er the joyful sound is heard

Be darkness, at Thy coming, Light ,  
 Confusion, order in Thy path ,  
 Souls without strength inspire with might ;  
 Bid mercy triumph-over wrath

O Spirit of the Lord ! prepare  
 All the round earth her God to meet ,  
 Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,  
 Till hearts of stone begin to beat

Baptize the nations far and nigh ,  
The triumphs of Thy Cross record ,  
The name of Jesus glorify,  
Till every kindred call Him Lord

*James Montgomery 1825*

CLXXIX

Speed Thy servants, Saviour, speed them !  
Thou art Lord of winds and waves  
They were bound, but Thou hast freed them ,  
Now they go to free the slaves  
Be Thou with them !  
'Tis Thine arm alone that saves

Friends and home and all forsaking,  
Lord ! they go, at Thy command ,  
As their stay Thy promise taking,  
While they traverse sea and land .  
O be with them !  
Lead them safely by the hand !

Speed them through the mighty ocean,  
In the dark and stormy day,  
When the waves in wild commotion  
Fill all others with dismay  
Be Thou with them !  
Drive their terrors far away

When they reach the land of strangers,  
And the prospect dark appears,  
Nothing seen but toils and dangers,  
Nothing felt but doubts and fears ,  
Be Thou with them !  
Hear their sighs, and count their tears

When they think of home, now dearer  
Than it ever seem'd before,  
Bring the promised glory nearer,  
Let them see that peaceful shore,  
Where Thy people  
Rest from toil, and weep no more !

Where no fruit appears to cheer them,  
And they seem to toil in vain,  
Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them.  
Then their sinking hopes sustain  
Thus supported,  
Let their zeal revive again !

In the midst of opposition  
Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee  
When success attends their mission,  
Let Thy servants humbler be  
Never leave them,  
Till Thy face in Heaven they see ,

There to reap, in joy for ever,  
Fruit that grows from seed here sown ,  
There to be with Him, Who never  
Ceases to preserve His own,  
And with triumph  
Sing a Saviour's grace alone !

*Thomas Kelly* 1836

CLXXX

Thou, Whose Almighty word  
Chaos and darkness heard,  
And took their flight,  
Hear us, we humbly pray,  
And, where the gospel's day  
Sheds not its glorious ray,  
Let there be light !

Thou, Who didst come to bring  
On Thy redeeming wing  
Healing and sight,  
Health to the sick in mind,  
Sight to the ~~only~~ blind,  
Oh, now to all mankind  
Let there be light !

Spirit of truth and love,  
Life-giving, holy Dove,  
Speed forth Thy flight !  
Move on the waters' face  
Bearing the lamp of grace,  
And in earth's darkest place  
Let there be light !

Holy and blessed Three,  
Glorious Trinity,  
Wisdom, Love, Might !  
Boundless as ocean's tide  
Rolling in fullest pride,  
Through the earth, far and wide,  
Let there be light !

*John Marriott 1813*

## III

## "THY WILL BE DONE"

*"Thy will be done, on earth, as it is in Heaven"*

## CLXXXI

Come, my soul, Thy suit prepare ,  
Jesus loves to answer prayer  
He Himself has bid thee pray,  
Therefore will not say thee nay

Thou art coming to a King,  
Large petitions with thee bring ,  
For his grace and power are such,  
None can ever ask too much

With my burden I begin ,  
Lord, remove this load of sin ,  
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
Set my conscience free from guilt

Lord, I come to Thee for rest ,  
Take possession of my breast ,  
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,  
And without a rival reign

As the image in the glass  
Answers the beholder's face,  
Thus unto my heart appear,  
Print Thine own resemblance there

While I am a pilgrim here,  
Let Thy love my spirit cheer ,  
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end

Shew me what I have to do ,  
Every hour my strength renew ,  
Let me live a life of faith ,  
Let me die Thy people's death

*John Newton 1779.*

●CLXXXII

My faith looks up to Thee  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine !  
Now hear me while I pray ;  
Take all my guilt away ,  
O let me from this day  
Be wholly Thine !

May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire !  
As Thou hast died for me,  
O may my love to Thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
A living fire !

While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my Guide !  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside

When ends life's transient dream,  
 When death's cold sullen stream  
     Shall o'er me roll,  
 Blest Saviour ! then in love  
 Fear and distrust remove,  
 O bear me safe above,  
     A ransom'd soul !

*Ray Palmer* [1830]

CLXXXIII

PSALM CXVI

Redeem'd from guilt, redeem'd from fears,  
 My soul enlarged, and dried my tears,  
 What can I do, O Love Divine,  
 What, to repay such gifts as Thine ?

What can I do, so poor, so weak,  
 But from Thy hands new blessings seek,  
 A heart to feel Thy mercies more,  
 A soul to know Thee, and adore ?

O teach me at Thy feet to fall,  
 And yield Thee up myself, my all !  
 Before Thy saints my debts to own,  
 And live and die to Thee alone !

Thy Spirit, Lord, at large impart,  
 Expand and raise and fill my heart !  
 So may I hope my life shall be  
 Some faint return, O Lord, to Thee

*Henry Francis Lyte* 1834.



CLXXXIV

PSALM CI

Lord, when I lift my voice to Thee,  
To whom all praise belongs,  
Thy justice and Thy love shall be  
The subject of my songs

Let wisdom o'er my heart preside,  
To lead my steps aright,  
And make Thy perfect law my guide,  
Thy service my delight

All sinful ways I will abhor,  
All wicked men forsake ,  
And only those, who love Thy law,  
For my companions take

Lord ! that I may not go astray,  
Thy constant grace impart  
When wilt Thou come to point my way,  
And fix my roving heart ?

*William Hiley Bathurst 1831*

CLXXXV

Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I go,  
My daily labour to pursue,  
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,  
In all I think, or speak, or do

The task Thy wisdom hath assign'd  
O let me cheerfully fulfil ,  
In all my works Thy presence find,  
And prove Thine acceptable will

Preserve me from my calling's snare,  
And hide my simple heart above,  
Above the thorns of choking care,  
The gilded baits of worldly love

Thee may I set at my right hand,  
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,  
And labour on at Thy command,  
And offer all my works to Thee

Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,  
And every moment watch and pray ;  
And still to things eternal look,  
And hasten to Thy glorious day

For Thee delightfully employ  
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,  
And run my course with even joy,  
And closely walk with Thee to Heaven

*Charles Wesley 1749*

CLXXXVI

Now it belongs not to my care  
Whether I die or live ,  
To love and serve Thee is my share,  
And this Thy grace must give

If death shall bruise this springing seed  
Before it come to fruit,  
The will with Thee goes for the dead,  
Thy life was in the root

Would I long bear my heavy load,  
And keep my sorrows long ?  
Would I long sin against my God,  
And His dear mercy wrong ?

How much is sinful flesh my foe,  
That doth my soul pervert  
To linger here in sin and woe,  
And steals from God my heart !

Christ leads me through no darker rooms  
Than He went through before ,  
He that unto God's Kingdom comes  
Must enter by this door

Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet  
Thy blessed face to see ,  
For, if Thy work on earth be sweet,  
What will Thy glory be ?

Then I shall end my sad complaints,  
And weary sinful days,  
And join with the triumphant saints  
That sing Jehovah's praise

My knowledge of that life is small ,  
The eye of faith is dim ,  
But it's enough that Christ knows all,  
And I shall be with Him

*Richard Baxter 1681*

CLXXXVII

O Thou, who camest from above,  
The pure celestial fire to impart,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
On the mean altar of my heart

There let it for Thy glory burn  
 With inextinguishable blaze ,  
 And, trembling, to its source return,  
 In humble prayer and fervent praise

Jesus ! confirm my heart's desire  
 To work, and speak, and think for Thee ,  
 Still let me guard the holy fire ,  
 And still stir up Thy gift in me ,

Ready for all Thy perfect will,  
 My acts of faith and lovè repeat ,  
 Till death Thy endless mercies seal,  
 And make my sacrifice complete

*Charles Wesley 1762*

CLXXXVIII.

PSALM XXXI

My spirit on Thy care,  
 Blest Saviour, I recline ,  
 Thou wilt not leave me to despair,  
 For Thou art Love divine

In Thee I place my trust,  
 On Thee I calmly rest ,  
 I know Thee good, I know Thee just,  
 And count Thy choice the best

Whate'er events betide,  
 Thy will they all perform ,  
 Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,  
 Nor fear the coming storm

Let good or ill befall,  
It must be good for me,  
Secure of having Thee in all,  
Of having all in Thee

*Henry Francis Lyte 1834.*

CLXXXIX

Blest be Thy love, dear Lord,  
That taught us this sweet way,  
Only to love Thee for Thyself,  
And for that love obey

☉ Thou, our souls' chief hope !  
We to Thy mercy fly,  
Where'er we are, Thou canst protect,  
Whate'er we need, supply

Whether we sleep or wake,  
To Thee we both resign,  
By night we see, as well as day,  
If Thy light on us shine

Whether we live or die,  
Both we submit to Thee,  
In death we live, as well as life,  
If Thine in death we be  
*John Austin 1668*

CXC

O Lord, my best desire fulfil,  
And help me to resign  
Life, health, and comfort to Thy will,  
And make Thy pleasure mine

All glory, Lord, to Thee,  
Whom Heaven and earth adore ,  
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghōst,  
One God for evermore

*Sir Henry Williams Baker* [1852]

## CXCIII

My God and Father, while I stray  
Far from my home, on life's rough way,  
O teach me from my heart to say,  
Thy will be done !

Though dark my path and sad my lot,  
Let me be still and murmur not,  
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,  
Thy will be done !

What though in lonely grief I sigh  
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,  
Submissive still would I reply,  
Thy will be done !

Though Thou hast call'd me to resign  
What most I prized, it ne'er was mine  
I have but yielded what was Thine ,  
Thy will be done !

Should grief or sickness waste away  
My life in premature decay,  
My Father ! still I strive to say,  
Thy will be done

Let but my fainting heart be blest  
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,  
My God, to Thee I leave the rest ,  
Thy will be done !

Renew my will from day to day ,  
Blend it with Thine , and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say,  
Thy will be done !

Then, when on earth I breathe no more,  
The prayer, oft mix'd with tears before,  
I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
Thy will be done !

*Charlotte Elliott* 1834

CXCIV

O Lord, Thy heavenly grace impart,  
And fix my frail inconstant heart ,  
Henceforth my chief desire shall be  
To dedicate myself to Thee,  
To Thee, my God, to Thee !

Whate'er pursuits my time employ,  
One thought shall fill my soul with joy ,  
That silent, secret thought shall be,  
That all my hopes are fix'd on Thee,  
On Thee, my God, on Thee !

Thy glorious eye pervadeth space ,  
Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place ;  
And, wheresoe'er my lot may be,  
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee,  
To Thee, my God, to Thee !

Renouncing every worldly thing,  
Safe 'neath the covert of Thy wing,  
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,  
That all I want I find in Thee,  
In Thee, my God, in Thee !

*Mrs Daniel Wilson* 1830  
*From John Frederic Oberlin* 1820.

## CXCv

When I survey life's varied scene,  
Amid the darkest hours  
Sweet rays of comfort shine between,  
And thorns are mix'd with flowers

Lord, teach me to adore Thy hand,  
From whence my comforts flow,  
And let me in this desert land  
A glimpse of Canaan know

And O ! whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign hand denies,  
Accepted at Thy throne of grace  
Let this petition rise

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
From every murmur free,  
The blessings of Thy grace impart,  
And let me live to Thee

Let the sweet hope, that Thou art mine,  
My path of life attend,  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And bless its happy end !

*Anne Steele 1760*



CXCVI

Father of Love, our Guide and Friend,  
Oh lead us gently on,  
Until life's trial-time shall end,  
And heavenly peace be won !  
We know not what the path may be  
As yet by us untrod ,  
But we can trust our all to Thee,  
Our Father and our God !

If call'd, like Abraham's child, to climb  
The hill of sacrifice,  
Some angel may be there in time ,  
Deliverance shall arise  
Or, if some darker lot be good,  
Oh, teach us to endure  
The sorrow, pain, or solitude,  
That make the spirit pure !

Christ by no flowery pathway came ,  
And we, His followers here,  
Must do Thy will and praise Thy Name,  
In hope, and love, and fear  
And, till in Heaven we sinless bow,  
And faultless anthems raise,  
O Father, Son, and Spirit, now  
Accept our feeble praise !

*William Josiah Irons 1853.*

## CXC VII

Thy way, not mine, O Lord,  
However dark it be !  
Lead me by Thine own hand,  
Choose out the path for me

Smooth let it be or rough,  
It will be still the best ,  
Winding or straight, it leads  
Right onward to Thy rest

I dare not choose my lot ,  
I would not, if I might ,  
Choose Thou for me, my God ,  
So shall I walk aright

The kingdom that I seek  
Is Thine , so let the way  
That leads to it be Thine ,  
Else I must surely stray

Take Thou my cup, and it  
With joy or sorrow fill,  
As best to Thee may seem ,  
Choose Thou my good and ill ,

Choose Thou for me my friends,  
My sickness or my health ,  
Choose Thou my cares for me,  
My poverty or wealth

Not mine, not mine the choi  
In things or great or small ;  
Be Thou my guide, my strength,  
My wisdom, and my all !

*Horatius Bonar* 1856

CXCVIII

Father, I know that all my life  
Is portion'd out for me,  
And the changes that are sure to come  
I do not fear to see,  
But I ask Thee for a present mind,  
Intent on pleasing Thee

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,  
Through constant watching wise,  
To meet the glad with joyful smiles  
And wipe the weeping eyes,  
And a heart at leisure from itself,  
To soothe and sympathize

I would not have the restless will  
That hurries to and fro,  
Seeking for some great thing to do,  
Or secret thing to know  
I would be treated as a child,  
And guided where I go

Wherever in the world I am,  
In whatsoe'er estate,  
I have a fellowship with hearts  
To keep and cultivate,  
And a work of lowly love to do,  
For the Lord on whom I wait

So I ask Thee for the daily strength  
To none that ask denied,  
And a mind to blend with outward life,  
While keeping at Thy side,  
Content to fill a little space,  
If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask  
 In my cup of blessing be,  
 I would have my spirit fill'd the more  
 With grateful love to Thee,  
 More careful, not to serve Thee much,  
 But to please Thee perfectly

There are briars besetting every path,  
 That call for patient care,  
 There is a cross in every lot,  
 And an earnest need for prayer,  
 But a lowly heart, that leans on Thee,  
 Is happy anywhere

In a service which Thy will appoints  
 There are no bonds for me,  
 For my inmost heart is taught the Truth  
 That makes Thy children free,  
 And a life of self-renouncing love  
 Is a life of liberty

*Anna Letitia Waring 1850—1860*

CXCIX

PSALM CXXXI

Quiet, Lord, my froward heart,  
 Make me teachable and mild,  
 Upright, simple, free from art,  
 Make me as a weaned child,  
 From distrust and envy free,  
 Pleased with all that pleases Thee

What Thou shalt to-day provide,  
Let me as a child receive,  
What to-morrow may betide  
Calmly to thy wisdom leave  
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care,  
Why should I the burden bear?

As a little child relies  
On a care beyond his own,  
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,  
Fears to stir a step alone,  
Let me thus with Thee abide,  
As my Father, Guard, and Guide

Thus, preserv'd from Satan's wiles,  
Safe from dangers, free from fears,  
May I live upon Thy smiles  
Till the promised hour appears,  
When the sons of God shall prove  
All their Father's boundless love!

*John Newton 1779*

CC

PSALM CXXXI

Jesus, cast a look on me,  
Give me sweet simplicity,  
Make me poor and keep me low,  
Seeking only Thee to know,

Weaned from my lordly self  
Weaned from the miser's pelf,  
Weaned from the scorner's ways,  
Weaned from the lust of praise

All that feeds my busy pride,  
 Cast it evermore aside ,  
 Bid my will to Thine submit ,  
 Lay me humbly at Thy feet

Make me like a little child,  
 Of my strength and wisdom spoil'd,  
 Seeing only in Thy light,  
 Walking only in Thy might,

Leaning on Thy loving breast,  
 Where a weary soul may rest ,  
 Feeling well the peace of God  
 Flowing from Thy precious Blood !

In this posture let me live,  
 And hosannas daily give ,  
 In this temper let me die,  
 And hosannas ever cry !

*John Berridge* 1785

*Variation from Charles Wesley* 1743

# CCI

Lord, I feel a carnal mind  
 That hangs about me still  
 Vainly though I strive to bind  
 My own rebellious will ,  
 Is not haughtiness of heart  
 The gulph between my God and me ?  
 Meek Redeemer ! now impart  
 Thine own humility !

Fain would I my Lord pursue,  
Be all my Saviour taught,  
Do as Jesus bade me do,  
And think as Jesus thought  
But 'tis Thou must change my heart,  
The perfect gift must come from Thee,  
Meek Redeemer ! now impart  
Thine own humility !

Lord, I cannot, must not rest,  
Till I Thy mind obtain,  
Chase presumption from my breast,  
And all Thy mildness gain  
Give me, Lord, Thy gentle heart,  
Thy lowly mind my portion be  
Meek Redeemer ! now impart  
Thine own humility !

Let Thy cross my will control,  
Conform me to my Guide !  
In the manger lay my soul,  
And crucify my pride !  
Give me, Lord, a contrite heart,  
An heart that always looks to Thee  
Meek Redeemer ! now impart  
Thine own humility !

Tear away my every boast,  
My stubborn mind abase,  
Saviour, fix my only trust  
In Thy redeeming grace !  
Give me a submissive heart,  
From pride and self-dependence free,  
Meek Redeemer ! now impart  
Thine own humility !

*Augustus Montague Toplady 1759*

## CCII

Gracious Spirit, dwell with me ,  
I myself would gracious be,  
And with words that help and heal  
Would Thy life in mine reveal,  
And with actions bold and meek  
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

Truthful Spirit, dwell with me ,  
I myself would truthful be,  
And with wisdom kind and clear  
Let Thy life in mine appear,  
And with actions brotherly  
Speak my Lord's sincerity

Tender Spirit, dwell with me ,  
I myself would tender be,  
Shut my heart up like a flower  
At temptation's darksome hour,  
Open it when shines the sun,  
And His love by fragrance own

Silent Spirit, dwell with me ,  
I myself would quiet be,  
Quiet as the growing blade  
Which through earth its way has made,  
Silently, like morning light,  
Putting mists and chills to flight

Mighty Spirit, dwell with me ,  
I myself would mighty be,  
Mighty so as to prevail  
Where unaided man must fail,  
Ever by a mighty hope  
Pressing on and bearing up



Holy Spirit, dwell with me ,  
I myself would holy be ,  
Separate from sin, I would  
Choose and cherish all things good,  
And whatever I can be  
Give to Him, who gave me Thee !

*Thomas Toke Lynch 1855.*

CCHH

MATT V 3—10

There is a dwelling-place above ,  
Thither, to meet the God of love,  
The poor in spirit go ,  
There is a paradise of rest ,  
For contrite hearts and souls distrest  
Its streams of comfort flow

There is a goodly heritage,  
Where earthly passions cease to rage .  
The meek that haven gain  
There is a board, where they who pine,  
Hungry, athirst, for grace divine,  
May feast nor crave again

There is a voice to mercy true ,  
To them who mercy's path pursue  
That voice shall bliss impart ,  
There is a sight from man concealed ,  
That sight, the face of God revealed ,  
Shall bless the pure in heart

There is a name, in heaven bestow'd ,  
That name, which hails them sons of God,  
The friends of peace shall know  
There is a kingdom in the sky,  
Where they shall reign with God on high,  
Who serve Him best below

Lord ! be it mine like them to choose  
The better part, like them to use  
The means Thy love hath given !  
Be holiness my aim on earth,  
That death be welcome as a birth  
To life and bliss in Heaven !

*Bishop Richard Mant* 1828

## CCIV

## MATTHEW V 3—10

Blest are the humble souls that see  
Their emptiness and poverty ,  
Treasures of grace to them are given,  
And crowns of joy laid up in Heaven

Blest are the men of broken heart  
Who mourn for sin with inward smart ,  
The Blood of Christ divinely flows,  
A healing balm for all their woes

Blest are the meek, who stand afar  
From rage and passion, noise and war ,  
God will secure their happy state,  
And plead their cause against the great

Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,  
Hunger and long for righteousness,  
They shall be well supplied and fed  
With living streams and living bread

Blest are the men whose bowels move  
And melt with sympathy and love,  
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain  
Like sympathy and love again

Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean  
From the defiling power of sin,  
With endless pleasure they shall see  
A God of spotless purity

Blest are the men of peaceful life,  
Who quench the coals of growing strife,  
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,  
The sons of God, the God of peace

Blest are the sufferers, who partake  
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake,  
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,  
Glory and joy are their reward

*Isaac Watts 1709*

Thus cheer us through this desert road,  
Till all our labours cease,  
And Heaven refresh our weary souls  
With everlasting peace !

*Philip Doddridge 1755*

## CCVIII

O how kindly hast Thou led me,  
Heavenly Father, day by day !  
Found my dwelling, clothed and fed me,  
Furnish'd friends to cheer my way !  
Didst Thou bless me, didst Thou chasten,  
With Thy smile, or with Thy rod,  
'Twas that still my step might hasten  
Homeward, heavenward, to my God !

O how slowly have I often  
Follow'd where Thy hand would draw !  
How Thy kindness fail'd to soften !  
How Thy chastening fail'd to awe !  
Make me for Thy rest more ready  
As Thy path is longer trod ,  
Keep me in Thy friendship steady,  
Till Thou call me home, my God !

*Thomas Grinfield 1836*

## CCIX.

Heavenly Father, to Whose eye  
Future things unfolded lie,  
Through the desert where I stray,  
Let Thy counsels guide my way.

Lord, uphold me day by day,  
Shed a light upon my way,  
Guide me through perplexing snares,  
Care for me in all my cares

All I ask for is, enough,  
Only, when the way is rough,  
Let Thy rod and staff impart  
Strength and courage to my heart

Should Thy wisdom, Lord, decree  
Trials long and sharp for me,  
Pain or sorrow, care or shame,  
Father! glorify Thy Name!

Let me neither faint nor fear,  
Feeling still that Thou art near,  
In the course my Saviour trod,  
Tending still to Thee, my God  
*Josiah Conder 1837*

CCX

Sovereign Ruler of the skies,  
Ever gracious, ever wise,  
All my times are in Thy hand,  
All events at Thy command

His decree, who form'd the earth,  
Fix'd my first and second birth,  
Parents, native place, and time,  
All appointed were by Him

He that form'd me in the womb,  
He shall guide me to the tomb  
All my times shall ever be  
Order'd by His wise decree ,

Times of sickness, times of health,  
Times of penury and wealth ,  
Times of trial and of grief,  
Times of triumph and relief ,

Times the Tempter's power to prove,  
Times to taste a Saviour's love ,  
All must come, and last, and end,  
As shall please my heavenly Friend

Plagues and deaths around me fly ,  
Till He bids, I cannot die  
Not a single shaft can hit  
Till the God of love sees fit

O Thou Gracious, Wise, and Just !  
In Thy hands my life I trust  
Have I something dearer still ?  
I resign it to Thy will

May I always own Thy hand ,  
Still to the surrender stand ,  
Know, that Thou art God alone ,  
I and mine are all Thy own

Thee at all times will I bless ,  
Having Thee, I all possess  
How can I bereavèd be,  
Since I cannot part with Thee ?

*John Ryland 1777*

CCXI

O Lord, I would delight in Thee,  
And on Thy care depend,  
To Thee in every trouble flee,  
My best, my only Friend

When all created streams are dried,  
Thy fulness is the same,  
May I with this be satisfied,  
And glory in Thy Name !

Why should the soul a drop bemoan,  
Who has a fountain near,  
A fountain, which will ever run  
With waters sweet and clear ?

No good in creatures can be found,  
But may be found in Thee,  
I must have all things, and abound,  
While God is God to me

Oh ! that I had a stronger faith,  
To look within the veil !  
To credit what my Saviour saith,  
Whose word can never fail !

He that has made my heaven secure,  
Will here all good provide,  
While Christ is rich, can I be poor ?  
What can I want beside ?

O Lord, I cast my care on Thee,  
I triumph and adore  
Henceforth my great concern shall be  
To love and please Thee more

*John Ryland. 1777*

## CCXII

How gentle God's commands,  
How kind His precepts are !  
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,  
And trust His constant care

While Providence supports,  
Let saints securely dwell ,  
That Hand, which bears all Nature up,  
Shall guide His children well

Why should this anxious load  
Press down your weary mind :  
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,  
And sweet refreshment find

His goodness stands approved  
Down to the present day  
I'll drop my burden at His feet,  
And bear a song away

*Philip Doddridge 1755*

## CCXIII

O God of Bethel, by whose hand  
Thy people still are fed,  
Who through this weary pilgrimage  
Hast all our fathers led ,

Our vows, our prayers, we now present  
Before Thy throne of grace ,  
God of our fathers ! be the God  
Of their succeeding race



Through each perplexing path of life  
Our wandering footsteps guide ,  
Give us each day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide

O spread Thy covering wings around  
Till all our wanderings cease,  
And at our Father's loved abode  
Our souls arrive in peace !

Such blessings from Thy gracious hand  
Our humble prayers implore ,  
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,  
And portion evermore

*Variation by John Logan 1770*

*From Philip Doddridge 1755*

CCXIV

O King of earth, and air, and sea !  
The hungry ravens cry to Thee ,  
To Thee the scaly tribes, that sweep  
The bosom of the boundless deep  
To Thee the lions roaring call ,  
The common Father, kind to all  
Then grant Thy servants, Lord, we pray,  
Our daily bread from day to day

The fishes may for food complain,  
The ravens spread their wings in vain,  
The roaring lions lack and pine ,  
But, God, Thou carest still for Thine  
Thy bounteous hand with food can bless  
The bleak and lonely wilderness ,  
And Thou hast taught us, Lord, to pray  
For daily bread from day to day

And oh ! when through the wilds we roam  
 That part us from our heavenly home ,  
 When, lost in danger, want, and woe,  
 Our faithless tears begin to flow ,  
 Do Thou the gracious comfort give,  
 By which alone the soul may live ,  
 And grant Thy servants, Lord, we pray,  
 The bread of life from day to day !

*Bishop Reginald Heber 1827*

## CCXV

Jesus, the Shepherd of the sheep,  
 Thy little flock in safety keep,  
 The flock for which Thou cam'st from Heaven  
 The flock for which Thy life was given

Thou saw'st them wandering far from Thee  
 Secure, as if from danger free ,  
 Thy love did all their wanderings trace,  
 And brought them to a wealthy place

O guard Thy sheep from beasts of prey,  
 And guide them that they never stray ,  
 Cherish the young, sustain the old,  
 Let none be feeble in Thy fold !

Secure them from the scorching beam,  
 And lead them to the living stream ,  
 In verdant pastures let them lie,  
 And watch them with a Shepherd's eye !

Oh, may Thy sheep discern Thy voice,  
 And in its sacred sound rejoice ,  
 From strangers may they ever flee,  
 And know no other guide but Thee !

*"Give us this day our Daily Bread"* 231

Lord, bring Thy sheep that wander yet,  
And let the number be complete  
Thine let Thy flock from earth remove,  
And occupy the fold above

*Thomas Kelly 1804-1836*

CCXVI

PSALM XXIII

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a Shepherd's care,  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye,  
My noon-day walks He shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend

When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales and dewy meads  
My weary, wandering steps He leads,  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow

Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still,  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade

Though in a bare and rugged way,  
Through desolate lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile,  
The barren wilderness shall smile  
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
And streams shall murmur all around

*Joseph Addison 1712*

## CCXVII

## PSALM XXIII

My Shepherd will supply my need,  
Jehovah is His Name,  
In pastures fresh He makes me feed  
Beside the living stream

He brings my wandering spirit back  
When I forsake His ways,  
And leads me, for His mercy's sake,  
In paths of truth and grace

When I walk through the shades of death,  
Thy presence is my stay  
A word of Thy supporting breath  
Drives all my fears away

Thy hand, in spite of all my foes,  
Doth still my table spread,  
My cup with blessings overflows,  
Thine oil anoints my head

The sure provisions of my God  
Attend me all my days,  
O may Thy house be mine abode,  
And all my work be praise !

There would I find a settled rest,  
While others go and come,  
No more a stranger or a guest,  
But like a child at home

*Isaac Watts 1719.*

CCXVIII

PSALM XXIII.

The Lord my Shepherd is,  
I shall be well supplied,  
Since He is mine, and I am His,  
What can I want beside ?

He leads me to the place  
Where heavenly pasture grows,  
Where living waters gently pass,  
And full salvation flows

If e'er I go astray,  
He doth my soul reclaim,  
And guides me in His own right way  
For His most holy Name

While He affords His aid,  
I cannot yield to fear,  
Though I should walk through death's dark shade,  
My Shepherd's with me there

In spite of all my foes  
Thou dost my table spread,  
My cup with blessings overflows,  
And joy exalts my head

The bounties of Thy love  
Shall crown my following days,  
Nor from Thy house will I remove,  
Nor cease to speak Thy praise

*Isaac Watts 1719*

## V

## AND FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES

*" And forgive us our trespases, as we forgive them that  
trespase against us "*

## CCXIX

Approach, my soul, the mercy seat  
Where Jesus answers prayer,  
There humbly fall before His feet,  
For none can perish there

Thy promise is my only plea,  
With this I venture nigh,  
Thou callest burden'd souls to Thee,  
And such, O Lord, am I

Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,  
By Satan sorely prest,  
By war without, and fears within,  
I come to Thee for rest

Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,  
That, shelter'd near Thy side,  
I may my fierce accuser face,  
And tell him, Thou hast died !

O wondrous love ! to bleed and die,  
To bear the cross and shame,  
That guilty sinners, such as I,  
Might plead Thy gracious Name !

*John Newton 1779*

CCXX

Almighty God, Thy piercing eye  
Strikes through the shades of night,  
And our most secret actions lie  
All open to Thy sight

There's not a sin that we commit,  
Nor wicked word we say,  
But in Thy dreadful book 'tis writ  
Against the judgment-day

And must the crimes that I have done  
Be read and publish'd there,  
Be all expos'd before the sun,  
While men and angels hear?

Lord! at Thy foot ashamed I lie,  
Upward I dare not look,  
Pardon my sins before I die,  
And blot them from Thy book!

Remember all the dying pains  
That my Redeemer felt,  
And let His Blood wash out my stains,  
And answer for my guilt!

*Isaac Watts 1715*

CCXXI

Mercy alone can meet my case,  
For mercy, Lord, I cry  
Jesus! Redeemer! show Thy face  
In mercy, or I die

Save me, for none beside can save ,  
 At Thy command I tread  
 With failing step life's stormy wave ,  
 The wave goes o'er my head

I perish, and my doom were just ,  
 But wilt Thou leave me ? No  
 I hold Thee fast, my hope, my trust ,  
 I will not let Thee go !

Still sure to me Thy promise stands,  
 And ever must abide,  
 Behold it written on Thy hands,  
 And graven in Thy side !

To this, this only, will I cleave ,  
 Thy word is all my plea ,  
 Thy word is truth, and I believe  
 Have mercy, Lord, on me !

*James Montgomery* 1825

## CCXXII

O Jesus, Saviour of the lost,  
 My Rock and Hiding-place,  
 By storms of sin and sorrow tost,  
 I seek Thy sheltering grace.

Guilty, forgive me, Lord ! I cry ,  
 Pursued by foes I come ,  
 A sinner, save me, or I die ,  
 An outcast, take me home

Once safe in Thine almighty arms,  
 Let storms come on again ,  
 There danger never, never harms ,  
 There death itself is gain



And when I stand before Thy throne,  
And all Thy glory see,  
Still be my righteousness alone  
To hide myself in Thee  
*Edward Henry Bickersteth* 1858

CCXXIII

When at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend,  
And plead with Thee for mercy there,  
Think of the sinner's dying friend,  
And for His sake receive my prayer

O think not of my shame and guilt,  
My thousand stains of deepest dye ,  
Think of the blood which Jesus spilt,  
And let that blood my pardon buy

Think, Lord, how I am still Thy own,  
The trembling creature of Thy hand ,  
Think how my heart to sin is prone,  
And what temptations round me stand

O think upon Thy holy word,  
And every pledged promise there ,  
How prayer should evermore be heard,  
And how Thy glory is to spare

O think not of my doubts and fears,  
My strivings with Thy grace Divine  
Think upon Jesus' woes and tears,  
And let His merits stand for mine

Thine eye, Thine ear, they are not dull ,  
Thine arm can never shorten'd be ,  
Behold me here , my heart is full ,  
Behold, and spare, and succour me '  
*Henry Francis Lyte* 1833

## CCXXIV •

As o'er the past my memory strays,  
 Why heaves the secret sigh ?  
 'Tis that I mourn departed days,  
 Still unprepared to die

The world, and worldly things beloved,  
 My anxious thoughts employed,  
 And time unhallow'd, unimproved,  
 Presents a fearful void

Yet, holy Father, wild despair  
 Chase from my labouring breast !  
 Thy grace it is, which prompts the prayer  
 That grace can do the rest

My life's brief remnant all be Thine !  
 And, when Thy sure decree  
 Bids me this fleeting breath resign,  
 O, speed my soul to Thee !

*Bishop Thomas Fanshawe Middleton* [1822 ]

## CCXXV

Forth from the dark and stormy sky,  
 Lord ! to Thine altar's shade we fly  
 Forth from the world, its hope and fear  
 Saviour ! we seek Thy shelter here  
 Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray  
 Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away !

Long have we roam'd in want and pain ,  
 Long have we sought Thy rest in vain ,  
 Wilder'd in doubt, in darkness lost,  
 Long have our souls been tempest-tost  
 Low at Thy feet our sins we lay ,  
 Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away !

*Bishop Reginald Heber* 1827.

CCXXVI

O Lord, turn not Thy face away  
From them that lowly lie,  
Lamenting sore their sinful life  
With tears and bitter cry  
Thy mercy-gates are open wide  
To them that mourn their sin ,  
O shut them not against us, Lord,  
But let us enter in

We need not to confess our fault,  
For surely Thou canst tell ,  
What we have done, and what we are,  
Thou knowest very well ,  
Wherefore, to beg and to entreat,  
With tears we come to Thee,  
As children that have done amiss  
Fall at their father's knee

And need we then, O Lord, repeat  
The blessing which we crave,  
When Thou dost know, before we speak,  
The thing that we would have ?  
Mercy, O Lord, mercy we ask,  
This is the total sum ,  
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer ,  
O let Thy mercy come !

*Variation by Bishop Reginald Heber 1827*  
*From John Mardley 1562*

## VI

“AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION,  
BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL ”

## CCXXVII

Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us  
O'er the world's tempestuous sea ,  
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,  
For we have no help but Thee  
Yet possessing  
Every blessing,  
If our God our Father be

Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us ,  
All our weakness Thou dost know ,  
Thou didst tread this earth before us,  
Thou didst feel its keenest woe ,  
Lone and dreary,  
Faint and weary,  
Through the desert Thou didst go

Spirit of our God, descending,  
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy ,  
Love with every passion blinding,  
Pleasure that can never cloy  
Thus provided,  
Pardon'd, guided,  
Nothing can our peace destroy

*James Edmeston* 1820.

CCXXVIII

Jeſu ! guide our way  
To eternal day !  
So ſhall we, no more delaying,  
Follow Thee, Thy voice obeying ,  
Lead us by Thy hand  
To our Father's land !

When we danger meet,  
Stedfaſt make our feet !  
Lord, preſerve us uncomplaining  
'Mid the darkness round us reigning !  
Through adverſity  
Lies our way to Thee

Order all our way  
Through this mortal day ,  
In our toil with aid be near us ,  
In our need with ſuccour cheer us ,  
When life's courſe is o'er,  
Open Thou the doo !

*Arthur Tozer Ruſſell 1851*

*From Louis, Count Zinzendorf 1721*

CCXXIX

Star of morn and even,  
Sun of Heaven's heaven,  
Saviour high and dear,  
Toward us turn Thine ear ,  
Through whate'er may come  
Thou canſt lead us home

R

Though the gloom be grievous,  
 Those we leant on leave us,  
 Though the coward heart  
 Quit its proper part,  
 Though the Tempter come,  
 Thou wilt lead us home

Saviour pure and holy,  
 Lover of the lowly,  
 Sign us with Thy sign,  
 Take our hands in Thine,  
 Take our hands and come,  
 Lead Thy children home !

Star of morn and even,  
 Shine on us from Heaven,  
 From Thy glory-throne  
 Hear Thy very own !  
 Lord and Saviour, come,  
 Lead us to our home !

*Francis Turner Palgrave 1862*

CCXXX

O Thou, to whose all-searching sight  
 The darkness shineth as the light,  
 Search, prove my heart, it pants for Thee,  
 O, burst these bands, and set it free !

Wash out its stains, refine its dross,  
 Nail my affections to the cross,  
 Hallow each thought, let all within  
 Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.

If in this darksome wild I striv,  
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way,  
No foes, no violence I fear,  
No fraud, while Thou, my God, art near

When rising floods my soul o'erflow,  
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,  
Jesu, Thy timely aid impart,  
And raise my head, and cheer my heart

Saviour ! where'er Thy steps I see,  
Dauntless, undimmed, I follow Thee  
O let Thy hand support me still,  
And lead me to Thy holy hill !

If rough and thorny be the way,  
My strength proportion to my day,  
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease  
Where all is calm and joy and peace

*John Wesley 1739—1743*  
*From the German*

CCXXXI

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah !  
Pilgrim through this barren land,  
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,  
Hold me with Thy powerful hand !  
Bread of Heaven ! Bread of Heaven !  
Feed me now and evermore !

Open flow the crystal Fountain,  
Whence the healing streams do flow,  
Let the fiery cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through,  
Strong Deliverer ! Strong Deliverer !  
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield !

When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious fears subside ,  
 Death of death, and Hell's Destruction,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side ,  
 Songs of praises, Songs of praises,  
 I will ever give to Thee !

*William Williams 1774*

## CCXXXII

Jesus ! lead us with Thy power  
 Safe unto the promised Rest ,  
 Hide our souls within Thy bosom ,  
 Let us slumber on Thy breast ,  
 Feed us with the heavenly manna,  
 Bread that angels eat above ,  
 Let us drink from the holy Fountain  
 Draughts of everlasting Love !

Throughout the desert wild conduct us  
 With a glorious pillar bright,  
 In the day a cooling comfort,  
 And a cheering fire by night ,  
 Be our guide in every peril,  
 Watch us hourly night and day ,  
 Otherwise we'll err and wander  
 From Thy Spirit far away

In Thy Presence we are happy ,  
 In Thy Presence we're secure ,  
 In Thy Presence all afflictions  
 We will easily endure ,  
 In Thy Presence we can conquer,  
 We can suffer, we can die ,  
 Far from Thee, we faint and languish  
 Lord, our Saviour, keep us nigh !

*William Williams 1772*



CCXXXIII

PSALM CXXI

Up to the hills I lift mine eyes,  
The eternal hills beyond the skies ,  
Thence all her help my soul derives,  
There my Almighty Refuge lives

He lives, the everlasting God,  
That built the world, that spread the flood ,  
The heavens with all their hosts He made,  
And the dark regions of the dead

He guides our feet, He guards our way ,  
His morning smiles bless all the day ,  
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps  
The silent hours while Israel sleeps

Israel, a name divinely blest,  
May rise secure, securely rest ,  
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes  
Admit no slumber nor surprise

No sun shall smite thy head by day,  
Nor the pale moon with sickly ray  
Shall blast thy couch , no baleful star  
Dart his malignant fire so far

Should earth and hell with malice burn,  
Still thou shalt go, and still return,  
Safe in the Lord , His heavenly care  
Defends thy life from every snare

On these foul spirits have no power ,  
And, in thy last departing hour,  
Angels, that trace the airy road,  
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God

*Isaac Watts* 1719

## CCXXXIV

## PSALM CXXI

To Heaven I lift mine eye,  
 To Heaven, Jehovah's throne,  
 For there my Saviour sits on high,  
 And thence shall strength and aid supply  
 To all He calls His own

He will not faint nor fail,  
 Nor cause thy feet to stray  
 For Him no weary hours assail,  
 Nor evening darkness spreads her veil  
 O'er His eternal day

Beneath that light divine  
 Securely shalt thou move,  
 The sun with milder beams shall shine,  
 And eve's still queen her lamp incline  
 Benignant from above

For He, thy God and Friend,  
 Shall keep thy soul from harm,  
 In each sad scene of doubt attend,  
 And guide thy life, and bless thine end,  
 With His Almighty arm

*John Bowdler 1814*

## CCXXXV

## PSALM CXXI

My trust is in the Lord,  
 What foe can injure me?  
 Why bid me like a bird  
 Before the fowler flee?  
 The Lord is on His heavenly throne,  
 And He will shield and save His own

The wicked may assail,  
The Tempter sorely try,  
All earth's foundations fail,  
All nature's springs be dry,  
Yet God is in His holy shrine,  
And I am strong while He is mine

His flock to Him is dear,  
He watches them from high,  
He sends them trials here  
To form them for the sky,  
But safely will He tend and keep  
The humblest, feeblest, of His sheep

His foes a season here  
May triumph and prevail,  
But ah ! the hour is near  
When all their hopes must fail,  
While, like the sun, His saints shall rise,  
And shine with Him above the skies  
*Henry Francis Lyte 1834*

CCXXXVI

PSALM XLVI

God is our Refuge, tried and proved,  
Amid a stormy world,  
We will not fear, though earth be moved,  
And hills in ocean hurled

The waves may roar, the mountains shake,  
Our comforts shall not cease,  
The Lord His saints will not forsake,  
The Lord will give us peace.

A gentle stream of hope and love  
 To us shall ever flow ,  
 It issues from His throne above,  
 It cheers His Church below

When earth and hell against us came,  
 He spake, and quell'd their powers ,  
 The Lord of hosts is still the same ,  
 The God of grace is ours

*Henry Francis Lyte 1834*

CCXXXVII

PSALM XCI

There is a safe and secret place  
 Beneath the wings divine,  
 Reserved for all the heirs of grace ,  
 O, be that refuge mine !

The least and feeblest there may bide  
 Uninjured and unawed ,  
 While thousands fall on every side,  
 He rests secure in God

The angels watch him on his way,  
 And aid with friendly arm ,  
 And Satan, roaring for His prey,  
 May hate, but cannot harm

He feeds in pastures large and fair  
 Of love and truth divine  
 O child of God, O glory's heir,  
 How rich a lot is thine !

A hand Almighty to defend,  
An ear for every call,  
An honour'd life, a peaceful end,  
And Heaven to crown it all !

*Henry Francis Lyte 1834*

CCXXXVIII

Oh help us, Lord ! each hour of need,  
Thy heavenly succour give,  
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,  
Each hour on earth we live !

Oh, help us when our spirits bleed  
With contrite anguish sore,  
And when our hearts are cold and dead,  
Oh, help us, Lord, the more !

Oh, help us, through the prayer of faith,  
More firmly to believe,  
For still, the more the servant hath,  
The more shall he receive

If strangers to Thy fold we call,  
Imploring at Thy feet  
The crumbs that from Thy table fall,  
'Tis all we dare entreat

But be it, Lord of mercy, all,  
So Thou wilt grant but this  
The crumbs that from Thy table fall  
Are light, and life, and bliss

Oh, help us, Jesus, from on high !  
 We know no help but Thee  
 Oh, help us so to live and die,  
 As Thine in Heaven to be !

*Henry Hart Milman* 1827

## CCXXXIX

O Thou, from whom all goodness flows,  
 I lift my heart to Thee ,  
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,  
 Dear Lord, remember me

When groaning on my burden'd heart  
 My sins lie heavily,  
 My pardon speak, new peace impart,  
 In love remember me !

Temptations sore obstruct my way ,  
 And ills I cannot flee  
 Oh, give me strength, Lord, as my day ,  
 For good remember me !

Distress with pain, disease, and grief,  
 This feeble body see !  
 Grant patience, rest, and kind relief ,  
 Hear, and remember me !

If on my face, for Thy dear Name,  
 Shame and reproaches be ,  
 All hail reproach, and welcome shame,  
 If Thou remember me !

The hour is near, consign'd to death  
I own the just decree  
"Saviour!" with my last parting breath,  
I'll cry, "Remember me!"

*Thomas Haweis 1792*

CCXL

Jesu, lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high!  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past,  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me!  
All my trust on Thee is stay'd,  
All my help from Thee I bring  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing!

Wilt Thou not regard my call?  
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?  
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall!  
Lo! on Thee I cast my care!  
Reach me out Thy gracious hand!  
While I of Thy strength receive,  
Hoping against hope I stand,  
Dying, and behold I live!

Thou, O Christ, art all I want ,  
 More than all in Thee I find  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind !  
 Just and holy is Thy Name ,  
 I am all unrighteousness ,  
 False and full of sin I am,  
 Thou art full of truth and grace

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
 Grace to cover all my sin ,  
 Let the healing streams abound ,  
 Make and keep me pure within !  
 Thou of Life the Fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of Thee,  
 Spring Thou up within my heart !  
 Rise to all eternity !

*Charles Wesley 1740*

## CCXLI

Now may He, who from the dead  
 Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,  
 Jesus Christ, our King and Head,  
 All our souls in safety keep !

May He teach us to fulfil  
 What is pleasing in His sight,  
 Perfect us in all His will,  
 And preserve us day and night !

To that dear Redeemer's praise  
 Who the covenant seal'd with blood,  
 Let our hearts and voices raise  
 Loud thanksgivings to our God !

*John Newton 1779*



CCXLII

O most merciful,  
O most bountiful,  
God the Father Almighty !  
By the Redeemer's  
Sweet intercession,  
Hear us, help us, when we cry !  
*Bishop Reginald Heber 1827*

VII

FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM, THE POWER,  
AND THE GLORY, FOR EVER AND EVER  
AMEN "

CCXLIII

Now to Him, who loved us, gave us  
Every pledge that love could give,  
Freely shed His Blood to save us,  
Gave His life that we might live  
Be the kingdom, and dominion,  
And the glory, evermore !  
*Variation [1844]*  
*From Samuel Miller Waring 1827*

CCXLIV

Worship, honour, glory, blessing,  
Lord, we offer to Thy Name  
Young and old their praise expressing,  
Join Thy goodness to proclaim  
As the saints in Heaven adore Thee,  
We would bow before Thy throne,  
As the angels serve before Thee,  
So on earth Thy will be done !  
*Edward Osler 1836.*

## CCXLV

## PSALM CXVII

From all that dwell below the skies  
Let the Creator's praise arise ,  
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung  
Through every land, by every tongue !

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord !  
Eternal truth attends Thy word  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more  
*Isaac Watts 1719.*

END OF PART II

## PART III

HYMNS FOR NATURAL AND SACRED  
SEASONS

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# The Book of Praise.

PART THE THIRD

## HYMNS FOR NATURAL AND SACRED SEASONS.

DAY AND NIGHT

CCXCV

*Morning*

Awake, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run;  
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise  
To pay Thy morning sacrifice

Thy precious time mis-spent redeem,  
Each present day thy last esteem,  
Improve thy talent with due care,  
For the great day thyself prepare

In conversation be sincere,  
Keep conscience as the noontide clear,  
Think how All-seeing God thy ways  
And all thy secret thoughts surveys

By influence of the light divine  
Let thy own light to others shine,  
Reflect all Heaven's propitious rays,  
In ardent love and cheerful praise

Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part,  
Who, all night long, unwearied sing  
High praise to the Eternal King

I wake ! I wake ! Ye heavenly choir,  
May your devotion me inspire,  
That I, like you, my age may spend,  
Like you may on my God attend !

May I, like you, in God delight,  
Have all day long my God in sight,  
Perform like you my Maker's will !  
O may I never more do ill !

Had I your wings, to Heaven I'd fly ,  
But God shall that defect supply ,  
And my soul, wing'd with warm desire,  
Shall all day long to Heaven aspire

All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,  
And hast refresh'd me whilst I slept !  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
I may of endless light partake !

I would not wake, nor rise again,  
And Heaven itself I would disdain,  
Wert Thou not there to be enjoy'd,  
And I in hymns to be employ'd !

Heaven is, dear Lord, where'er Thou art ,  
O never then from me depart !  
For, to my soul, 'tis hell to be  
But for one moment void of Thee

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ,  
Disperse my sins as morning dew

Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with Thyself my spirit fill

Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
All I design, or do, or say,  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In Thy sole glory may unite

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him, all creatures here below !  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

*Bishop Thomas Ken 1695—1709*

## CCXLVII

*Morning*

God of the morning, at whose voice  
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,  
And like a giant doth rejoice  
To run his journey through the skies ,

From the fair chambers of the east  
The circuit of his race begins ,  
And, without weariness or rest,  
Round the whole earth he flies and shines

O, like the sun, may I fulfil  
Th' appointed duties of the day,  
With ready mind and active will  
March on, and keep my heavenly way !

But I shall love and lose the race,  
If God, my sun, should disappear,  
And leave me in this world's wide maze  
To follow every wandering star

Lord ! Thy commands âre clean and pure,  
 Enlightening our beclouded eyes ,  
 Thy threatenings just, Thy promise sure ;  
 Thy Gospel makes the simple wise

Give me Thy counsel for my guide,  
 And then receive me to Thy bliss  
 All my desires and hopes beside  
 Are faint and cold, compared with this !  
*Isaac Watts* 1719

## CCXLVIII

*Morning*

O timely happy timely wise  
 Hearts that with rising morn arise !  
 Eyes that the beam celestial view,  
 Which evermore makes all things new !

New every morning is the love  
 Our wakening and uprising prove,  
 Through sleep and darkness safely brought,  
 Restored to life, and power, and thought

New mercies, each returning day,  
 Hover around us while we pray ,  
 New perils past, new sins forgiven,  
 New thoughts of God, new hopes of Heaven

If, on our daily course, our mind  
 Be set to hallow all we find,  
 New treasures still, of countless price,  
 God will provide for sacrifice

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,  
 As more of Heaven in each we see ,  
 Some softening gleam of love and prayer  
 Shall dawn on every cross and care



As for some dear familiar strain  
Untired we ask, and ask again,  
Ever, in its melodious store,  
Finding a spell unheard before

Such is the bliss of souls seience,  
When they have sworn, and steadfast mean,  
Counting the cost, in all t' espy  
Their God, in all themselves deny

O could we learn that sacrifice,  
What lights would all around us rise !  
How would our hearts with wisdom talk  
Along life's dullest, dearest walk !

We need not bid, for cloister'd cell,  
Our neighbour and our work farewell,  
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high  
For sinful man beneath the sky

The trivial round, the common task  
Will furnish all we ought to ask,  
Room to deny ourselves, a road  
To bring us, daily, nearer God

Seek we no more content with these,  
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,  
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go,  
The secret this of rest below

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love  
Fit us for perfect rest above,  
And help us, this and every day,  
To live more nearly as we pray !

*John Keble* 1827

## CCXLIX

*Morning*

Since Thou hast added now, O God !  
Unto my life another day,  
And giv'st me leave to walk abroad,  
And labour in my lawful way ,  
My walks and works with me begin,  
Conduct me forth, and bring me in

In every power my soul enjoys  
Internal virtues to improve ,  
In every sense that she employs  
In her external works to move ,  
Bless her, O God ! and keep me sound  
From outward harm and inward wound

Let sin nor Satan's fraud prevail  
To make mine eye of reason blind,  
Or faith, or hope, or love to fail,  
Or any virtues of the mind ,  
But more and more let them increase,  
And bring me to mine end in peace

Lewd courses let my feet forbear ,  
Keep Thou my hands from doing wrong ,  
Let not ill counsels pierce mine ear,  
Nor wicked words defile my tongue ,  
And keep the windows of each eye  
That no strange lust climb in thereby

But guard Thou safe my heart in chief ,  
That neither hate, revenge, nor fear,  
Nor vain desires, vain joy, or grief, ^  
Obtain command or dwelling there  
And, Lord ! with every saving grace,  
Still true to Thee maintain that place !

So till the evening of this morn

My time shall then so well be spent,  
That when the twilight shall return

I may enjoy it with content,  
And to Thy praise and honour say,  
That this hath proved a happy day

*George Wither* 1641

## CCL

*Morning*

Christ, whose glory fills the skies,

Christ, the true, the only Light,  
Sun of Righteousness, arise,

Triumph o'er the shades of night !  
Day-spring from on high, be near !  
Day-star, in my heart appear !

Dark and cheerless is the morn

Unaccompanied by Thee ,  
Joyless is the day's return,

Till Thy mercy's beams I see ,  
Till they inward light impart,  
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart

Visit then this soul of mine,

Pierce the gloom of sin and grief !  
Fill me, Radiancy Divine,  
Scatter all my unbelief !

More and more Thyself display,  
Shining to the perfect day !

*Charles Wesley* 1740

CCLI

*Morning**"Splendor Paternæ Gloriæ"*

O Jesu, Lord of heavenly grace,  
Thou brightness of Thy Father's face,  
Thou Fountain of eternal light,  
Whose beams disperse the shades of night

Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,  
Shower down Thy radiance from above,  
And to our inward hearts convey  
The Holy Spirit's cloudless day.

And we the Father's help will claim,  
And sing the Father's glorious Name,  
His powerful succour we implore,  
That we may stand, to fall no more

May He our actions deign to bless,  
And loose the bonds of wickedness,  
From sudden falls our feet defend,  
And bring us to a prosperous end

May faith, deep rooted in the soul,  
Subdue our flesh, our minds control,  
May guile depart, and discord cease,  
And all within be joy and peace

And Christ shall be our daily food,  
Our daily drink His precious blood,  
And thus the Spirit's calm excess  
Shall fill our souls with holiness

O hallowed be the approaching day!  
Let meekness be our morning ray,  
And faithful love our noonday light,  
And hope our sunset, calm and bright!

O Christ ! with each returning morn  
Thine image to our hearts is borne  
O, may we ever clearly see  
Our Saviour and our God in Thee !

*John Chandler 1837*

*From St Ambrose*

CCLII

*Morning*

Lord God of morning and of night,  
We thank Thee for Thy gift of light  
As in the dawn the shadows fly,  
We seem to find Thee now more nigh

Fresh hopes have waken'd in our hearts,  
Fresh energy to do our parts,  
Thy thousand sleeps our strength restore,  
A thousand fold to serve Thee more

Yet whilst Thy will we would pursue,  
Oft what we would we cannot do,  
The sun may stand in zenith skies,  
But on the soul thick midnight lies

O Lord of lights ! 'tis Thou alone  
Canst make our darken'd hearts Thine own  
Though this new day with joy we see,  
O Dawn of God ! we cry for Thee !

Praise God, our Maker and our Friend !  
Praise Him through time, till time shall end !  
Till psalm and song His Name adore  
Through Heaven's great day of Evermore !

*Francis Turner Palgrave 1862.*

## CCLIII

*Mid-day*

When at mid-day my task I ply  
 With labouring hand or watchful eye,  
 I need the timely aid of prayer  
 To guard my soul from worldly care

Thou, Lord, didst consecrate this hour  
 To mind us of Thy saving power,  
 Thy living water's heavenly spell,  
 The mystery of Jacob's well

There, about noon, with toil oppress'd,  
 Feebly Thy voice its plaint express'd,  
 "Give Me to drink!" O wondrous woe!  
 God thirsts, from whom all blessings flow!

He needed not, by whom we live,  
 And only ask'd, that He might give  
 A mightier want He felt within,  
 The thirst to save a soul from sin

Lord, in our pilgrimage of grace,  
 Thy weary footsteps oft we trace,  
 And in the inner man renew  
 The grief, Thy sacred body knew

Our spirits faint upon the way,  
 We bear the burden of the day  
 'Tis then for strength to Thee we turn,  
 Sit at Thy feet, and wisdom learn

We ask of Thee, the gift of God,  
 Pure water from the vital flood,  
 To cure our feverish thirst of sin,  
 A well of water deep within.

'Twas at mid-day, on blood intent,  
Saul to Damascus raging went  
A light from heaven upon him came,  
Putting that mid-day sun to shame

The sudden glorious burst appals,  
Dash'd to the earth he headlong falls  
A Voice reproves, a Form appears,  
Aghast he sees and trembling hears

Now streams that light with mellow'd glow  
Around our path, where'er we go,  
Inviting us at noon to raise  
Our hearts to God in prayer and praise

And calmly now we hear that word,  
It bids us rise and meet the Lord  
What hour He cometh, none can say,  
At dead of night, or at mid-day

O ! rise thou then, and strive, my soul,  
To reach the beatific goal !  
Thy every nerve and sinew strain,  
The crown of glory to obtain !

For see, in all this noon-tide heat,  
How worldlings labour for the meat  
That perishes and comes to nought,  
Like shadow, when we think 'tis caught

And wilt thou then refuse thy pains  
For heaven's imperishable gains ?  
Or canst thou grudge thy utmost toil  
For treasures, none can steal or spoil ?

The sun has its meridian past ,  
Soon will its beams oblique be cast ,  
And twilight pale will rise t' enshroud  
Their radiance in the western cloud

Yet, for a time, 'tis bright and glad ,  
But coming night is dark and sad  
The day to man for toil was given ,  
And none at night can work for Heaven

Sun of my soul, Thyself display '  
Quicken me, Lord, and cheer my way '  
Till, borne upon Thy healing wing,  
Upward I soar Thy praise to

E'en now, when far from Thy bless'd light,  
At morn and eve, at noon and night,  
I tune my heart betimes, to join,  
Where angels in Thy presence shine

Yet angels, in their loftiest song,  
Fail in their flight, and do Thee wrong ,  
Like as their veil'd adoring face  
Tells of a Glory, none can trace '

And now, my mid-day homage paid,  
Life's busy path again I tread ,  
Yet happier far its task I ply  
From sure trust that Thou art nigh ,

Nigh to defend, assist, and bless,  
Making my cares and dangers less ,  
And daily duteous toil the road,  
That leads to perfect peace in God ,



Peace, through the grace of Christ our Lord ,  
Rest, in the Father's love restor'd ,  
Joy, by the Spirit's union given ,  
The peace, the rest, the joy of Heaven !

*James Ford* 1856

## CCLIV

*Evening*

The day, O Lord, is spent ,  
Abide with us, and rest ,  
Our hearts' desires are fully bent  
On making Thee our guest

We have not reach'd that land,  
That happy land, as yet,  
Where holy angels round Thee stand,  
Whose sun can never set

Our sun is sinking now ,  
Our day is almost o'er  
O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou  
Shine on us evermore !

*John Mason Neale* 1854

## CCLV

*Evening*

Behold the sun, that seem'd but now  
Enthronèd overhead,  
Beginneth to decline below  
The globe whereon we tread ,  
And he, whom yet we look upon  
With comfort and delight,  
Will quite depart from hence anon.  
And leave us to the night

Thus time, unheeded, steals away  
 The life which nature gave ,  
 Thus are our bodies every day  
 Declining to the grave     ̂  
 Thus from us all our pleasures fly  
 Whereon we set our heart ,  
 And when the night of death draws nigh,  
 Thus will they all depart

Lord ! though the sun forsake our sight,  
 And mortal hopes are vain ,  
 Let still Thine everlasting light  
 Within our souls remain !  
 And in the nights of our distress  
 Vouchsafe those rays divin<sup>e</sup> ,  
 Which from the Sun of Righteousness  
 For ever brightly shine !

*George Wither* 1641

CCLVI

*Evening*

Accept, my God, my evening song,  
 Like incense let it fragrant rise ,  
 Stir up mine heart, and tune my tongue,  
 And let the music reach the skies

Thou hast my kind protector been  
 Through all the dangers of the day ,  
 My guardian to defend from sin,  
 My guide to choose ric out my way

The flowing spring of all my good,  
 Still pouring blessings from on high ,  
 Thine hand hath dealt me out my food,  
 For every want a kind supply

Unceasing, Lord, Thy bounty flow'd ,  
Each moment brought me in fresh aid ,  
But what returns of love to God  
Have I for all His kindness made ?

What have I done for Him that died  
To save my soul from endless woe ?  
How much have I His patience tried  
From whom all my enjoyments flow !

Fast as my flying minutes pass,  
My faults augment the former sum !  
Forgive the past, and by Thy grace  
Prevent the like for time to come !

Dear Saviour, to Thy cross I'll fly,  
And there my guilty head recline,  
And my whole soul, that sin may die,  
Yield up to influence divine !

Then, sprinkled with atoning blood,  
I'll lay me down and take my rest,  
Trust the protection of my God,  
And sleep as on my Saviour's breast  
*Variation from Isaac Watts 1709*  
*By Simon Browne 1720*

## CCLVII

*Evening*

All praise to Thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light,  
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,  
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings !

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,  
The ill that I this day have done,  
That with the world, myself, and Thee  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be

Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed !  
To die, that this vile body may  
Rise glorious at the awful day !

O may my soul on Thee repose,  
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,  
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make  
To serve my God when I awake !

When in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply !  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No powers of darkness me molest !

Dull sleep, of sense me to deprive !  
I am but half my time alive  
Thy faithful lovers, Lord, are griev'd  
To lie so long of Thee bereav'd

But though sleep o'er my frailty reigns,  
Let it not hold me long in chains !  
And now and then let loose my heart,  
Till it an hallelujah dart !

The faster sleep the senses binds,  
The more unfetter'd are our minds,  
O may my soul, from matter free,  
Thy loveliness unclouded see !

O when shall I in endless day,  
For ever chase dark sleep away,  
And hymns with the supernal choir  
Incessant sing, and never tire ?

O may my Guardian, while I sleep,  
Close to my bed his vigils keep ,  
His love angelical instil ,  
Stop all the avenues of ill

May he celestial joy rehearse,  
And thought to thought with me converse ,  
Or in my stead, all the night long,  
Sing to my God a grateful song !

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow  
Praise Him, all creatures here below  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host !  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

*Bishop Thomas Ken 1693—1709.*

CCLVIII

*Evening*

O Lord, another day is flown ;.  
And we, a lonely band,  
Are met once more before Thy throne  
To bless Thy fostering hand

And wilt Thou lend a listening ear  
To praises low as ours ?  
Thou wilt ! for Thou dost love to hear  
The song which meekness pours

And, Jesus, Thou Thy smiles wilt deign  
As we before Thee pray ,  
For Thou didst bless the infant train,  
And we are less than they

O let Thy grace perform its part,  
 And let contention cease,  
 And shed abroad in every heart  
 Thine everlasting peace !

Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely Thine,  
 A flock by Jesus led,  
 The Sun of holiness shall shine  
 In glory on our head

And Thou wilt turn our wandering feet,  
 And Thou wilt bless our way,  
 Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet  
 The dawn of lasting day !

*Henry Kuoke White* 1803

CCLIX

*Evening*

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,  
 It is not night if thou be near,  
 Oh ! may no earth-born cloud arise  
 To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes !

When round Thy wondrous works below  
 My searching rapturous glance I throw,  
 Tracing out wisdom, power, and love,  
 In earth or sky, in stream or grove,

Or, by the light Thy words disclose,  
 Watch time's full river as it flows,  
 Scanning Thy gracious Providence,  
 Where not too deep for mortal sense,

When with Gear friends sweet talk I hold,  
 And all the flowers of life unfold,  
 Let not my heart within me burn,  
 Except in all I Thee discern !

When the soft dew of kindly sleep  
My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest  
For ever on my Saviour's breast !

Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live !  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die !

Thou Flame of the light and dark,  
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark !  
Amid the howling wintry sea  
We are in port if we have Thee

The rulers of this Christian land,  
'Twixt Thee and us ordain'd to stand,  
Guide Thou their course, O Lord, aright !  
Let all do all as in Thy sight !

Oh ! by Thine own sad burthen, borne  
So meekly up the hill of scorn,  
Teach Thou Thy priests their daily cross,  
To bear as Thine, nor count it loss !

If some poor wandering child of Thine  
Have spurn'd, to-day, the voice divine ,  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ,  
Let him no more lie down in sin !

Watch by the sick, enrich the poor  
With blessings from Thy boundless store !  
Be every mourner's sleep to-night  
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light !

Come near and bless us when we wake,  
 Ere through the world our way we take  
 Till, in the ocean of Thy love,  
 We lose ourselves in Heaven above !

*John Keble* 1827

## CCLX

*Night*

Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father,  
 Ere I lay me down to sleep  
 Bid Thy angels, pure and holy,  
 Round my bed their vigil keep

My sins are heavy, but Thy mercy  
 Far outweighs them every one,  
 Down before Thy cross I cast them,  
 Trusting in Thy help alone

Keep me, through this night of peril,  
 Underneath its boundless shade,  
 Take me to Thy rest, I pray Thee,  
 When my pilgrimage is made !

None shall measure out Thy patience  
 By the span of human thought,  
 None shall bound the tender mercies  
 Which Thy Holy Son hath bought

Pardon all my past transgressions,  
 Give me strength for days to come,  
 Guide and guard me with Thy blessing,  
 Till Thine angels bid me home !

*Harriett Parr* 1856



CCLXI

*Night*

God, that madest earth and heaven,  
Darkness and light ,  
Who the day for toil hast given,  
For rest the night ,  
May Thine angel guards defend us !  
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us '  
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,  
This live-long night !

*Bishop Reginald Heber 1827*

CCLXII

*Night*

Through the day Thy love hath spared us  
Now we lay us down to rest ,  
Through the silent watches guard us !  
Let no foe our peace molest !  
Jesus, Thou our Guardian be !  
Sweet it is to trust in Thee

Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers ,  
Dwelling in the midst of foes  
Us and ours preserve from dangers  
In Thine arms may we repose !  
And, when life's sad day is past  
Rest with Thee in Heaven at last !

*Thomas Kelly 1806*

## CCLXIII

*Night*

All praise to Him who dwells in bliss,  
Who made both day and night ,  
Whose throne is darkness, in th' abyss  
Of uncreated light !

Each thought and deed His piercing eyes  
With strictest search survey ,  
The deepest shades no more disguise  
Than the full blaze of day

Whom Thou dost guard, O King of kings,  
No evil shall molest  
Under the shadow of Thy wings  
Shall they securely rest

Thy angels shall around their beds  
Their constant stations keep ,  
Thy faith and truth shall shield their heads,  
For Thou dost never sleep

May we, with calm and sweet repose,  
And heavenly thoughts refresh'd,  
Our eyelids with the morn uncloze,  
And bless the Ever-bless'd !

*Charles Wesley* 1741

## CCLXIV.

*Night*

Interval of grateful shade,  
Welcome to my weary head  
Welcome slumber to mine eyes,  
Tired with glaring vanities

My great Master still allows  
Needful periods of repose ,  
By my Heavenly Father blest,  
Thus give my powers to rest

Heavenly Father ! gracious Name !  
Night and day His love the same !  
Far be each suspicious thought,  
Every anxious care forgot

Thou, my ever bounteous God,  
Crown'st my days with various good ,  
Thy kind eye, that cannot sleep,  
These defenceless hours shall keep

What though downy slumbers flee,  
Strangers to my couch and me ?  
Sleepless, well I know to rest,  
Lodged within my Father's breast

While the empress of the night  
Scatters mild her silver light,  
While the vivid planets stray •  
Various through their mystic way,

While the stars unnumbered roll  
Round the ever constant pole,  
Far above these spangled skies  
All my soul to God shall rise

Mid the silence of the night  
Mingling with those angels bright,  
Whose harmonious voices raise  
Ceaseless love and ceaseless praise,

Through the throng His gentle ear  
Shall my tuneless accents hear,  
From on high doth He impart  
Secret comfort to my heart

He in these serenest hours  
Guides my intellectual powers,  
And His Spirit doth diffuse,  
Sweeter far than midnight dews,

Lifting all my thoughts above  
On the wings of faith and love  
Blest alternative to me,  
Thus to sleep, <sup>or</sup> wake with Thee !

What if death my sleep invade ?  
Should I be of death afraid ?  
Whilst encircled by Thine arm,  
Death may strike, but cannot harm

What if beams of opening day  
Shine around my breathless clay ?  
Brighter visions from on high  
Shall regale my mental eye

Tender friends awhile may mourn  
Me from their embraces torn,  
Dearest, better friends I have  
In the realms beyond the grave

See the guardian angels nigh  
Wait to waft my soul on high !  
See the golden gates displayed !  
See the crown to grace my head !

See a flood of sacred light,  
Which no more shall yield to night !  
Transitory world, farewell !  
Jesus calls, with Him to dwell !

With Thy heavenly presence blest,  
Death is life, and labour rest ,  
Welcome sleep or death to me,  
Still secure, for still with Thee !  
*Philip Doddridge 1755*

CCLXV

*Midnight*

My God, now I from sleep awake,  
The sole possession of me take ,  
From midnight terrors me secure,  
And guard my heart from thoughts impure !

Bless'd angels ! while we silent lie,  
You hallelujahs sing on high ;  
You joyful hymn the Ever-blest  
Before the Throne, and never rest

I with your choir celestial join  
In offering up a hymn divine ,  
With you in Heaven I hope to dwell,  
And bid the night and world farewell

My soul, when I shake off this dust,  
Lord, in Thy arms I will entrust  
O make me Thy peculiar care ,  
Some mansion for my soul prepare !

Give me a place at Thy saints' feet,  
 Or some fall'n angel's vacant seat !  
 I'll strive to sing as loud as they,  
 Who sit above in brighter day ,

O may I always ready stand  
 With my lamp burning in my hand  
 May I in sight of Heaven rejoice,  
 Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice !

All praise to Thee in light array'd,  
 Who light Thy dwelling-place hast made ,  
 A boundless ocean of bright beams  
 From Thy all-glorious Godhead streams

The Sun in its meridian height  
 Is very darkness in Thy sight !  
 My soul O lighten and inflame,  
 With thought and love of Thy great Name !

Bless'd Jesu, Thou, on Heaven intent,  
 Whole nights hast in devotion spent ,  
 But I, frail creature, soon am tired,  
 And all my zeal is soon expired

My soul, how canst thou weary grow  
 Of antedating bliss below,  
 In sacred hymns, and heavenly love,  
 Which will eternal be above ?

Shine on me, Lord, new life impart !  
 Fresh ardours kindle in my heart !  
 One ray of Thy all-quickenng light  
 Dispels the sloth and clouds of night

Lord, lest the tempter me surprise,  
 Watch over Thine own sacrifice !

All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,  
And make my very dreams devout !

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him, all creatures here below !  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

*Bishop Thomas Ken 1695—1709*

CCLXVI

*Midnight*

Awake, my soul, awake to prayer ,  
Thy vigil of the night prepare  
Now all around is dark and still,  
Angels defending us from ill

The time to sacred thought is dear,  
When Thou alone, good Lord, art near ,  
Hush'd is the world's external din,  
That we may hear Thy voice within

It seems to plead with gentle breath ,  
“ Sad child of frailty, heir of death,  
“ Its rest thy wearied body knows ,  
“ O ! let thy soul on Me repose !

“ I came to suffer in thy stead ,  
“ I had not where to lay My head  
“ Think on the love, that could provide  
“ Blessings for man, to God denied ! ”

Thus silent hours of darkness prove  
Remembrancers of Jesu's love ,  
While constancy in prayer we learn  
From each succeeding night's return

Day without night the Angels sing,  
Nor rest upon the drooping wing,  
Teaching our souls betimes to ascend,  
Where hallelujahs never end

David awaked his harp and voice,  
And all within him, to rejoice,  
God's love to praise at morning light,  
And tell of all His truth at night

Jacob in prayer nocturnal strove,  
No stern repulse his prayer could move  
In vain the Angel-man did say,  
"Dismiss Me, for 'tis break of day!"

See how, in galling fetters laid,  
At midnight Paul and Silas pray'd,  
Their gory wounds still smarting sore,  
And cold the prison's rugged floor

They sang the praises of the Lord,  
So loud they sang, the prisoners heard  
And yet they thought that death was nigh,  
And clouds obscured their morning sky

How shall I then Thy praise decline,  
When health, and friends, and home are mine;  
My dawn of day is clear and calm,  
No foes oppress, no fears alarm

Are these Thy mercies, Lord, to me?  
O! let me then Thy servant be!  
Submitting to Thy just control,  
And loving Thee with all my soul



So shall I find The strong to save,  
When my last bed shall be the grave,  
The Grave shall own my Saviour's might,  
And darkness vanish at Thy sight !

Only my soul must now awake  
From sleep of sin, for Thy dear sake !  
And then my body shall arise  
From sleep of death to yonder skies

'Tis there I hope Thy Face to see,  
The crown of all felicity,  
'Tis there I hope that rest to gain,  
Which here I seek, but seek in vain

As endless ages roll along,  
Endless shall be my grateful song  
And Heaven itself shall pass away,  
Before I cease my vows to pay

Glory to God, who Israel keeps,  
Who never slumbers, never sleeps !  
Almighty Power no weakness knows,  
Unwearied Love asks no repose •

And now, my midnight musings o'er,  
Thy wonted mercies, Lord, restore  
Let sleep again my eyelids fill,  
And Angels guard my soul from ill

Praise to the Father, and the Son,  
And th' Holy Ghost, Bless'd Three in One !  
Praise to the Lord, our God, be giv'n  
By all on earth, by all in heaven !

*James Ford 1856*

## II

## SEED TIME AND HARVEST

## CCLXVII

Eternal source of every joy,  
 Well may Thy praise our lips employ,  
 While in Thy temple we appear,  
 Whose goodness crowns the circling year

The flowery spring at Thy command  
 Embalms the air and paints the land,  
 The summer rays with vigour shine,  
 To raise the corn, and cheer the vine

Thy hand in autumn richly pours  
 Through all our coasts redundant stores,  
 And winters, soften'd by Thy care,  
 No more a face of horror wear

Seasons and months and weeks and days  
 Demand successive songs of praise,  
 Still be the cheerful homage paid  
 With opening light and evening shade !

Oh ! may our more harmonious tongues  
 In worlds unknown pursue the songs,  
 And in those brighter courts adore,  
 Where days and years revolve no more !

*Philip Doddridge 1755*

## CCLXVIII

Fountain of mercy ! God of love !  
 How rich Thy bounties are !  
 The rolling seasons, as they move,  
 Proclaim Thy constant care

When in the bosom of the earth  
The sower hid the grain,  
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,  
And sent the early rain  
The spring's sweet influence was Thine,  
The plants in beauty grew,  
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,  
And mild refreshing dew  
These various mercies from above,  
Matur'd the swelling grain,  
A yellow harvest crowns Thy love,  
And plenty fills the plain  
Seed-time and harvest, Lord, alone  
Thou dost on man bestow,  
Let him not then forget to own  
From whom his blessings flow !  
Fountain of love ! our praise is Thine,  
To Thee our songs we'll raise,  
And all created Nature join  
In sweet harmonious praise !

*Alice Flowerdew 1811*

## CCLXIX

Lord, in Thy Name Thy servants plead,  
And Thou hast sworn to hear,  
Thine is the harvest, Thine the seed,  
The fresh and fading year  
Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,  
We trusted, Lord, with Thee,  
And now, that spring has on us smiled,  
We wait on Thy decree

The former and the latter rain,  
 The summer sun and air,  
 The green ear, and the golden grain,  
 All Thine, are ours by prayer  
 Thine too by right, and ours by grace,  
 The wondrous growth unseen,  
 The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,  
 The love that shines serene !  
 So grant the precious things brought forth  
 By sun and moon below,  
 That Thee, in Thy new heaven and earth,  
 We never may forego !  
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 The God whom we adore,  
 Be glory, as it was, is now,  
 And shall be evermore !

Amen !

*John Keble 1857*

CCLXX

Praise, O praise our God and King,  
 Hymns of adoration sing,  
 For His mercies still endure,  
 Ever faithful, ever sure  
 Praise Him that He made the sun  
 Day by day his course to run,  
 For His mercies still endure,  
 Ever faithful, ever sure  
 And the silver moon by night,  
 Shining with her gentle light,  
 For His mercies still endure,  
 Ever faithful, ever sure

Praise Him that He gave the rain  
To mature the swelling grain,  
For His mercies still endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure

And hath bid the fruitful field  
Crops of precious increase yield,  
For His mercies still endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure

Praise Him for our harvest-store,  
He hath fill'd the garner-floor,  
For His mercies still endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure

And for richer food than this,  
Pledge of everlasting bliss,  
For His mercies still endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure

Glory to our bounteous King !  
Glory let Creation sing !  
Glory to the Father, Son,  
And blest Spirit, Three in One !  
*Sir Henry Williams Baker 1861*

## CCLXXI

Praise to God, immortal praise  
For the love that crowns our days !  
Bounteous source of every joy,  
Let Thy praise our tongues employ

For the blessings of the field,  
For the stores the gardens yield,  
For the vine's exalted juice,  
For the generous olive's use

Flocks that whiten all the plain ,  
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain ,  
Clouds that drop their fattening dews ,  
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse

All that Spring with bounteous hand  
Scatters o'er the smiling land ,  
All that liberal Autumn pours  
From her rich o'erflowing stores

These to Thee, my God, we owe,  
Source whence all our blessings flow ,  
And for these my soul shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise

Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear  
From its stem the ripening ear ,  
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot  
Drop her green untimely fruit ,

Should the vine put forth no more,  
Nor the olive yield her store ,  
Though the sickening flocks should fall,  
And the herds desert the stall ,

Should Thine alter'd hand restrain  
The early and the latter rain ,  
Blast each opening bud of joy,  
And the rising year destroy ,

Yet to Thee my soul should raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise ,  
And, when every blessing's flown,  
Love Thee for Thyself alone !

*Anna Letitia Barbauld* 1773

CCLXXII

Lord of the harvest ! Thee we hail ,  
Thine ancient promise doth not fail ,  
The varying seasons haste their round ,  
With goodness all our years are crown'd  
    Our thanks we pay  
    This holy day ,  
O let our hearts in tune be found !

If Spring doth wake the song of mirth  
If Summer warms the fruitful earth ,  
When Winter sweeps the naked plain ,  
Or Autumn yields its ripen'd grain ,  
    Still do we sing  
    To Thee, our King ,  
Through all their changes Thou dost reign

But chiefly when Thy liberal hand  
Scatters new plenty o'er the land ,  
When sounds of music fill the air ,  
As homeward all their treasures bear ,  
    We too will raise  
    Our hymn of praise ,  
For we Thy common bounties share

Lord of the harvest ! all is Thine !  
The rains that fall, the suns that shine ,  
The seed once hidden in the ground ,  
The skill that makes our fruits abound !

    New, every year,  
    Thy gifts appear ,  
New praises from our lips shall sound !  
*John Hampden Gurney 1838—1851*

## CCLXXIII

Lord of the harvest ! once again  
 We thank Thee for the ripen'd grain ,  
 For crops safe carried, sent to cheer  
 Thy servants through another year ,  
 For all sweet holy thoughts supplied  
 By seed-time, and by harvest-tide

The bare dead grain, in autumn sown,  
 Its robe of vernal green puts on ,  
 Glad from its wintry grave it springs,  
 Fresh garnish'd by the King of kings  
 So, Lord, to those who sleep in Thee  
 Shall new and glorious bodies be

Nor vainly of Thy Word we ask  
 A lesson from the reaper's task ,  
 So shall Thine angels issue forth ,  
 The tares be burnt , the just of earth,  
 Playthings of sun and storm no more,  
 Be gather'd to their Father's store

Daily, O Lord, our prayers be said,  
 As Thou hast taught, for daily bread ,  
 But not alone our bodies feed ,  
 Supply our fainting spirits' need !  
 O Bread of Life ! from day to day,  
 Be Thou their Comfort, Food, and Stay !  
*Joseph Anstice [1836]*

## CCLXXIV

Come, ye thankful people, come,  
 Raise the song of Harvest-Home !  
 All is safely gather'd in,  
 Ere the winter-storms begin ,



God, our Maker, doth provide  
For our wants to be supplied,  
Come to God's own temple, come,  
Raise the song of Harvest-Home !

We ourselves are God's own field,  
Fruit unto His praise to yield,  
Wheat and tares together sown,  
Unto joy or sorrow grown  
First the blade, and then the ear,  
Then the full corn shall appear  
Giant, O harvest Lord, that we  
Wholesome grain and pure may be !

For the Lord our God shall come,  
And shall take His harvest home !  
From His field shall purge away  
All that doth offend, that day,  
Give His Angels charge at last  
In the fire the tares to cast,  
But the fruitful ears to store  
In His garner evermore

Then, thou Church triumphant, come,  
Raise the song of Harvest-Home !  
All are safely gather'd in,  
Free from sorrow, free from sin,  
There for ever purified,  
In God's garner to abide  
Come, ten thousand Angels, come,  
Raise the glorious Harvest-Home !

*Henry Alford 1844*

## III

## THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

## CCLXXV

Another year hath fled , renew,  
Lord, with our days Thy love !  
Our days are evil here and few ,  
We look to live above  
We will not grieve, though day by day  
We pass from earthly joys away ,  
Our joy abides in Thee ,  
Our joy abides in Thee !

Yet, when our sins we call to mind,  
We cannot fail to grieve ,  
But Thou art pitiful and kind,  
And wilt our prayer receive  
O Jesu, evermore the same,  
Our hope we rest upon Thy Name ,  
Our hope abides in Thee ,  
Our hope abides in Thee !

For all the future, Lord, prepare  
Our souls with strength Divine ,  
Help us to cast on Thee our care,  
And on Thy servants shine  
Life without Thee is dark and drear ,  
Death is not death if Thou art near ,  
Our life abides in Thee ,  
Our life abides in Thee !

*Arthur Tozer Russell* 1851.

## CCLXXVI

Harp, awake ! tell out the story  
Of our love and joy and praise ,  
Lute, awake ! awake our glori !  
Join a thankful song to raise !  
Join we, brethren faithful-hearted,  
Lift the solemn voice again  
O'er another year departed  
Of our threescore years and ten !

Lo ! a theme for deepest sadness,  
In ourselves with sin defiled ,  
Lo ! a theme for holiest gladness,  
In our Father reconciled !  
In the dust we bend before Thee,  
Lord of sinless hosts above ,  
Yet in lowliest joy adore Thee,  
God of mercy, grace, and love !

Gracious Saviour ! Thou hast lengthen'd  
And hast blest our mortal span,  
And in our weak hearts hast strengthen'd  
What Thy grace alone began !  
Still, when danger shall betide us,  
Be Thy warning whisper heard ,  
Keep us at Thy feet, and guide us  
By Thy Spirit and Thy Word !

Let Thy favour and Thy blessing  
Crown the year we now begin ,  
Let us all, Thy strength possessing,  
Grow in grace, and vanquish sin !

Storms are round us, hearts are quailing,  
 Signs in heaven and earth and sea,  
 But, when heaven and earth are failing,  
 Saviour ! we will trust in Thee !

*Henry Downton* [1848]

## CCLXXVII

Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes,  
 And raise your voices high,  
 Awake, and praise that sovereign love  
 That shows Salvation nigh

On all the wings of time it flies,  
 Each moment brings it near,  
 Then welcome each declining day,  
 Welcome each closing year !

Not many years their round shall run,  
 Nor many mornings rise,  
 Ere all its glories stand reveal'd  
 To our admiring eyes !

Ye wheels of nature, speed your course !  
 Ye mortal powers, decay !  
 Fast as ye bring the night of death,  
 Ye bring eternal day !

*Philip Doddridge* 1755

## CCLXXVIII

While with ceaseless course the sun  
 Hastened through the former year,  
 Many souls their race have run,  
 Never more to meet us here  
 Fix'd in an eternal state,  
 They have done with all below,  
 We a little longer wait,  
 But how little, none can know

As the wingèd arrow flies  
Speedily the mark to find ,  
As the lightning from the skies  
Darts, and leaves no trace behind ,  
Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
Bear us down life's rapid stream  
Upward, Lord ! our spirits raise !  
All below is but a dream

Thanks for mercies past receive ,  
Pardon of our sins renew ,  
Teach us, henceforth, how to live  
With eternity in view  
Bless Thy word to young and old ,  
Fill us with a Saviour's love ,  
And, when life's short tale is told,  
May we dwell with Thee above !

*John Newton 1779*

## CCLXXIX

For Thy mercy and Thy grace,  
Faithful through another year,  
Hear our song of thankfulness,  
Father, and Redeemer, hear !

In our weakness and distress,  
Rock of strength ! be Thou our stay !  
In the pathless wilderness  
Be our true and living way !

Who of us death's awful load  
In the coming year shall tread ?  
With Thy rod and staff, O God,  
Comfort Thou his dying head !

Keep us faithful, keep us pure,  
 Keep us evermore Thine own !  
 Help, O help us to endure !  
 Fit us for the promised crown !

So within Thy palace gate  
 We shall praise, on golden strings,  
 Thee, the only Potentate,  
 Lord of lords, and King of kings !  
*Henry Downton* [1843]

## CCLXXX

To-morrow, Lord, is Thine,  
 Lodged in Thy sovereign hand,  
 And, if its sun arise and shine,  
 It shines by Thy command

The present moment flies,  
 And bears our life away  
 O make Thy servants truly wise,  
 That they may live to-day !

Since on this wingèd hour  
 Eternity is hung,  
 Waken by Thy Almighty power  
 The aged and the young !

One thing demands our care  
 O ! be it still pursued !  
 Lest, slighted once, the season fair  
 Should never be renew'd

To Jesus may we fly  
 Swift as the morning light ,  
 Lest life's young golden beams should die  
 In sudden endless night !

*Philip Doddridge* 1755

## IV

## BAPTISM AND CHILDHOOD

## CCLXXXI

God of that glorious gift of grace  
By which Thy people seek Thy face,  
When in Thy presence we appear,  
Vouchsafe us faith to venture near !

Confiding in Thy truth alone,  
Here, on the steps of Jesus' throne,  
We lay the treasure Thou hast given  
To be received and rear'd for Heaven

Lent to us for a season, we  
Lend him for ever, Lord, to Thee !  
Assured, that, if to Thee he live,  
We gain in what we seem to give

Large and abundant blessings shed,  
Warm as these prayers, upon his head !  
And on his soul the dews of grace,  
Fresh as these drops upon his face !

Make him and keep him Thine own child,  
Meek follower of the Undefil'd !  
Possessor here of grace and love ,  
Inherent of Heaven above !

*John S B Monsell 1837*

## CCLXXXII

Lord ! may the inward grace abound  
Through Thine appointed outward sign ,  
A milder seal than Abraham found  
Of covenant blessings more Divine ,

Which opens glory to our view  
Beyond the brightest hope he knew !

Type of the Spirit's living flow,  
In faith we pour the hallow'd stream ,  
We sign the cross upon the brow,  
The solemn pledge of truth to Him,  
Who shed for us His precious Blood  
To seal the covenant of God

Baptized into the Trinity,  
Adopted children of Thy grace,  
O help us, Lord, to live to Thee  
A humble, pure, and faithful race !  
Instruct us, sanctify, defend,  
And crown with heavenly life our end !  
*Edward Osler* 1836

## CCLXXXIII

In token that thou shalt not fear  
Christ Crucified to own,  
We print the cross upon thee here,  
And stamp thee His alone

In token that thou shalt not blush  
To glory in His Name,  
We blazon here upon thy front  
His glory and His shame

In token that thou shalt not flinch  
Christ's quarrel to maintain,  
But 'neath His banner manfully  
Firm at thy post remain ,



In token that thou too shalt tread  
The path He travell'd by,  
Endure the cross, despise the shame,  
And sit thee down on high ,

Thus, outwardly and visibly,  
We seal thee for His own  
And may the brow that wears His cross  
Hereafter share His crown !

*Henry Alford 1832*

## CCLXXXIV

Sweet baby, sleep ! what ails my dear,  
What ails my darling thus to cry ?  
Be still, my child, and lend thine ear,  
To hear me sing thy lullaby  
My pretty lamb, forbear to weep ,  
Be still, my dear , sweet baby, sleep

Thou blessed soul, what canst thou fear ?  
What thing to thee can mischief do ?  
Thy God is now thy Father dear,  
His holy Spouse, thy mother too  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ,  
Be still, my babe , sweet baby, sleep

Though thy conception was in sin,  
A sacred bathing thou hast had ,  
And though thy birth unclean hath been,  
A blameless babe thou now art made  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ,  
Be still, my dear, sweet baby, sleep

While thus thy lullaby I sing,  
For thee great blessings ripening be ,  
Thine eldest brother is a king,  
And hath a kingdom bought for thee  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ,  
Be still, my babe , sweet baby, sleep

Sweet baby, sleep, and nothing fear ,  
For whosoever thee offends  
By thy protector threaten'd are,  
And God and angels are thy friends  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ,  
Be still, my babe , sweet baby, sleep

When God with us was dwelling here,  
In little babes He took delight ,  
Such innocents as thou, my dear,  
Are ever precious in His sight  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ,  
Be still, my babe , sweet baby, sleep

A little infant once was He ,  
And strength in weakness then was laid  
Upon His virgin mother's knee,  
That power to thee might be convey'd  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ,  
Be still, my babe , sweet baby, sleep

In this thy frailty and thy need  
He friends and helpers doth prepare,  
Which thee shall cherish, clothe, and feed,  
For of thy weal they tender are  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ,  
Be still, my babe , sweet baby, sleep

The King of kings, when He was born,  
Had not so much for outward ease ,  
By Him such dressings were not worn,  
Nor such-like swaddling-clothes as these  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ,  
Be still, my babe , sweet baby, sleep

Within a manger lodged thy Lord,  
Where oxen lay, and asses fed  
Warm rooms we do to thee afford,  
An easy cradle or a bed  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ,  
Be still, my babe , sweet baby, sleep

The wants that He did then sustain  
Have purchased wealth, my babe, for thee ,  
And by His torments and His pain  
Thy rest and ease securèd be  
My baby, then forbear to weep ,  
Be still, my babe , sweet baby, sleep

Thou hast, yet more, to perfect this,  
A promise and an earnest got  
Of gaining everlasting bliss,  
Though thou, my babe, perceiv'st it not ,  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ,  
Be still, my babe , sweet baby, sleep

*George Wither 1641*

CLXXXV

Sleep well, my dear , sleep safe and free ,  
The holy Angels are with thee,  
Who always sec thy Father's face,  
And never slumber, nights nor days

Thou liest in down, soft every way ,  
 Thy Saviour lay in straw and hay ,  
 Thy cradle is far better drest  
 Than the hard crib where He did rest

None dare disturb thy present ease ,  
 He had a thousand enemies ,  
 Thou liv'st in great security ,  
 But He was punish'd, and for thee !

God make thy mother's health increase,  
 To see thee grow in strength and grace,  
 In wisdom and humility,  
 As infant Jesus did for thee !

God fill thee with His heavenly light  
 To steer thy Christian course aright ,  
 Make thee a tree, of blessèd root,  
 That ever bends with godly fruit !

Sleep now, my dear, and take thy rest ,  
 And if with riper years thou'rt blest,  
 Increase in wisdom, day and night,  
 Till thou attain st th' eternal Light !

*John Christian Jacobi 1722*

*From John Christopher Ruben*

# CCLXXXVI

O Holy Lord, content to live  
 In a poor home, a lowly child,  
 And in subjection meek to give  
 Obedience to Thy mother mild ,  
 Lead every child that bears Thy Name  
 To walk in Thy pure upright way,  
 To dread the touch of sin and shame,  
 And humbly, like Thyself, obey !

O let not this world's scorching glow  
Thy Spirit's quickening dew efface,  
Nor blast of sin too rudely blow,  
And quench the trembling flame of grace ,

Gather Thy lambs within Thine arm,  
And gently in Thy bosom bear ,  
Keep them, O Lord, from hurt and harm,  
And bid them rest for ever there '

So shall they, waiting here below,  
Like Thee, their Lord, a little span,  
In wisdom and in stature grow,  
And favour both with God and man  
*William Walsham How* [1854 ]

## CCLXXXVII

Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding  
With the Shepherd's kindest care,  
All the feeble gently leading,  
While the lambs Thy bosom share ,

Now, these little ones receiving,  
Fold them in Thy gracious arm ,  
There, we know, Thy word believing,  
Only there, secure from harm '

Never, from Thy pasture roving,  
Let them be the lion's prey ,  
Let Thy tenderness so loving  
Keep them all life's dangerous way

Then, within Thy fold eternal,  
Let them find a resting place,  
Feed in pastures ever vernal,  
Drink the rivers of Thy grace '   
*William Augustus Muhlenberg* 1826

## CCLXXXVIII

Lamb of God, I look to Thee ,  
 Thou shalt my example be ,  
 Thou art gentle, meek, and mild ,  
 Thou wast once a little child

Fain I would be as Thou art ,  
 Give me Thy obedient heart !  
 Thou art pitiful and kind ,  
 Let me have Thy loving mind !

Meek and lowly may I be ,  
 Thou art all humility !  
 Let me to my betters bow ,  
 Subject to Thy parents Thou

Let me above all fulfil  
 God my heavenly Father's will ,  
 Never His good Spirit grieve ,  
 Only to His glory live !

Thou didst live to God alone ,  
 Thou didst never seek Thine own ,  
 Thou Thyself didst never please ,  
 God was all Thy happiness

Loving Jesu, gentle Lamb,  
 In Thy gracious hands I am ,  
 Make me, Saviour, what Thou art !  
 Live Thyself within my heart

I shall then shew forth Thy praise ,  
 Serve Thee all my happy days ,  
 Then the world shall always see  
 Christ, the Holy Child, in me

*Charles Wesley* 1740

## CCLXXXIX

When Jesus left His Father's throne,  
He chose an humble birth ,  
Like us, unhonour'd and unknown,  
He came to dwell on earth

Like Him, may we be found below  
In wisdom's paths of peace ,  
Like Him, in grace and knowledge grow  
As years and strength increase

Jesus pass'd by the rich and great  
For men of low degree ,  
He sanctified our parents' state,  
For poor like them was He

Sweet were His words, and kind His look  
When mothers round Him press'd ,  
Their infants in His arms He took,  
And on His bosom bless'd

Safe from the world's alluring harms,  
Beneath His watchful eye,  
Thus in the circle of His arms  
May we for ever lie !

When Jesus into Salem rode,  
The children sang around ,  
For joy they pluck'd the palms, and strow'd  
Their garments on the ground

Hosanna our glad voices raise,  
Hosanna to our King !  
Should we forget our Saviour's praise,  
The stones themselves would sing !

*James Montgomery 1825*

## CCXC

God of mercy, throned on high,  
 Listen from Thy lofty seat,  
 Hear, O hear our feeble cry,  
 Guide, O guide our wandering feet !

Young and erring travellers, we  
 All our dangers do not know,  
 Scarcely fear the stormy sea,  
 Hardly feel the tempest blow.

Jesus, lover of the young,  
 Cleanse us with Thy Blood divine !  
 Ere the tide of sin grow strong,  
 Save us, keep us, make us Thine !

When perplex'd in danger's snare,  
 Thou alone our guide canst be,  
 When oppress'd with woe and care,  
 Whom have we to trust but Thee ?

Let us ever hear Thy voice,  
 Ask Thy counsel every day,  
 Saints and angels will rejoice,  
 If we walk in wisdom's way

Saviour, give us faith, and pour  
 Hope and love on every soul !  
 Hope, till time shall be no more !  
 Love, while endless ages roll !

*Variation from Henry Neele 1818.*



## CCXCI

Shepherd of Israel, from above  
Thy feeble flock behold ,  
And let us never lose Thy love,  
Nor wander from Thy fold

Thou wilt not cast Thy lambs away ,  
Thy hand is ever near,  
To guide them lest they go astray,  
And keep them safe from fear

Thy tender care supports the weak,  
And will not let them fall ,  
Then teach us, Lord, Thy praise to speak,  
And on Thy Name to call !

We want Thy help, for we are frail ,  
Thy light, for we are blind ,  
Let grace o'er all our doubts prevail,  
To prove that Thou art kind

Teach us the things we ought to know .  
And may we find them true ,  
And still, in stature as we grow  
Increase in wisdom too

Guide us through life , and when at last  
We enter into rest,  
Thy tender arms around us cast,  
And fold us to Thy breast !

*William Hiley Bathurst 1831*

## V

## HOLY COMMUNION

## CCXCII

With all the powers my poor soul hath  
Of humble love, and loyal faith,  
I come, dear Lord, to worship Thee,  
Whom too much love bowed low for me

Down, busy sense, discourses die,  
And all adore faith's mystery !  
Faith is my skill, faith can believe  
As fast as love new laws shall give

Faith is my eye, faith's strength affords  
To keep pace with those gracious words,  
And words more sure, more sweet than they,  
Love could not think, Truth could not say

O dear memorial of that Death  
Which still survives, and gives us breath !  
Live ever, Bread of Life, and be  
My food, my joy, my all to me !

Come, glorious Lord ! my hopes increase  
And mix my portion with Thy peace !  
Come, and for ever dwell in me  
That I may only live to Thee !

Come, hidden life, and that long day  
For which I languish, come away !  
When this dry soul those eyes shall see,  
And drink the unseal'd Source of Thee,

When Glory's Sun faith's shade shall chase,  
And, for Thy vail, give me Thy face ,  
Then shall my praise eternal be  
To the Eternal Trinity !

*Variation from Richard Crashaw 1646*

*By John Austin, 1668,  
and Theophilus Dorrington 1686*

## CCXCIII

In memory of the Saviour's love,  
We keep the sacred feast,  
Where every humble contrite heart  
Is made a welcome guest

By faith we take the Bread of Life,  
With which our souls are fed ,  
And Cup, in token of His Blood  
That was for sinners shed

Under His banner thus we sing  
The wonders of His love,  
And thus anticipate by faith  
The heavenly feast above

*Thomas Cotterill 1810*

*Altered by Richard Whittingham 1835*

## CCXCIV

O God, unseen, yet ever near,  
Thy presence may we feel ,  
And thus, inspired with holy fear,  
Before Thine altar kneel

Here may Thy faithful people know  
The blessings of Thy love ,  
The streams that through the desert flow ,  
The manna from above

We come, obedient to Thy word,  
 To feast on heavenly food ,  
 Our meat, the Body of the Lord ,  
 Our drink, His precious Blood

Thus would we all Thy words obey ,  
 For we, O God, are Thine ,  
 And go rejoicing on our way,  
 Renewed with strength Divine !

*Edward Osler* [1836,]

## CCXCV

Lord, when before Thy throne we meet,  
 Thy goodness to adore,  
 From Heaven, th' eternal mercy-seat  
 On us Thy blessing pour,  
 And make our inmost souls to be  
 An habitation meet for Thee !

The Body for our ransom given ,  
 The Blood in mercy shed ,  
 With this immortal food from Heaven,  
 Lord ! let our souls be fed !  
 And, as we round Thy table kneel,  
 Help us Thy quickening grace to feel !

Be Thou, O Holy Spirit, nigh !  
 Accept the humble prayer,  
 The contrite soul's repentant sigh,  
 The sinner's heartfelt tear !  
 And let our adoration rise,  
 As fragrant incense, to the skies !

*Tressilian George Nicholas* (1838)

## CCXCVI

*Jesu, dulcedo cordium*

Jesus, thou Joy of loving hearts !  
Thou Fount of Life ! Thou Light of men !  
From the best bliss that earth imparts,  
We turn unfill'd to Thee again  
Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood ,  
Thou savest those that on Thee call ,  
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,  
To them that find Thee, All in All !  
We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,  
And long to feast upon Thee still !  
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,  
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill !  
Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,  
Where'er our changeful lot is cast ,  
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,  
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.  
O Jesus, ever with us stay !  
Make all our moments calm and bright !  
Chase the dark night of sin away,  
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light !  
*Ray Palmer [1834 ]*  
*From St Bernard*

## CCXCVII.

They talk'd of Jesus, as they went ,  
And Jesus, all unknown,  
Did at their side Himself present  
With sweetness all His own  
Swift, as He op'd the sacred word,  
His glory they discern'd ,  
And swift, as His dear voice they heard,  
Their hearts within them burn'd

He would have left them, but that they  
With prayers His love assail'd  
"Depart not yet ! a little stay !"  
They press'd Him, and prevail'd  
And Jesus was reveal'd, as there  
He bless'd and brake the bread  
But, while they mark'd His heavenly air,  
The matchless Guest had fled

And thus at times, as Christians talk  
Of Jesus and His word,  
He joins two friends amidst their walk,  
And makes, unscen, a third  
And oh ! how sweet their converse flows,  
Their holy theme how clear,  
How warm with love each bosom glows,  
If Jesus be but near !

And they that woo His visits sweet,  
And will not let Him go, "  
Oft, while His broken bread they eat,  
His soul-felt presence know  
His gather'd friends He loves to meet  
And fill with joy their faith,  
When they with melting hearts repeat  
The memory of His death

But such sweet visits here are brief,  
Dispens'd from stage to stage,  
(A cheering and a prized relief,  
Of faith's hard pilgrimage  
There is a scene where Jesus ne'er,  
Ne'er leaves His happy guests, "  
He spreads a ceaseless banquet there,  
And love still fires their breasts

*Thomas Grinfield 1836*

## CCXCVIII

Jesus, when near th' expected hour,  
That Hell to grieve Him should have power,  
As on His cross He kept His view,  
Into an upper room withdrew,  
With all His votaries there to meet  
And celebrate the Paschal treat

Then He Himself for death disposed ,  
Of dying well the art disclosed ,  
He wash'd with condescension sweet  
And wiped His happy lovers' feet,  
That from pollution cleansed they might  
Approach the Eucharistic rite

The Eucharist He then ordain'd ,  
With food immortal them sustain'd ,  
Then sang an hymn, the feast to close,  
And sweeten His approaching woes,  
Scattering truths heav'nly, high, and sweet,  
As to the Mount He made retreat

While death was lively in His thought,  
He heavenly truths with vigour taught,  
How to be loved of God, and love ,  
Promised sweet peace and joys above,  
And the bless'd Spirit's constant aid ,  
And for them all with fervour pray'd

He spent His preparation hours  
To warn of dangers and hell-powers ,  
Their hearts to counsel, strengthen, cheer,  
To arm against degenerate fear ,  
Pure love fraternal to instil,  
And form them to His Father's will

My soul ' O copy every line  
 Of this original divine '  
 On Jesus' votaries you must tend ,  
 To wash their feet must condescend ,  
 You pleasure for sweet Jesus' sake  
 In humble charities must take

With zeal wash your own spirit clean  
 From all concupiscence terrene ,  
 When wash'd in penitential dew,  
 Then your baptismal vow renew ,  
 What Peter wish'd for, wash all o'er,  
 And take great care to sin no more

Wash'd in heart-purifying tear  
 You must at Jesus' feast appear,  
 With food immortal to be fed,  
 That you nor Hell nor Death may dread ,  
 Then sing an hymn of the like strain  
 With that above of the Lamb Slain

God's love to all with zeal suggest ,  
 And from the flame in your own breast  
 Fire other hearts, that they the Name  
 Of Jesus' friends may humbly claim ,  
 From God's love, love fraternal fire,  
 In which all Jesus' friends conspire

Your foes both pray for, and forgive ,  
 And, when you ceasing are to live  
 Strong cries to Love Paternal send ,  
 Into Love's hands your soul commend ,  
 In Love's soft hands to bliss you'll fly,  
 Taught by loved Jesus how to die

*Bishop Thomas Ken* [1721]



## VI

## HOLY MATRIMONY.

## CCXCIX

The voice that breathed o'er Eden,  
That earliest wedding day,  
The primal marriage blessing,  
It hath not pass'd away

Still in the pure espousal  
Of Christian man and maid,  
The Holy Three are with us,  
The three fold grace is said

For dower of blessèd children,  
For love and faith's sweet sake  
For high mysterious union  
Which nought on earth may break !

Be present, awful Father,  
To give away this Bride,  
As Eve thou gav'st to Adam  
Out of his own pierc'd side !

Be present, Son of Mary,  
To join their loving hands,  
As Thou dost bind two natures  
In Thine eternal bands !

Be present Holiest Spirit,  
To bless them as they kneel,  
As Thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,  
The heavenly Spouse dost seal !

O spread Thy pure wing o'er them !  
 Let no ill Power find place,  
 When onward to Thine altar  
 The hallow'd path they trace,

To cast their crowns before Thee  
 In perfect sacrifice,  
 Till to the home of gladness  
 With Christ's own Bride they rise !  
*John Keble* 1857

## VII

## THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

## CCC

Thou God of Love ! beneath Thy sheltering wings  
 We leave our holy dead,  
 To rest in hope ! From this world's sufferings  
 Their souls have fled !

Oh ! when our hearts are burthen'd with the weight  
 Of life, and all its woes,  
 Let us remember them, and calmly wait  
 To our life's close !

*Jane Euphemia Browne* (1849)

## CCCI

*Nunc suscipe, terra, fovendum*

Receive him, Earth, unto thine harbouring shrine,  
 In thy soft tranquil bosom let him rest,  
 These limbs of man I to thy care consign,  
 And trust the noble fragments to thy breast

This house was once the mansion of a soul  
Brought into life by its Creator's breath,  
Wisdom did once this living mass control,  
And Christ was there enshrined, who conquers  
death

Cover this Body to thy care consign'd,  
Its Maker shall not leave it in the grave,  
But His own lineaments shall bear in mind,  
And shall recall the image which He gave  
*Isaac Williams 1838*  
*(From Prudentius)*

CCCII

There is a calm for those who weep,  
A rest for weary pilgrims found,  
And, while the mould'ring ashes sleep,  
Low in the ground,

The Soul, of origin Divine,  
God's glorious image, freed from clay,  
In Heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,  
A Star of Day

The sun is but a spark of fire,  
A transient meteor in the sky,  
The Soul, immortal as its Sire,  
Shall never die!  
*James Montgomery 1804*

CCCIII

Must friends and kindred droop and die,  
And helpers be withdrawn,  
While sorrow, with a weeping eye,  
Counts up our comforts gone?

Be Thou our comfort, mighty God !  
 Our Helper and our Friend !  
 Nor leave us, in this dangerous road,  
 Till all our trials end !

O may our feet pursue the way  
 Our pious fathers led ,  
 With love and holy zeal obey  
 The counsels of the dead !

Let us be wean'd from all below ,  
 Let hope our grief expel;  
 While death invites our souls to go  
 Where our best kindred dwell

*Isaac Watts 1709*

#### CCCIV

Now let our mourning hearts revive,  
 And all our tears be dry ,  
 Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief,  
 Which view a Saviour nigh ?

What though the arm of conquering death  
 Does God's own house invade ?  
 What though the prophet and the priest  
 Be number'd with the dead ?

Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,  
 The aged and the young ,  
 The watchful eye in darkness closed,  
 And mute th' instructive tongue

Th' Eternal Shepherd still survives,  
 New comfort to impart ,  
 His eye still guides us, and His voice  
 Still animates our heart

Lo, I am with you ! saith the Lord ,  
My Church shall safe abide ,  
For I will ne'er forsake My own,  
Whose souls in Me confide

Through every scene, of life and death,  
This promise is our trust,  
And this shall be our children's song  
When we are cold in dust

*Philip Doddridge 1755*

CCCV

Thou art gone to the grave but we will not deplore  
thee,  
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the  
tomb

The Saviour hath pass'd through its portal before  
thee,  
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the  
gloom !

Thou art gone to the grave we no longer behold  
thee,  
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy  
side,  
But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to enfold  
thee,  
And sinners may die, for the Sinless has died !

Thou art gone to the grave and, its mansion  
forsaking,  
Perhaps thy weak spirit in fear linger'd long ,  
But the mild rays of Paradise beam'd on thy  
waking,  
And the sound which thou heard'st was the  
Seraphim's song !

Thou art gone to the grave but we will not deplore  
 thee,  
 Whose God was thy ransom, thy Guardian, and  
 Guide !  
 He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore  
 thee,  
 And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died !  
*Bishop Reginald Heber 1827*

## CCCVI

Brother, thou art gone before us, and thy saintly  
 soul is flown  
 Where tears are wiped from every eye, and sorrow  
 is unknown,  
 From the burden of the flesh, and from care and  
 fear releas'd  
 Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the  
 weary are at rest

The toilsome way thou'st travelled o'er, and borne  
 the heavy load  
 But Christ hath taught thy languid feet to reach  
 His blest abode  
 Thou art sleeping now, like Lazarus upon his father's  
 breast,  
 Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the  
 weary are at rest

Sin can never taint thee now, nor doubt thy faith  
 assail,  
 Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ and the Holy  
 Spirit fail

And there thou'rt sure to meet the good, whom on  
earth thou lovedst best,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the  
weary are at rest

Earth to earth, and dust to dust, the solemn priest  
hath said ,  
So we lay the turf above thee now, and we seal thy  
narrow bed ,  
But thy spirit, brother, soars away among the  
faithful blest,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the  
weary are at rest

And when the Lord shall summon us, whom thou  
hast left behind,  
May we, untainted by the world, as sure a welcome  
find !  
May each, like thee, depart in peace, to be a  
glorious guest,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the  
weary are at rest !

*Henry Hart Milman 1822*

## VIII

## CHURCH DEDICATION

## CCCVII

Lord of hosts ! to Thee we raise  
Here a house of prayer and praise  
Thou Thy people's hearts prepare,  
Here to meet for praise and prayer !

Let the living here be fed  
 With Thy Word, the heavenly bread,  
 Here, in hope of glory blest,  
 May the dead be laid to rest !

Here to Thee a temple stand  
 While the sea shall gird the land !  
 Here reveal Thy mercy sure,  
 While the sun and moon endure !

Hallelujah ! earth and sky  
 To the joyful sound reply !  
 Hallelujah ! hence ascend  
 Prayer and praise till time shall end !  
*James Montgomery 1825*

## CCCVIII

*Angulare Fundamentum*

Christ is our corner-stone,  
 On Him alone we build,  
 With His true saints alone  
 The courts of Heaven are fill'd  
     On His great love  
         Our hopes we place  
         Of present grace  
     And joys above

O then with hymns of praise  
 These hallow'd courts shall ring,  
 Our voices we will raise  
 The Three in One to sing  
     And thus proclaim  
         In joyful song  
         Both loud and long  
     That glorious Name



Here, gracious God, do Thou  
For evermore draw nigh ,  
Accept each faithful vow,  
And mark each suppliant sigh ,  
    In copious shower  
    On all who pray  
    Each holy day  
Thy blessings pour !

Here may we gain from Heaven  
The grace which we implore ,  
And may that grace, once given,  
Be with us evermore,  
    Until that day  
    When all the blest  
    To endless rest  
Are call'd away !  
    • *John Chandler 1837*

## CCCIX

The lovely form of God's own Church,  
    It riseth in all lands ,  
On mountain sides, in wooded vales,  
And by the desert sands

There is it, with its solemn aisles,  
    A heavenly, holy thing ,  
And round its walls lie Christian dead,  
    Blessedly slumbering

Though sects and factions rend the world,  
    Peace is its heritage ,  
Unchanged, though empires by it pass,  
    The same from age to age

The hallow'd form our fathers built,  
 That hallow'd form build we,  
 Let not one stone from its own place  
 Removed ever be !

Scoff as thou passest, if thou wilt,  
 Thou man that hast no faith,  
 Thou, that no sorrows hast in life,  
 Nor blessedness in death

But we will build, for all thou scoff,  
 And cry, "What wasters this !"  
 The Lord our God hath given us all,  
 And all is therefore His

Clear voices from above sound out  
 Their blessing on the pile,  
 The dead beneath support our hands,  
 And succour us the while

Yea, when we climb the rising walls,  
 Is peace and comfort given !  
 Because the work is not of earth,  
 But hath its end in Heaven !

*Henry Alford 1845*

## IX

### THE LORDS DAY

#### CCCX

Welcome, sweet day, of days the best,  
 The time of holy mirth and rest,  
 When to God's house the saints repair  
 To hear His word and see His face,  
 To learn His will and sing His grace,  
 And vent their hearts in praise and prayer

This is employment all Divine ,  
My soul, the blest assembly join,  
And from the world this day retire  
Go, bow before thy Maker's throne,  
Thy risen Saviour's glories own,  
And feed thy love, and fan the fire

Forget the trifles here below,  
The shining heap, the gaudy show,  
All sensual mirth, and worldly cares ,  
On wings of strong devotion rise,  
Pass every cloud, pass all the skies,  
And leave beneath Thy feet the stars

To God direct thy steady flight,  
Great Fund of bliss and Source of light ,  
There fix, and there delight thine eyes  
View every shining wonder o'er,  
And with transported heart adore,  
And feast on fruits of paradise

This day was by our Lord ordain'd,  
That thus His servants might be train'd  
For heavenly work, and heavenly joy  
My soul, be this thy day of rest,  
And thus prepare thee to be blest,  
Thus all thy holy hours employ '

*Simon Browne 1720*

## CCCXI

O day, most calm, most bright !  
The fruit of this, the next world's bud ,  
The indorsement of supreme delight,  
Writ by a Friend, and with His blood ,  
The couch of time , care's balm and bay ,  
The week were dark, but for thy light ,  
Thy torch doth show the way

The other days and thou  
 Make up one man , whose face thou art,  
 Knocking at Heaven with thy brow  
 The working days are the back part ,  
 The burden of the week lies there,  
 Making the whole to stoop and bow,  
 Till thy release appear

Man had straight forward gone  
 To endless death , but thou dost pull  
 And turn us round to look on One,  
 Whom, if we were not very dull,  
 We could not choose but look on still,  
 Since there is no place so alone,  
 The which He doth not fill !

Sundays the pillars are  
 On which Heav'n's palace arch'd lies  
 The other days fill up the spare  
 And hollow room with vanities  
 They are the fruitful beds and borders  
 Of God's rich garden , that is bare,  
 Which parts their ranks and orders

The Sundays of man's life,  
 Threaded together on time's string,  
 Make bracelets to adorn the wife  
 Of the eternal glorious King  
 On Sunday Heaven's gate stands ope ,  
 Blessings are plentiful and free,  
 More plentiful than rope

This day my Saviour rose,  
 And did enclose this light for His ,  
 That, as each beast his manger knows,  
 Man might not of his fodder miss

Christ hath took in this piece of ground,  
And made a garden there, for those  
Who want herbs for their wound

The rest of our Creation  
Our great Redeemer did remove  
With the same shake, which at His passion  
Did th' earth, and all things with it, move  
As Samson bore the doors away,  
Christ's hands, though nail'd, wrought our salvation,  
And did unhinge that day

The brightness of that day  
We sullied by our foul offence,  
Wherefore that robe we cast away,  
Having a new at His expense,  
Whose drops of blood paid the full price  
That was required to make us gay,  
And fit for Paradise

*George Herbert 1632*

## CCCXII

My Lord, my love was crucified,  
He all the pains did bear,  
But in the sweetness of His rest  
He makes His servants share  
How sweetly rest Thy saints above  
Which in Thy bosom lie!  
The Church below doth rest in hope  
Of that felicity

Thou, Lord, who daily feed'st Thy sheep,  
Mak'st them a weekly feast,  
Thy flocks meet in their several folds  
Upon this day of rest

Welcome and dear unto my soul  
 Are these sweet feasts of love  
 But what a sabbath shall I keep  
 When I shall rest above ' ~

I bless Thy wise and wondrous love,  
 Which binds us to be free  
 Which makes us leave our earthly snares,  
 That we may come to Thee '  
 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray '  
 Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace '  
 I sing to think this is the way  
 Unto my Saviour's face '

*John Mason* 1683

CCCXIII

O time of tranquil joy and holy feeling '  
 When over earth God's Spirit from above  
 Spreads out His wings of love '  
 When sacred thoughts, like angels, come appealing  
 To our tent doors, O eve, to earth and heaven  
 The sweetest of the seven '

How peaceful are thy skies ' thy air is clearer,  
 As on the advent of a gracious time  
 The sweetness of its prime  
 Blesseth the world, and Eden's days seem nearer  
 I hear, in each faint stirring of the breeze,  
 God's voice among the trees

O while thy hallowed moments are distilling  
 Their fresher influence on my heart like dews,  
 The chamber where I muse  
 Turns to a temple ' He, whose converse thrilling  
 Honoured Emmaus, that old eventide,  
 Comes sudden to my side

'Tis light at evening time when Thou art present ,  
Thy coming to the eleven in that dim room  
Brightened, O Christ ! its gloom  
So bless my lonely hour that memories pleasant  
Around the time a heavenly gleam may cast,  
Which many days shall last !

Raise each low aim, refine each high emotion,  
That with more ardent footstep I may press  
Toward Thy holiness ,  
And, braced for sacred duty by devotion,  
Support my cross along that rugged road  
Which Thou hast sometime trod !

I long to see Thee, for my heart is weary  
O when, my Lord ! in kindness wilt Thou come  
To call Thy banished home ?  
The scenes are cheerless, and the days are dreary ,  
From sorrow and from sin I would be free,  
And evermore with Thee !

Even now I see the golden city shining  
Up the blue depths of that transparent air  
How happy all is there !  
There breaks a day which never knows declining ,  
A Sabbath, though whose circling hours the blest  
Beneath Thy shadow rest !

*James D Burns 1854*

## CCCXIV

## PSALM XCII

Sweet is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise Thy Name, give thanks and sing,  
To show Thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all Thy truth at night

Sweet is the day of sacred rest ,  
 No mortal cares shall seize my breast ,  
 O may my heart in tune be found,  
 Like David's harp of solemn sound !

My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
 And bless His works, and bless His word  
 Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !  
 How deep Thy counsels, how divine !

Fools never raise their thoughts so high,  
 Like brutes they live, like brutes they die  
 Like grass they flourish, till Thy breath  
 Blast them in everlasting death

But I shall share a glorious part,  
 When grace hath well refined my heart,  
 And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
 Like holy oil to cheer my head

Sin, my worst enemy before,  
 Shall vex my eyes and ears no more ,  
 My inward foes shall all be slain,  
 Nor Satan break my peace again

Then shall I see and hear and know  
 All I desired or wish'd below,  
 And every power find sweet employ  
 In that eternal world of joy !

*Isaac Watts* 1719

CCCXV

PSALM LXXXI

Sing to the Lord, our might,  
 With holy fervour sing ,  
 Let hearts and instruments unite  
 To praise our heavenly King



This is His holy house,  
And this His festival day,  
When He accepts the humblest vows  
That we sincerely pay

The Sabbath to our sires  
In mercy first was given,  
The Church her Sabbaths still requires  
To speed her on to Heaven

We still, like them of old,  
Are in the wilderness,  
And God is still as near His fold,  
To pity and to bless

Then let us open wide  
Our hearts for Him to fill,  
And He, that Israel then supplied,  
Will help His Israel still

*Henry Francis Lyte 1834—1841*

## CCCXVI

The day of rest once more comes round,  
A day to all believers dear,  
The silver trumpets seem to sound,  
That call the tribes of Israel near,  
Ye people all,  
Obey the call,  
And in Jehovah's courts appear

Obedient to Thy summons, Lord,  
We to Thy sanctuary come,  
Thy gracious presence here afford,  
And send Thy people joyful home,

Of Thee our King  
 O may we sing,  
 And none with such a theme be dumb !

O hasten, Lord, the day when those,  
 Who know Thee here, shall see Thy face,  
 When suffering shall for ever close,  
 And they shall reach their destined place,  
 Then shall they rest  
 Supremely blest,  
 Eternal debtors to Thy grace !

*Thomas Kelly* 1806

# CCCXVII

Hail, thou bright and sacred morn,  
 Risen with gladness in thy beams !  
 Light, which not of earth is born,  
 From thy dawn in glory streams  
 Hails of Heaven are breath'd around  
 And each place is holy ground

Sad and weary were our way,  
 Fainting oft beneath our load,  
 But for thee, thou blessed day,  
 Resting-place on life's rough road !  
 Here flow forth the streams of grace,  
 Strengthen'd hence we run our race

Great Creator ! who this day -  
 From Thy perfect work didst rest,  
 By the souls that own Thy sway  
 Hallow'd be its hours and blest,  
 Cares of earth aside be thrown,  
 This day given to Heaven alone !

Saviour ! who this day didst break  
The dark prison of the tomb ,  
Bid my slumbering soul awake,  
Shine through all its sin and gloom  
Let me, from my bonds set free,  
Rise from sin and live to Thee !

Blessed Spirit ! Comforter !  
Sent this day from Christ on high ,  
Lord, on me Thy gifts confer,  
Cleanse, illumine, sanctify !  
All Thine influence shed abroad,  
Lead me to the truth of God !

Soon, too soon, the sweet repose  
Of this day of God will cease ,  
Soon this glimpse of Heaven will close,  
Vanish soon the hours of peace ,  
Soon return the toil, the strife,  
All the weariness of life

But the rest which yet remains  
For Thy people, Lord, above,  
Knows nor change, nor fears, nor pains,  
Endless as then Saviour's love  
O may every Sabbath here  
Bring us to that rest more near !

*Julia Anne Elliott 1833*

CCCXVIII

Lord of the Sabbath ! Hear our vows,  
On this Thy day, in this Thy house ,  
And own as grateful sacrifice  
The songs which from the desert rise

Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,  
 But there's a nobler rest above,  
 To that our labouring souls aspire  
 With ardent pangs of strong desire

No more fatigue, no more distress,  
 Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place,  
 No groans to mingle with the songs  
 Which warble from immortal tongues

No rude alarms of raging foes,  
 No cares to break the long repose,  
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
 But sacred, high, eternal noon

O long-expected day, begin!  
 Dawn on these realms of woe and sin!  
 Fain would we leave this weary road,  
 And sleep in death, to rest with God!

*Philip Doddridge 1755*

# CCCXIX

To Thy temple I repair,  
 Lord, I love to worship there,  
 When, within the veil, I meet  
 Christ before the mercy-seat

Thou, through Him, art reconciled,  
 I, through Him, became Thy child,  
 Abba, Father! give me grace  
 In Thy courts to seek Thy face!

While Thy glorious praise is sung,  
 Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,  
 That my joyful soul may bless  
 Thee, the Lord my Righteousness!

While the prayers of saints ascend,  
God of love ! to mine attend !  
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads ,  
Hear, for Jesus intercedes !

While I hearken to Thy law,  
Fill my soul with humble awe ,  
Till Thy Gospel bring to me  
Life and immortality

While Thy ministers proclaim  
Peace and pardon in Thy Name,  
Through their voice, by faith, may I  
Hear Thee speaking from the sky !

From Thy house when I return,  
May my heart within me burn ,  
And at evening let me say,  
I have walk'd with God to-day !

*James Montgomery* 1812

## CCCXX

Ere another Sabbath close,  
Ere again we seek repose,  
Lord ! our song ascends to Thee ,  
At Thy feet we bow the knee

For the mercies of the day,  
For this rest upon our way,  
Thanks to Thee alone be given,  
Lord of earth, and King of Heaven !

Cold our services have been ,  
Mingled every prayer with sin ,  
But Thou canst and wilt forgive ,  
By Thy grace alone we live !

Whilst this thorny path we tread,  
 May Thy love our footsteps lead '  
 When our journey here is past,  
 May we rest with Thee at last '

Let these earthly Sabbaths prove  
 Forc'tastes of our joys above,  
 While then steps Thy pilgrims bend  
 To the rest which knows no end '

"O P" 1826

CCCXXI

Of Thy love some gracious token  
 Grant us, Lord, before we go,  
 Bless Thy word which has been spoken,  
 Life and peace for all bestow '  
 When we join the world again,  
 Let our hearts with Thee remain  
 O direct us  
 And protect us,  
 Till we gain the heavenly shore,  
 Where Thy people want no more '

*Thomas Kelly* 1804

END OF PART-III.

## PART IV

### SONGS OF THE HEART





# The Book of Praise.

## PART THE FOURTH

### SONGS OF THE HEART.

#### I

#### THE CALL

*"Rise, He calleth thee"—(MARK x 49.)*

#### CCCXXII

Child of sin and sorrow,  
Fill'd with dismay,  
Wait not for to-morrow,  
Yield thee to day !  
Heaven bids thee come  
While yet there's room  
Child of sin and sorrow,  
Hear, and obey !

Child of sin and sorrow,  
Why wilt thou die ?  
Come, while thou canst borrow  
Help from on high !  
Grieve not that love  
Which from above,  
Child of sin and sorrow,  
Would bring thee nigh !  
*Thomas Hastings 1834*

## CCCXXIII

Poor child of sin and woe,  
 Now listen to thy Father's pleading voice,  
 No longer need'st thou go  
 Without a friend to bid thy heart rejoice

I know thou canst not rest  
 Until thou art from guilt and sorrow free,  
 Earth cannot make thee blest,  
 Come, bring thy suffering, bleeding heart to Me

How often, in the hour  
 Of weariness, would I have succoured thee!  
 But thou didst spurn the power,  
 And scorn the heart that loved so tenderly

Oh, what on earth appears  
 To comfort thy distress and heal thy grief,  
 To dry thy bitter tears,  
 And offer thy poor sinking soul relief?

Thy life of sin has been  
 A toilsome path, without one cheering ray,  
 Now on thy Father lean,  
 And He will guide thee in a better way

Come, leave the desert land,  
 And all the husks on which thy soul has fed,  
 And trust the faithful Hand  
 That offers thee a feast of living Bread

O sinner! 'tis the voice  
 Of One, who long has loved and pitied thee!  
 He would thy heart rejoice,  
 And set thee from all sin and suffering free

Oh, canst thou turn away ?  
It is thy Father that invites thee near !  
Nay, sinner ! weep and pray !  
And Heaven shall hail the penitential tear !  
*Eliza Fanny Morris. 1858*

## CCCXXIV

Return, O wanderer, to thy home ,  
Thy Father calls for thee  
No longer now an exile roam,  
In guilt and misery  
Return, return !  
  
Return, O wanderer, to thy home ,  
Tis Jesus calls for thee  
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come  
O now for refuge flee ,  
Return, return !  
  
Return, O wanderer, to thy home ,  
'Tis madness to delay ,  
There are no pardons in the tomb,  
And brief is mercy's day  
Return, return !  
*Thomas Hastings. 1834.*

## CCCXXV

Haste, traveller, haste ! the night comes on,  
And many a shining hour is gone ,  
The storm is gathering in the west,  
And thou art far from home and rest ,  
Haste, traveller, haste !



## CCCXXVI

Just as thou art, without one trace  
Of love or joy or inward grace,  
Or meetness for the heavenly place,  
O guilty sinner, come !

Burden'd with guilt, wouldst thou be blest ?  
Trust not the world, it gives no rest ,  
Christ brings relief to hearts oppress'd ,  
O weary sinner, come !

Come, leave thy burden at the cross ,  
Count all thy gains but worthless dross ,  
His grace o'er pays all earthly loss ,  
O needy sinner, come !

Come hither ! bring thy boding fears,  
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears ,  
'Tis Mercy's voice salutes thine ears ,  
O trembling sinner, come !  
*Russell Sturgis Cooke 1850*

## CCCXXVII

REV xxi 17

Sweet is the Spirit's strain  
Breath'd by soft pleadings inly heard  
By all the heart's deep fountains stirr'd,  
By conscience, and the written Word ,  
Come, wanderers, home again !

The Bride repeats the call ,  
 By high thanksgiving, lowly prayer,  
 By days of rest, and fostering care,  
 By holy rites, that all may share ,  
 She whispers, Come ! to all

Let him who hears say, Come !  
 If thou hast been sin's wretched slave ,  
 If thou art risen from that grave ,  
 Thy sleeping brethren seek to save,  
 And call the wanderers home

And let all come, who thirst !  
 Freely for every child of woe  
 The streams of living waters flow ,  
 And whosoever will, may go  
 Where healing fountains burst

There drink and be at rest ,  
 On Him who died for thee believe ,  
 The Spirit's quickening grace receive ,  
 No more the God who seeks thee grieve ,  
 Be holy, and be blest !

*Joseph Anstice* [1836]

# CCCXXVIII

With tearful eyes I look around ,  
 Life seems a dark and stormy sea ,  
 Yet midst the gloom I hear a sound,  
 A heavenly whisper, Come to Me !

It tells me of a place of rest ,  
 It tells me where my soul may flee  
 Oh ! to the weary, faint oppress,  
 How sweet the bidding, Come to Me !

When the poor heart with anguish learns  
That earthly props resign'd must be,  
And from each broken cistern turns,  
It hears the accents, Come to Me !

When against sin I strive in vain,  
And cannot from its yoke get free,  
Sinking beneath the heavy chain,  
The words arrest me, Come to Me !

When nature shudders, loth to part  
From all I love, enjoy, and see ,  
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,  
A sweet voice utters, Come to Me !

Come, for all else must fail and die ,  
Earth is no resting-place for thee ,  
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye ,  
I am thy Portion , Come to Me !

O voice of mercy, voice of love !  
In conflict, grief, and agony,  
Support me, cheer me from above,  
And gently whisper, Come to me !  
*Charlotte Elliott* 1834

## CCCXXIX.

Come, take my yoke, the Saviour said ,  
To follow Me be not afraid ,  
For I in heart am lowly, meek,  
And offer you the rest you seek

The yoke of Pleasure may allure,  
And promise bliss that will endure ,  
But, when it has thy youth despoil'd,  
'Twill cast thee off as garment soil'd

*The Book of Praise*

Take not on thee the yoke of Wealth ,  
 'Twill eat thy soul, destroy thy health,  
 And make thee feel how cheap the cost,  
 If worlds could buy the peace it lost

Ambition, too, its yoke displays,  
 And hangs out its perennial bays ,  
 Be not, poor soul, by it misled ,  
 I offer thee a crown instead

Then take my yoke, 'tis soft and light,  
 'Twill ne'er disturb thy rest at night,  
 But guide thee to that world above  
 Where no restraint is known but love

*Robert Smith 1862*

## CCCXXX

Behold ! a Stranger's at the door !  
 He gently knocks, has knock'd before,  
 Has waited long, is waiting still ,  
 You treat no other friend so ill

But will He prove a Friend indeed ?  
 He will ! the very Friend you need !  
 The Man of Nazareth, tis He,  
 With garments dyed at Calvary

Oh lovely attitude ! He stands  
 With melting heart, and laden hands !  
 Oh matchless kindness ! and He shows  
 This matchless kindness to His foes

Rise, touch'd with gratitude Divine ,  
 Turn out His enemy and thine,  
 That hateful, hell-born monster, Sin ,  
 And let the Heavenly Stranger in



If thou art poor, (and poor thou art,)   
 Lo ! He has riches to impart ,   
 Not wealth, in which mean av'rice rolls ,   
 O better far ! the wealth of souls !

Thou'rt blind , He'll take the scales away,   
 And let in everlasting day   
 Naked thou art , but He shall dress   
 Thy blushing soul in Righteousness

Art thou a weeper ? Grief shall fly ,   
 For who can weep with Jesus by ?   
 No terror shall thy hopes annoy ,   
 No tear, except the tear of joy

Admit Him, for the human breast   
 Ne'er entertain'd so kind a Guest   
 Admit Him, for you can't expel ,   
 Where'er He comes, He comes to dwell

Admit Him, ere His angels burn ,   
 His feet, departed, ne'er return !   
 Admit Him , on the hour's at hand,   
 When at His door denied you'll stand

Yet know, (not of the terms complain,)   
 If Jesus comes, He comes to reign ,   
 To reign, and with no partial sway ,   
 Thoughts must be slain, that disobey !

Sovereign of souls ! Thou Prince of Peace !   
 O may Thy gentle reign increase !   
 Throw wide the door, each willing mind !   
 And be His empire all mankind !

*Joseph Grigg 1765*

## CCCCXXI

The winds were howling o'er the deep,  
Each wave a watery hill,  
The Saviour waken'd from His sleep,  
He spake, and all was still

The madman in a tomb had made  
His mansion of despair  
Woe to the traveller who stray'd  
With heedless footstep there !

The chains hung broken from his arm,  
Such strength can hell supply,  
And fiendish hate, and fierce alarm,  
Flash'd from his hollow eye

He met that glance, so thrilling sweet,  
He heard those accents mild,  
And, melting at Messiah's feet,  
Wept like a wean'd child

Oh ! madder than the raving man !  
Oh ! deeper than the sea !  
How long the time since Christ began  
To call in vain on me !

He call'd me when my thoughtless prime  
Was early ripe to ill,  
I pass'd from folly on to crime,  
And yet He call'd me still ~

He call'd me in the time of dread,  
When death was full in view,  
I trembled on my feverish bed,  
And rose to sin anew

Yet, could I hear Him once again,  
As I have heard of old,  
Methinks He should not call in vain  
His wanderer to the fold

Oh Thou ! that every thought canst know,  
And answer every prayer,  
Oh ! give me sickness, want, or woe ,  
But snatch me from despair !

My struggling will by grace control !  
Renew my broken vow !  
What blessed light breaks on my soul ?  
My God ! I hear Thee now !  
*Bishop Reginald Heber 1827*

## CCCCXXII

*“ Was du vor tausend Jahren ”*

A thousand years have fled ,  
And, Saviour ! still we see  
Thy deed of love repeated  
On all who come to Thee  
As he who sat benighted,  
Afflicted, poor, and blind ,  
So now, (Thy word is plighted,)  
Joy, light, and peace I find

Dark gloom my spirit filling,  
Beside the way I sat ,  
Desire my heart was thrilling ,  
But anguish more than that

To me no ray was granted,  
Although I heard the psalms  
The faithful sweetly chanted,  
And felt the waving palms

With grief my heart was aching ,  
O'erwhelming were my woes,  
Till, heaven-born courage taking,  
To Thee my cry arose  
" O David's Son, relieve me,  
" My bitter anguish quell ,  
" Thy promised succour give me,  
" And this dark night dispel ! "

With tears that fast were flowing,  
I sought Thee through the crowd,  
My heart more tender growing,  
Until I wept aloud  
Oh ! then my grief diminish'd ,  
For then they cried to me,  
" Blind man, thy woe is finish'd ,  
" Arise, He calleth thee ! "

I came with steps that falter'd ,  
Thy course I felt Thee check ,  
Then straight my mind was alter'd,  
And bow'd my stubborn neck  
Thou saidst, " What art thou seeking ? "  
" O Lord ! that I might see ! "  
Oh ! then I heard Thee speaking ,  
" Believe, and it shall be " ~

Our hope, Lord, faileth never,  
When Thou Thy word dost plight  
My fears then ceased for ever,  
And all my soul was light

Thou gavest me Thy blessing ,  
From former guilt set free,  
Now heavenly joy possessing,  
O Lord ! I follow Thee !

*Frances Elizabeth Cox 1841*  
*From Frederic de la Motte Fouqué*

CCCXXXIII

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"Come unto Me and rest ,  
"Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
"Thy head upon My breast !"

I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary, and worn and sad ,  
I found in Him a resting-place,  
And He has made me glad

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"Behold ! I freely give  
'The living water , thirsty one,  
"Stoop down, and drink, and live !"

I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream ,  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in Him

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
'I am this dark world's light ,  
"Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,  
"And all thy-day be bright"

I look'd to Jesus, and I found  
In Him my Star, my Sun ,  
And in that light of life I'll walk  
Till travelling days are done

*Horatius Bonar 1856*

## CCCXXXIV

In evil long I took delight,  
 Unawed by shame or fear,  
 Till a new object struck my sight,  
 And stopp'd my wild career  
 I saw One hanging on a Tree,  
 In agonies and blood,  
 Who fix'd His languid eyes on me,  
 As near His Cross I stood

Sure never till my latest breath  
 Can I forget that look  
 It seem'd to charge me with His death,  
 Though not a word He spoke  
 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,  
 And plunged me in despair,  
 I saw my sins His Blood had spilt,  
 And help'd to nail Him there

Alas ! I knew not what I did !  
 But now my tears are vain  
 Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?  
 For I the Lord have slain !  
 A second look He gave, which said,  
 " I freely all forgive ,  
 " This Blood is for thy ransom paid ,  
 " I die, that thou may'st live "

Thus, while His death my sin displays  
 In all its blackest hue,  
 Such is the mystery of grace, -  
 It seals my pardon too  
 With pleasing grief, and mournful joy,  
 My spirit now is fill'd,  
 That I should such a life destroy,  
 Yet live by Him I kill'd

*John Newton*

II

THE ANSWER

*I will arise, and go to my Father*"—(LUKE xv 18)

CCCCXXV

And have I measured half my days,  
And half my journey run,  
Nor tasted the Redeemer's grace,  
Nor yet my work begun ?

The morning of my life is past,  
The noon is almost o'er,  
The night of death approaches fast,  
When I can work no more

Darkness He makes His secret place,  
Thick clouds surround His Throne,  
Nor can I yet behold His face,  
Or find the God Unknown

A God that hides Himself He is,  
Far off from mortal sight,  
An inaccessible Abyss  
Of uncreated Light

Far off He is, yet always near,  
He fills both earth and Heaven,  
But doth not to my soul appear,  
My soul from Eden driven

O'er earth a banish'd man I rove,  
But cannot feel Him nigh  
Where is the pardoning God of Love,  
Who stoop'd for me to die ?

A A 2

I sought Him in the secret cell  
With unavailing care  
Long did I in the desert dwell,  
Nor could I find Him there,

Still every means in vain I try,  
I seek Him far and near,  
Where'er I come, constrain'd to cry,  
"My Saviour is not here"

God is in this, in every place  
Yet oh ! how dark and void  
To me ! 'tis one great wilderness,  
This earth without my God !

Empty of Him, who all things fills,  
Till He His Light impart,  
Till He His glorious Self reveals,  
The veil is on my heart

O Thou, who seest and know'st my grief,  
Thyself Unseen, Unknown !  
Pity my helpless unbelief,  
And take away the stone !

Regard me with a gracious eye,  
The long-sought blessing give,  
And bid me, at the point to die,  
Behold Thy face, and live !

A darker soul did never yet  
Thy promised help implore  
O ! that I now my Lord might meet,  
And never lose Him more !

*Charles Wesley* 1749



## CCCXXXVI

O Thou, whose tender mercy hears  
    Contrition's humble sigh,  
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears  
    From sorrow's weeping eye,

See, low before Thy throne of grace,  
    A wretched wanderer mourn,  
Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face ?  
    Hast Thou not said, Return ?

And shall my guilty fears prevail  
    To drive me from Thy feet ?  
Oh ! let not this dear refuge fail,  
    This only safe retreat !

Absent from Thee, my Guide, my Light,  
    Without one cheering ray,  
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,  
    How desolate my way !

O shine on this benighted heart,  
    With beams of mercy shine !  
And let Thy healing voice impart  
    A taste of joys Divine !

Thy presence only can bestow  
    Delights which never cloy  
Be this my solace here below,  
    And my eternal joy !

*Anne Steele 1760*

## CCCCXXVII

When shall Thy love constrain  
 And force me to Thy breast ?  
 When shall my soul return again  
 To her eternal rest ?

Ah ! what avails my strife,  
 My wandering to and fro ?  
 Thou hast the words of endless life,  
 Ah ! whither should I go ?

Thy condescending grace  
 To me did freely move,  
 It calls me still to seek Thy face,  
 And stoops to ask my love

Lord ! at Thy feet I fall,  
 I groan to be set free,  
 I fain would now obey the call,  
 And give up all for Thee

Though late, I all forsake,  
 My friends, my life resign  
 Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,  
 And seal me ever Thine !

Come, and possess me whole,  
 Nor hence again remove  
 Settle, and fix my wavering soul  
 With all Thy weight of love !

My one desire be this,  
 Thy only love to know,  
 To seek and taste no other bliss,  
 No other good below

My Life, my Portion Thou,  
Thou all-sufficient art,  
My Hope, my heavenly Treasure, now  
Enter, and keep my heart !

*Charles Wesley 1740*

## CCCCXXVIII

My spirit longeth for Thee  
Within my troubled breast,  
Although I be unworthy  
Of so Divine a Guest

Of so Divine a Guest  
Unworthy though I be,  
Yet has my heart no rest  
Unless it come from Thee

Unless it come from Thee,  
In vain I look around,  
In all that I can see  
No rest is to be found

No rest is to be found  
But in Thy blessed love,  
O let my wish be crown'd,  
And send it from above !

*John Byrom 1773*

## CCCCXXIX

Weary of wandering from my God,  
And now made willing to return,  
I hear, and bow me to the rod,  
For Him, not without hope, I mourn  
I have an Advocate above,  
A friend before the Throne of Love

O Jesu, full of pardoning grace,  
More full of grace than I of sin ,  
Yet once again I seek Thy face,  
Open Thine arms and take me in,  
And freely my backslidings heal,  
And love the faithless sinner still !

Thou know'st the way to bring me back,  
My fallen spirit to restore ,  
O, for Thy Truth and Mercy's sake,  
Forgive, and bid me sin no more !  
The ruins of my soul repair,  
And make my heart an house of prayer !

The stone to flesh again convert,  
The veil of sin once more remove ,  
Drop Thy warm Blood upon my heart,  
And melt it with Thy dying love  
This rebel heart by love subdue,  
And make it soft, and make it new !

Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,  
And kindle my relentings now ,  
Fill all my soul with filial fears,  
To Thy sweet yoke my spirit bow ,  
Bend by Thy grace, O ! bend, or break  
The iron sinew in my neck !

Ah ! give me, Lord, the tender heart,  
That trembles at th' approach of sin ,  
A godly fear of sin impart,  
Implant, and root it deep within ,  
That I may dread Thy gracious power,  
And never dare offend Thee more !

*Charles Wesley* 1749

## G C C X L

Hear, gracious God ! a sinner's cry,  
For I have nowhere else to fly ,  
My hope, my only hope's in Thee ,  
O God, be merciful to me !

To Thee I come, a sinner poor,  
And wait for mercy at Thy door ,  
Indeed, I've nowhere else to flee  
O God, be merciful to me !

To Thee I come, a sinner weak,  
And scarce know how to pray or speak ,  
From fear and weakness set me free ,  
O God, be merciful to me !

To Thee I come, a sinner vile ,  
Upon me, Lord, vouchsafe to smile !  
Mercy alone I make my plea ,  
O God, be merciful to me !

To Thee I come, a sinner great,  
And well Thou knowest all my state ,  
Yet full forgiveness is with Thee ,  
O God, be merciful to me !

To Thee I come, a sinner lost,  
Nor have I ought wherein to trust ,  
But where Thou art, Lord, I would be ,  
O God, be merciful to me !

To glory bring me, Lord, at last ,  
And there, when all my fears are past,  
With all the saints I'll then agree,  
God has been merciful to me !

*Samuel Medley* 1789

## CCCXLI

Hear, gracious God ' my humble moan ,  
To Thee I breathe my sighs  
When will the mournful night be gone,  
And when my joys arise ?

My God ' Oh ' could I make the claim,  
My Father and my Friend '  
And call Thee mine, by every name  
On which Thy saints depend ,

By every name of power and love  
I would Thy grace entreat ,  
Nor should my humble hopes remove,  
Nor leave Thy sacred seat

Yet, though my soul in darkness mourns,  
Thy word is all my stay ,  
Here I would rest till light returns,  
Thy Presence makes my day

Speak, Lord, and bid celestial peace  
Relieve my aching heart '  
O smile, and bid my sorrows cease,  
And all the gloom depart '

Then shall my drooping spirit rise,  
And bless Thy healing rays,  
And change these deep complaining sighs  
For songs of sacred praise '

*Anne Steele 1760*

## CCCXLII

And shall I sit alone,  
Oppress'd with grief and fear,  
To God my Father make my moan,  
And He refuse to hear ?

If He my Father be,  
His pity He will show,  
From cruel bondage set me free,  
And inward peace bestow

If still He silence keep,  
'Tis but my faith to try ,  
He knows and feels, when'er I weep,  
And softens every sigh

Then will I humbly wait,  
Nor once indulge despair ,  
My sins are great, but not so great  
As His compassions are

*Benjamin Beddome* [1769]

## CCCXLIII

O that my load of sin were gone !  
O that I could at last submit  
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,  
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet !

When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb,  
The God of my salvation see ?  
Wearied, O Lord, Thou know'st I am ,  
Yet still I cannot come to Thee

Rest for my soul I long to find ,  
Saviour ! (if mine indeed Thou art,)  
Give me Thy meek and lowly mind  
And stamp Thy image on my heart !

Fain would I learn of Thee, my God,  
 Thy light and easy burden prove,  
 The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood.  
 The labour of Thy dying love

This moment would I take it up,  
 And after my dear Master bear,  
 With Thee ascend to Calvary's top,  
 And bow my head and suffer there

I would, but Thou must give the power,  
 My heart from every sin release  
 Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,  
 And fill me with Thy perfect peace !

Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,  
 Nor let Thy chariot-wheels delay !  
 Appear, in my poor heart appear !  
 My God, my Saviour, come away !

*Charles Wesley 1742*

#### CCCXLIV

Come, let us to the Lord our God  
 With contrite hearts return,  
 Our God is gracious, nor will leave  
 The desolate to mourn

His voice commands the tempest forth,  
 And stills the stormy wave,  
 And, though His arm be strong to smite,  
 'Tis also strong to save

Long hath the night of sorrow reign'd,  
 The dawn shall bring us light,  
 God shall appear, and we shall rise  
 With gladness in His sight



Our hearts, if God we seek to know,  
 Shall know Him, and rejoice ,  
 His coming like the morn shall be,  
 Like morning songs His voice

As dew upon the tender herb,  
 Diffusing fragrance round ,  
 As showers that usher in the spring,  
 And cheer the thirsty ground ,

So shall His Presence bless our souls,  
 And shed a joyful light ,  
 That hallow'd morn shall chase away  
 The shadows of the night

*John Morrison 1781*

## III

## FAITH

*' Looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of  
 our Faith'—(HEB XII 2)*

## CCCXLV

Come, O thou Traveller unknown,  
 Whom still I hold, but cannot see,  
 My company before is gone,  
 And I am left alone with Thee ,  
 With Thee all night I mean to stay,  
 And wrestle till the break of day

I need not tell Thee who I am,  
 My misery or sin declare ,  
 Thyself hast call'd me by my name ,  
 Look on Thy hands, and read it there !  
 But Who, I ask Thee, Who art Thou ?  
 Tell me Thy Name, and tell me now,

In vain Thou strugglest to get free,  
I never will unloose my hold ,  
Art Thou the Man that died for me ?  
The secret of Thy love unfold  
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,  
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal  
Thy new, unutterable Name ?  
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell  
To know it now, resolved I am  
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,  
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know

'Tis all in vain to hold Thy tongue,  
Or touch the hollow of my thigh ,  
Though every sinew be unstrung,  
Out of my arms Thou shalt not fly  
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,  
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know

What though my shrinking flesh complain,  
And murmur to contend so long ?  
I rise superior to my pain ,  
When I am weak, then I am strong  
And when my all of strength shall fail,  
I shall with the God-Man prevail

My strength is gone , my-nature dies ,  
I sink beneath Thy weighty hand,  
Faint to revive, and fall to rise ,  
I fall, and yet by faith I stand  
I stand, and will not let Thee go,  
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know

Yield to me now, for I am weak,  
But confident in self-despair ,  
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,  
Be conquer'd by my instant prayer !  
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,  
And tell me, if Thy Name is Love ?

'Tis Love ! 'tis Love ! Thou diedst for me !  
I hear Thy whisper in my heart !  
The morning breaks, the shadows flee ,  
Pure universal Love Thou art !  
To me, to all, Thy bowels move ,  
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love !

My prayer hath power with God , the grace  
Unspeakable I now receive ,  
Through faith I see Thee face to face,  
I see Thee face to face, and live  
In vain I have not wept and strove ,  
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love

I know Thee, Saviour, Who Thou art ,  
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend !  
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,  
But stay, and love me to the end !  
Thy mercies never shall remove,  
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love !

The Sun of Righteousness on me  
Hath rose, with healing in His wings ,  
Wither'd my nature's strength, from Thee  
My soul its life and succour brings ,  
My help is all laid up above ,  
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love.

Contented now upon my thigh  
 I halt, till life's short journey end ,  
 All helplessness, all weakness, I  
 On Thee alone for strength depend ,  
 Nor have I power from Thee to move ,  
 Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love

Lame as I am, I take the prey,  
 Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome ,  
 I leap for joy, pursue my way,  
 And as a bounding hart fly home !  
 Through all eternity to prove,  
 Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love !

*Charles Wesley 1742*

# CCCXLVI

Hark, my soul ! it is the Lord,  
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word  
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee ,  
 " Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me ?

" I delivered thee when bound,  
 " And, when bleeding, heal'd thy wound ,  
 " Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
 " Turn'd thy darkness into light

" Can a woman's tender care  
 " Cease towards the child she bare ?  
 " Yes, she may forgetful be ,  
 " Yet will I remember thee !

" Mine is an unchanging love,  
 " Higher than the heights above,  
 " Deeper than the depths beneath,  
 " Free and faithful, strong as death

"Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
 "When the work of grace is done,  
 "Partner of my throne shalt be,  
 "Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

Lord! it is my chief complaint,  
 That my love is weak and faint,  
 Yet I love Thee and adore!  
 Oh! for grace to love Thee more!

*William Cowper 1779*

## CCCXLVII

And can it be, that I should gain  
 An interest in the Saviour's blood?  
 Died He for me, who caus'd His pain,  
 For me, who Him to death pursued?  
 Amazing Love! how can it be,  
 That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

'Tis mystery all! Th' Immortal dies!  
 Who can explore His strange design?  
 In vain the first-born seraph tries  
 To sound the depths of Love Divine  
 'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore!  
 Let angel minds enquire no more!

He left His Father's throne above,  
 (So free, so infinite His grace,)  
 Emptied Himself of all but love,  
 And bled for Adam's helpless race  
 'Tis mercy all, immense and free!  
 For O, my God! it found out me

B B

Long my imprison'd spirit lay,  
 Fast bound in sin and nature's night,  
 Thine eye diffus'd a quickening ray,  
 I woke, the dungeon flam'd with light  
 My chains fell off, my heart was free,  
 I rose, went forth, and follow'd Thee !

Still the small inward voice I hear,  
 That whispers all my sins forgiven,  
 Still the atoning Blood is near,  
 That quench'd the wrath of hostile Heaven,  
 I feel the life His wounds impart,  
 I feel my Saviour in my heart

No condemnation now I dread,  
 Jesus, and all in Him, is mine !  
 Alive in Him, my living Head,  
 And cloth'd in righteousness Divine,  
 Bold I approach th' Eternal Throne,  
 And claim the crown, through Christ my own  
*Charles Wesley 1739*

## CCCXLVIII

Now I have found the ground wherein  
 Sure my soul's anchor may remain,  
 The wounds of Jesus, for my sin  
 Before the world's foundation slain,  
 Whose mercy shall unshaken stay  
 When heaven and earth are fled away

Father, Thine everlasting grace  
 Our scanty thought surpasses far,  
 Thy heart still melts with tenderness,  
 Thine arms of love still open are,  
 Returning sinners to receive,  
 That mercy they may taste and live

O Love ! Thou bottomless abyss !  
 My sins are swallow'd up in thee  
 Cover'd is my unrighteousness,  
 Nor spot of guilt remains on me  
 While Jesus' Blood, through earth and skies,  
 Mercy, free boundless mercy, cries !

With faith I plunge me in this sea ,  
 Here is my hope, my joy, my rest ,  
 Hither, when hell assails, I flee,  
 I look into my Saviour's breast  
 Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear !  
 Mercy is all that's written there !

Though waves and storms go o'er my head ,  
 Though strength, and health, and friends be gone ,  
 Though joys be wither'd all and dead ,  
 Though every comfort be withdrawn ,  
 On this my steadfast soul relies ,  
 Father ! Thy mercy never dies

Fix'd on this ground will I remain,  
 Though my heart fail and flesh decay ,  
 This anchor shall my soul sustain,  
 When earth's foundations melt away  
 Mercy's full power I then shall prove,  
 Loved with an everlasting love

*John Wesley 1740*  
*(From John Andrew Rothe) 1725*

-  
 CCCXLIX

O Thou, the contrite sinners' Friend,  
 Who loving, lov'st them to the end,  
 On this alone my hopes depend,  
 That Thou wilt plead for me !

B B 2

When, weary in the Christian race,  
Far off appears my resting-place,  
And fainting I mistrust Thy grace,  
Then, Saviour, plead for me !

When I have err'd and gone astray  
Afar from Thine and Wisdom's way,  
And see no glimmering guiding ray,  
Still, Saviour, plead for me !

When Satan, by my sins made bold,  
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,  
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,  
And plead, O plead for me !

And when my dying hour draws near,  
Darken'd with anguish, guilt, and fear,  
Then to my fainting sight appear,  
Pleading in Heaven for me !

When the full light of heavenly day  
Reveals my sins in dread array,  
Say Thou hast wash'd them all away ,  
O say, Thou plead'st for me !

*Charlotte Elliott* [1835]

## CCCL

O Holy Saviour, Friend unseen,  
The faint, the weak, on Thee may lean  
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,  
By faith to cling to Thee !

Blest with communion so Divine,  
Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine,  
When, as the branches to the vine,  
My soul may cling to Thee ?



Far from her home, fatigued, opprest,  
Here she has found a place of rest,  
An exile still, yet not unblest  
While she can cling to Thee !

Without a murmur I dismiss  
My former dreams of earthly bliss ,  
My joy, my recompense be this,  
Each hour to cling to Thee !

What though the world deceitful prove,  
And earthly friends and joys remove ?  
With patient uncomplaining love  
Still would I cling to Thee !

Oft when I seem to tread alone  
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,  
A voice of love, in gentlest tone,  
Whispers, " Still cling to Me !"

Though faith and hope awhile be tried,  
I ask not, need not, aught beside  
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,  
The souls that cling to Thee !

They fear not life's rough storms to brave,  
Since Thou art near, and strong to save ,  
Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave ,  
Because they cling to Thee !

Blest is my lot, whate'er befall  
What can disturb me, who appal,  
While, as my strength, my rock, my all,  
Saviour ! I cling to Thee ?

*Charlotte E. Mott* 1834

## CCCLII.

Jesu, my strength, my hope,  
On Thee I cast my care,  
With humble confidence look up,  
And know, Thou hear'st my prayer  
Give me on Thee to wait  
Till I can all things do,  
On Thee, Almighty to create !  
Almighty to renew !

I want a sober mind, <sup>r</sup>  
A self-renouncing will,  
That tramples down and casts behind  
The baits of pleasing ill  
A soul inured to pain,  
To hardship, grief, and loss ,  
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,  
The consecrated cross

I want a godly fear,  
A quick-discerning eye,  
That looks to Thee when sin is near,  
And sees the Tempter fly ,  
A spirit still prepared,  
And arm'd with jealous care,  
For ever standing on its guard,  
And watching unto prayer

I want a heart to pray,  
To pray and never cease,  
Never to murmur at Thy stay,  
Or wish my sufferings less ,  
This blessing, above all,  
Always to pray, I want,  
Out of the deep on Thee to call,  
And never, never faint

I want a true regard,  
 A single, steady aim,  
 Unmov'd by threat'ning or reward,  
 To Thee and Thy great Name ,  
 A jealous, just concern  
 For Thine immortal praise ,  
 A pure desire that all may learn  
 And glorify Thy grace

I rest upon Thy word ,  
 Thy promise is for me ,  
 My succour and salvation, Lord,  
 Shall surely come from Thee  
 But let me still abide,  
 Nor from my hope remove,  
 Till Thou my patient spirit guide  
 Into Thy perfect love !

*Charles Wesley 1742*

## IV

## LOVE

*"If ye love Me, keep My commandments"*

(JOHN XIV 15)

## CCCLII

Jesus, my all, to Heaven is gone ,  
 He that I placed my hopes upon ,  
 His track I see , and I'll pursue  
 The narrow way, till Him I view

The way the holy Prophets went,  
 The road that leads from banishment,  
 The King's high-way of holiness,  
 I'll go , for all the paths are peace

No stranger may pioceed therein,  
 No lover of the world and sin ,  
 No lion, no devouring care,  
 No ravenous tiger shall be there

No nothing may go up thereon  
 But travelling souls , and I am one  
 Wayfaring men, to Canaan bound,  
 Shall only in the way be found

Nor fools, by carnal men esteem'd,  
 Shall err therein , but they, redeem'd  
 In Jesu's blood, shall show their right  
 To travel there, till Heav'n's in sight

This is the way I long have sought,  
 And mourn'd, because I found it not ,  
 My grief, my burden, long have been  
 Because I could not cease from sin

The more I strove against its power,  
 I sinn'd and stumbled but the more ,  
 Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
 "Come hither, soul ! for I'm the Way ! "

Lo ! glad I come , and Thou, dear Lamb,  
 Shalt take me to Thee, as I am  
 Nothing but sin I Thee can give ,  
 Yet help me, and Thy praise I'll live !

I'll tell to all poor sinners round  
 What a dear Saviour I have found ,  
 I'll point to Thy Redeeming blood  
 And say, " Behold the Way to God ! "

*John Cennick* 1743

CCCLIII

Go, worship at Immanuel's feet ,  
See, in His face what wonders meet ,  
Earth is too narrow to express  
His worth, His glory, or His grace !

The whole creation can afford  
But some faint shadows of my Lord  
Nature, to make His beauties known,  
Must mingle colours not her own

Is He compared to Wine or Bread ?  
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed  
That flesh, that dying Blood of Thine,  
Is Bread of Life, is heavenly Wine

Is He a Tree ? The world receives  
Salvation from His healing leaves  
That righteous Branch, that fruitful bough  
Is David's root and offspring too

Is he a Rose ? Not Sharon yields  
Such fragrancy in all her fields ,  
Or if the Lily He assume,  
The valleys bless the rich perfume

Is He a Vine ? His heavenly root  
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit  
O let a lasting union join  
My soul the branch to Christ the Vine !

Is He the Head ? Each member lives,  
And owns the vital power He gives ,  
The Saints below and Saints above  
Joined by His Spirit and His love.

Is He a Fountain ? There I bathe,  
And heal the plague of sin and death,  
These waters all my soul renew,  
And cleanse my spotted garments too

Is He a Fire ? He'll purge my dross,  
But the true gold sustains no loss  
Like a Refiner shall He sit,  
And tread the refuse with His feet

Is He a Rock ? How firm He proves !  
The Rock of Ages never moves  
Yet the sweet streams, that from Him flow,  
Attend us all the desert through

Is He a Way ? He leads to God,  
The path is drawn in lines of Blood,  
There would I walk with hope and zeal,  
Till I arrive at Sion's hill

Is He a Door ? I'll enter in,  
Behold the pastures large and green !  
A paradise divinely fair,  
None but the sheep have freedom there

Is He design'd a Corner-stone,  
For men to build their Heaven upon ?  
I'll make Him my Foundation too,  
Nor fear the plots of hell below

Is He a Temple ? I adore  
The indwelling majesty and power,  
And still to His Most Holy Place,  
Whenever I pray, I turn my face

Is He a Star ? He breaks the night,  
Piercing the shades with dawning light,  
I know His glories from afar,  
I know the bright, the morning Star !

Is He a Sun ? His beams are grace,  
His course is joy and Righteousness  
Nations rejoice, when He appears  
To chase their clouds and dry their tears

Oh ! let me climb those higher skies  
Where storms and darkness never rise !  
There He displays His powers abroad,  
And shines and reigns, th' incarnate God

Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,  
Nor heaven His full resemblance bears  
His beauties we can never trace,  
Till we behold Him face to face  
*Isaac Watts 1709*

## CCCLIV

Compared with Christ, in all beside  
No comeliness I see,  
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,  
Is to be one with Thee  
The sense of Thy expiring Love  
Into my soul convey,  
Thyself bestow for Thee alone  
I absolutely pray

Whatever else Thy will withhold,  
Here grant me to succeed !  
O let Thyself my portion be,  
And I am blest indeed !

Less than Thy self will not suffice  
 My comfort to restore,  
 More than Thyself I cannot have,  
 And Thou canst give no more

Loved of my God, for Him again  
 With love intense I burn,  
 Chosen of Thee ere time began,  
 I choose Thee in return!  
 Whate'er consists not with Thy love,  
 O! teach me to resign,  
 I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss,  
 If Thou, O God, art mine!

*Augustus Montague Toplady 1772*

CCCLV

Jesu! who for my transgression  
 Didst the shameful cross endure,  
 And didst there the blest possession  
 Of Thy joys to me insure,  
 May my praise be ever telling  
 Of Thy love, all love excelling!

Wondrous woes that brought salvation!  
 Wondrous grace to sinners shown!  
 Heaven is wrapt in contemplation  
 Of His love, whom men disown!  
 Oh my soul! wilt thou disown Him?  
 Wilt not thou, my heart, enthrone Him?

Who but He can bless thy weeping?  
 Who but He can soothe thy grief?  
 Only safe beneath His keeping,  
 Thou in Him hast sure relief



To the cross He came to bless thee,  
Let His love, my soul, possess thee !

Lord ! each thought and inclination,  
All my heart and will inspire,  
That my soul, Thy new creation,  
Thee may serve with pure desire,  
Daily Thy great love reviewing,  
Daily thus my sins subduing !  
*Arthur Tozer Russell 1851*

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## CCCLVI

Eternal God, of beings First,  
Of all created good the Spring,  
For Thee I long, for Thee I thirst,  
My Love, my Saviour, and my King !  
Thine is a never-failing store,  
If God be mine, I ask no more

The fairest world of light on high  
Reflection makes but faint of Thine,  
The glorious tenants of the sky  
In God's own beams transported shine  
But, shouldst Thou wrap Thy face in shade,  
Soon all their life and lustre fade

Thy Presence makes celestial day,  
And fills each raptur'd soul with bliss,  
Night would prevail, were God away,  
And spirits pine in Paradise !  
In vain would all the angels try  
To fill Thy room, Thy lack supply

And, sure, from Heav'n we turn our eyes  
 In vain, to seek for bliss below,  
 The tree of Life can't root nor rise,  
 Nor in this blasted region grow  
 The wealth of this poor barren clod  
 Can ne'er make up the want of God

But, Lord ! in Thee the thirsty soul  
 Will meet with full, with rich supplies !  
 Thy smiles will all her fears control,  
 Thy beauties feast her ravish'd eyes  
 To failing flesh and fainting hearts  
 Thy favour life and strength imparts !  
*Simon Browne 1720*

## CCCXVII

Christ, my hidden Life appear,  
 Soul of my inmost soul !  
 Light of life, the mourner cheer,  
 And make the sinner whole !  
 Now in me Thyself display,  
 Surely Thou in all things art,  
 I from all things turn away  
 To seek Thee in my heart !

Open, Lord, my inward ear,  
 And bid my heart rejoice !  
 Bid my quiet spirit hear  
 Thy comfortable voice,  
 Never in the whirlwind found,  
 Or where earthquakes rock the place,  
 Still and silent is the sound,  
 The whisper of Thy grace !

From the world of sin, and noise,  
And hurry, I withdraw ,  
For the small and inward Voice  
I wait with humble awe  
Silent am I now and still ,  
Dare not in Thy presence move  
To my waiting soul reveal  
The secret of Thy love !

Thou hast undertook for me  
For me to death wast sold ,  
Wisdom in a mystery  
Of bleeding love unfold !  
Teach the lesson of Thy cross ,  
Let me die, with Thee to reign !  
All things let me count but loss,  
So I may Thee regain !

Show me, as my soul can bear,  
The depth of inbred sin ,  
All the unbelief declare,  
The pride that lurks within  
Take me, whom Thyself hast bought !  
Bring into captivity  
Every high aspiring thought,  
That would not stoop to Thee !

Lord, my time is in Thy hand ,  
My soul to Thee convert !  
Thou canst make me understand,  
Though I am slow of heart  
Thine, in whom I live and move,  
Thine the work, the power is Thine !  
Thou art Wisdom, Power, and Love ,  
And all thou art is mine !

*Charles Wesley 1742*

## CCCLV¶I

Source of good, whose power controls  
Every movement of our souls ,  
Wind that quickens where it blows ,  
Comforter of human woes ,  
Lamp of God, whose ray serene  
In the darkest night is seen ,  
Come, inspire my feeble strain,  
That I may not sing in vain !

God's own Finger, skill'd to teach  
Tongues of every land and speech ,  
Balsam of the wounded soul,  
Binding up, and making whole ,  
Flame of pure and holy love ,  
Strength of all that live and move ,  
Come ! Thy gifts and fire impart ,  
Make me love Thee from the heart !

As the hart, with longing, looks  
For refreshing water-brooks,  
Heated in the burning chace ,  
So my soul desires Thy grace  
So my heavy-laden breast,  
By the cares of life opprest,  
Longs Thy cooling streams to taste  
In this dry and barren waste

Mighty Spirit ! by whose aid  
Man a living soul was made ,  
Everlasting God ! whose fire  
Kindles chaste and pure desire ,  
Grant, in every grief and loss,  
I may calmly bear the cross,  
And surrender all to Thee,  
Comforting and strengthening me !

Let not hell, with frowns or smiles,  
 Open force or cunning wiles,  
 Snap the thread of my brief days,  
 But, when gently life decays,  
 Take to Heaven Thy servant dear,  
 Who hath loved and served Thee here,  
 There eternal hymns to raise,  
 Mighty Spirit ! to Thy praise !

*Richard Massie 1854*

*(From John Frank 1660)*

## CCCLIX

O Lamp of Life ! that on the bloody Cross  
 Dost hang, the Beacon of our wandering race,  
 To guide us homeward to our resting-place,  
 And save our best wealth from eternal loss !  
 So purge my inward sight from earthly dross,  
 That, fix'd upon Thy Cross, or near or far,  
 In all the storms this weary bark that toss,  
 (Whate'er be lost in that tempestuous war,)  
 Thee I retain, my Compass and my Star !  
 That, when arrived upon the wish'd-for strand,  
 I pass of death th' irrevocable bar,  
 And at the gate of Heaven trembling stand,  
 The everlasting doors may open wide,  
 And give Thee to my sight, God glorified !

*Charles Dyson 1816*

## CCCLX

A poor wayfaring man of grief  
 Hath often cross'd me on my way,  
 Who sued so humbly for relief,  
 That I could never answer, Nay

I had not power to ask his name,  
 Whither he went, or whence he came,  
 Yet there was something in his eye  
 That won my love, I knew not why

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,  
 He entered, not a word he spake,  
 Just perishing for want of bread,  
 I gave him all, he bless'd it, brake,  
 And ate, but gave me part again  
 Mine was an angel's portion then,  
 For, while I fed with eager haste,  
 That crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him, where a fountain burst  
 Clear from the rock, his strength was gone  
 The heedless water mock'd his thirst,  
 He heard it, saw it hurrying on  
 I ran to raise the sufferer up,  
 Thrice from the stream he drain'd my cup,  
 Dipt, and return'd it running o'er,  
 I drank, and never thirsted more

'Twas night, the floods were out, it blew  
 A winter hurricane aloof,  
 I heard his voice abroad, and flew  
 To bid him welcome to my roof,  
 I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,  
 Laid him on my own couch to rest,  
 Then made the hearth my bed, and seem'd  
 In Eden's garden while I dream'd,

Stript, wounded, beaten, nigh to death,  
 I found him by the highway-side  
 I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,  
 Reviv'd his spirit, and supplied

Wine, oil, refreshment, he was healed,  
I had myself a wound concealed,  
But from that hour forgot the smart,  
And peace bound up my broken heart

In prison I saw him next, condemned  
To meet a traitor's death at morn  
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,  
And honoured him midst shame and scorn,  
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,  
He ask'd, if I for him would die?  
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,  
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment to my view  
The Stranger darted from disguise,  
The tokens in His hands I knew,  
My Saviour stood before mine eyes!  
He spake, and my poor name He named,  
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed,  
These deeds shall thy memorial be,  
Fear not, thou didst them unto Me"

James Montgomery 1826

V.

HOPE

<sup>1</sup> *Set your affections on things above, not on things  
on the earth*"—(COL III 2)

CCCLXI

I praised the earth, in beauty seen  
With garlands gay of various green,  
I praised the sea, whose ample field  
Shone glorious as a silver shield,  
And earth and ocean seem'd to say,  
"Our beauties are but for a day" •

I praised the sun, whose chariot roll'd  
 On wheels of amber and of gold,  
 I praised the moon, whose softer eye  
 Gleam'd sweetly through the summer sky  
 And moon and sun in answer said,  
 "Our days of light are numbered"

O God ! O Good beyond compare !  
 If thus Thy meaner works are fair,  
 If thus Thy bounties gild the span  
 Of ruin'd earth and sinful man,  
 How glorious must the mansion be,  
 Where Thy redeem'd shall dwell with Thee !  
*Bishop Reginald Heber 1827*

## CCCLXII

Our life is but an idle play,  
 And various as the wind,  
 We laugh and sport our hours away,  
 Nor think of woes behind

See the fair cheek of beauty fade,  
 Frail glory of an hour,  
 And blooming youth, with sickening head,  
 Droops like the dying flower,

Our pleasures, like the morning sun,  
 Diffuse a flattering light,  
 But gloomy clouds obscure their noon,  
 And soon they sink in night

Wealth, pomp, and honour, we behold  
 With an admiring eye,  
 Like summer insects, drest in gold,  
 That flutter, shine, and die



One little moment can destroy  
Our vast laborious schemes ,  
And all our heaps of solid joy  
Are sweet deceitful dreams

Then rise, my soul ! and soar away  
Above the thoughtless crowd ,  
Above the pleasures of the gay,  
And splendours of the proud ,

Up where eternal beauties bloom,  
And pleasures all divine ,  
Where wealth, that never can consume,  
And endless glories shine !

*Henry Moore* [1806]

CCCLXIII

Though, by sorrows overtaken,  
Lord, thy servants seem forsaken,  
Thy Almighty hand, we know,  
Blendeth love with human woe

Over earth, and over ocean,  
Claiming sinful man's devotion,  
Round the living and the dead,  
Lord, Thy boundless love is shed

All to death in this world hasteth ,  
Riches vanish, beauty wasteth ,  
Yet within the mourner's breast  
Love is an undying guest

Love, unlike all worldly pleasures,  
Wraps in grief its golden treasures,  
And to meek and wounded hearts  
Deep and holy joy imparts

Love, that strength and pardon bringest  
Through His cross, from Whom thou springest!  
May in us Thy gracious force  
Heavenward turn our spirits' course !

Come, and while Salvation's morning  
On our darken'd soul is dawning,  
Sin's deep midnight roll away !  
Pour on us the light of day !

*Algernon Herbert* [1839]

CCCLXIV

We've no abiding city here  
This may distress the worldling's mind,  
But should not cost the saint a tear  
Who hopes a better rest to find

We've no abiding city here  
Sad truth ! were this to be our home !  
But let this thought our spirits cheer,  
We seek a city yet to come

We've no abiding city here  
Then let us live as pilgrims do !  
Let not the world our rest appear,  
But let us haste from all below

We've no abiding city here  
We seek a city out of sight,  
Zion its name, the Lord is there, -  
It shines with everlasting light !

Zion ! Jehovah is her strength,  
Secure she smiles at all her foes,  
And weary travellers at length  
Within her sacred walls repose

O ' sweet abode of peace and love,  
 Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest '  
 Had I the pinions of the dove,  
 I'd fly to thee, and be at rest '  
*Thomas Kelly 1806—1836*

CCCLXV

PSALM CXXXVII

Far from my heavenly home,  
 Far from my Father's breast,  
 Fainting I cry, "Blest Spirit ' come  
 And speed me to my rest '"

Upon the willows long  
 My harp has silent hung  
 How should I sing a cheerful song  
 Till Thou inspire my tongue ?

My spirit homeward turns,  
 And fain would thither flee ,  
 My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,  
 When I remember thee

To thee, to thee I press,  
 A dark and toilsome road  
 When shall I pass the wilderness  
 And reach the saints' abode ?

God of my life, be near !  
 On Thee my hopes I cast  
 O guide me through the desert here,  
 And bring me home at last !  
*Henry Francis Lyt 1834*

## CCCLXVI

O happy soul, that lives on high,  
While men lie grovelling here !  
His hopes are fix'd above the sky,  
And faith forbids his fear

His conscience knows no secret stings ,  
While peace and joy combine  
To form a life, whose holy springs  
Are hidden and divine

He waits in secret on his God,  
His God in secret sees ,  
Let earth be all in arms abroad,  
He dwells in heavenly peace

His pleasures rise from things unseen,  
Beyond this world and time,  
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,  
Nor thoughts of sinners climb

He wants no pomp, nor royal throne,  
To raise his figure here ,  
Content and pleased to live unknown,  
Till Christ, his Life, appear

He looks to Heaven's eternal hill,  
To meet that glorious day ,  
And patient waits his Saviour's will,  
To fetch his soul away

*Isaac Watts 1709*

## CCCLXVII

Fain would my thoughts fly up to Thee,  
Thy peace, sweet Lord, to find ,  
But when I offer, still the world  
Lays clogs upon my mind

Sometimes I climb a little way  
And thence look down below ,  
How nothing, there, do all things seem,  
That here make such a show !

Then round about I turn my eyes  
To feast my hungry sight ,  
I meet with Heaven in every thing,  
In every thing delight

I see Thy wisdom ruling all,  
And it with joy admire ,  
I see myself among such hopes  
As set my heart on fire

When I have thus triumph'd awhile,  
And think to build my nest,  
Some cross conceits come fluttering by,  
And interrupt my rest

Then to the earth again I fall,  
And from my low dust cry,  
'Twas not in my wing, Lord, but Thine,  
That I got up so high

And now, my God, whether I rise,  
Or still lie down in dust,  
Both I submit to Thy blest will ,  
In both, on Thee I trust

Guide Thou my way, who art Thyself  
 My everlasting End,  
 That every step, or swift, or slow,  
 Still to Thyself may tend '

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 One consubstantial Thine,  
 All highest praise, all humblest thanks,  
 Now and for ever be ' Amen

*John Austin* 1668

CCCLXVIII

There is a pure and tranquil wave,  
 That rolls around the throne of love,  
 Whose waters gladden as they lave  
 The peaceful shores above

While streams which on that tide depend,  
 Steal from those heavenly shores away,  
 And on this desert world descend  
 O'er weary lands to stray,

The pilgrim faint, and nigh to sink  
 Beneath his load of earthly woe,  
 Refresh'd beside their verdant brink,  
 Rejoices in their flow

There, O my soul, do thou repair,  
 And hover o'er the hallowed spring,  
 To drink the crystal wave; and there  
 To lave thy wearied wing '

There droop that wing, when far it flies  
 From human care, and toil, and strife,  
 And feed by those still streams, that rise  
 Beneath the Tree of Life '

It may be that the breath of love  
Some leaves on their pure tide have driven,  
Which, passing from the shores above,  
Have floated down from Heaven

So shall thy wounds and woes be healed,  
By the blest virtue that they bring ,  
So thy parch'd lips shall be unsealed  
Thy Saviour's praise to sing !

*William Ball* 1825

CCCLXIX

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,  
While these hot breezes blow ,  
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm  
Upon earth's fevered brow !

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,  
Soft resting on Thy breast ,  
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,  
And bid my spirit rest

Calm me, my God, and keep me-calm,  
Let thine outstretched wing,  
Be like the shade of Elim's palm  
Beside her desert-spring

Yes , keep me calm, though loud and rude  
The sounds my ear that greet ,  
Calm in the closet's solitude,  
Calm in the bustling street ;

Calm in the hour of buoyant health  
Calm in my hour of pain ;  
Calm in my poverty or wealth,  
Calm in my loss or gain ,

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,  
 Like Him who bore my shame ,  
 Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,  
 Who hate Thy holy Name ,

Calm when the great world's news with power  
 My listening spirit stir  
 Let not the tidings of the hour  
 E'er find too fond an ear

Calm as the ray of sun or star  
 Which storms assail in vain,  
 Moving unruffled through earth's war  
 Th' eternal calm to gain !

*Horatius Bonar 1856*

CCCLXX

O send me down a draught of love,  
 Or take me hence to drink above !  
 Here, Manah's water fills my cup ,  
 But there, all griefs are swallow'd up

Love here is scarce a faint desire ,  
 But there, the spark's a flaming fire , ,  
 Joys here are drops, that passing flee ,  
 But there, an overflowing sea

My faith, that sees so darkly here,  
 Will there resign to vision clear ,  
 My hope, that's here a weary groan,  
 Will to fruition yield the throne

Here fetters hamper freedom's wing ,  
 But there, the captive is a king ,  
 And grace is like a buried seed  
 But sinners there are saints indeed



My portion here's a crumb at best ,  
But there, the Lamb's eternal feast ,  
My praise is now a smother'd fire ,  
But then, I'll sing and never tire

Now dusky shadows cloud my day ,  
But then, the shades will flee away ,  
My Lord will break the dimming glass,  
And show His glory face to face

My numerous foes now beat me down ,  
But then, I'll wear the victor's crown ,  
Yet all the revenues I'll bring  
To Zion's everlasting King !

*Ralph Erskine 1734*

CCCLXXI

Fierce passions discompose the mind,  
As tempests vex the sea ,  
But calm content and peace we find  
When, Lord, we turn to Thee

In vain by reason and by rule  
We try to bend the will , ~  
For none but in the Saviour's school  
Can learn the heavenly skill

Since at His feet my soul has sat  
His gracious words to hear,  
Contented with my present state,  
I cast on Him my care

" Art thou a sinner, Soul ? " He said ,  
" Then how canst thou complain ?  
" How light thy troubles here, if weigh'd  
" With everlasting pain !

"If thou of mumbling wouldst be cured,  
 "Compare thy griefs with Mine ,  
 "Think what My love for thee endured,  
 "And thou wilt not repine  
 "Tis I appoint thy daily lot,  
 "And I do all things well  
 "Thou soon shalt leave this wretched spot,  
 "And rise with Me to dwell  
 "In life My grace shall strength supply,  
 "Proportion'd to thy day ,  
 "At death thou still shalt find Me nigh,  
 ' To wipe thy tears away "

Thus I, who once my wretched days  
 In vain repinings spent, ^  
 Taught in my Saviour's school of grace,  
 Have learnt to be content

*William Cowper 1779*

CCCLXXII

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
 My Saviour, my eternal Rest !  
 Then only will this longing heart  
 Be fully and for ever blest !

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
 Thy unveil'd glory to behold ,  
 Then only will this wandering heart  
 Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold !

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
 Where spotless saints Thy Name adore ,  
 Then only will this sinful heart  
 Be evil and defiled no more !

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
Where none can die, where none remove,  
There neither death nor life will part  
Me from Thy Presence and Thy love !

*Charlotte Elliott* 1836

CCCLXXIII.

O Lord, how little do we know,  
How little of Thy Presence feel,  
While we continue here below,  
And in these earthly houses dwell !

When will these veils of flesh remove,  
And not eclipse our sight of God ?  
When wilt Thou take us up above,  
To see Thy face without a cloud ?

Show Thy omnipotence to save !  
The characters of sin efface !  
Thine image on our hearts engrave,  
And let us feel Thy sweet embrace !

Dart in our hearts a heavenly ray,  
A ray which still may shine more bright,  
Increasing to the perfect day,  
Till we awake in endless light !

Then shall each Star become a Sun,  
Fill'd with a lustre all Divine,  
Each shall possess a radiant crown,  
And to eternal ages shine

*William Hammond* 1745

## CCCLXXIV

Go up, go up, my heart,  
 Dwell with thy God above ,  
 For here thou canst not rest,  
 Nor here give out thy love

Go up, go up, my heart,  
 Be not a trifier here ,  
 Ascend above these clouds,  
 Dwell in a higher sphere

Let not thy love flow out  
 To things so soiled and dim ,  
 Go up to Heaven and God,  
 Take up thy love to Him

Waste not thy precious stores  
 On creature-love below ,  
 To God that wealth belongs,  
 On Him that wealth bestow

Go up, reluctant heart,  
 Take up thy rest above ,  
 Arise, earth-clinging thoughts ,  
 Ascend, my lingering love !

*Horatius Bonar* 1856

## CCCLXXV

My soul, amid this stormy world,  
 Is like some flutter'd dove,  
 And fain would be as swift of wing  
 To flee to Him I love

The cords that bound my heart to earth  
Are broken By His hand ,  
Before His cross I found myself  
A stranger in the land

That visage mair'd, those sorrows deep,  
The vinegar and gall,  
These were His golden chains of love  
His captive to enthrall

My heart is with Him on His throne,  
And ill can brook delay,  
Each moment listening for the voice,  
" Rise up, and come away ! "

With hope defer'd oft sick and faint,  
" Why taries He ? " I cry ,  
Let not the Saviour chide my haste,  
For then would I reply

" May not an exile, Lord, desire  
" His own sweet land to see ?  
" May not a captive seek release,  
" A prisoner, to be free ?

" A child, when far away, may long  
" For home and kindred dear ,  
And she, that waits her absent lord,  
" May sigh till he appear

" I would, my Lord and Saviour, know  
" That which no measure knows !  
" Would search the mystery of Thy love,  
" The depths of all Thy woes "

" I fain would strike my harp divine,  
 " Before the Father's throne,  
 " There cast my crown of Righteousness,  
 " And sing what grace has done !

" Ah ! leave me not in this base world,  
 " A stranger still to roam ,  
 " Come, Lord, and take me to Thyself ,  
 " Come, Jesus, quickly come ! "

*Robert C Chapman* 1837—1852

## CCCLXXVI

Jesus, I my cross have taken,  
 All to leave, and follow Thee ,  
 Destitute, despised, forsaken,  
 Thou, from hence, my all shalt be  
 Perish every fond ambition,  
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known ,  
 Yet how rich is my condition !  
 God and Heaven are still my own !

Let the world despise and leave me,  
 They have left my Saviour too ,  
 Human hearts and looks deceive me ,  
 Thou art not, like them, untrue  
 And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,  
 God of wisdom, love, and might,  
 Foes may hate, and friends may shun me ,  
 Show Thy face, and all is bright !

Go, then, earthly fame and treasure !  
 Come, disaster, scorn, and pain !  
 In Thy service, pain is pleasure,  
 With Thy favour, loss is gain !

I have call'd Thee, Abba, Father '  
 I have stay'd my heart on Thee '  
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,  
 All must work for good to me

Man may trouble and distress me,  
 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast ,  
 Life with trials hard may press me,  
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest '  
 O ' 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
 While Thy love is left to me '  
 O ' 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
 Were that joy unmix'd with Thee '

Take, my soul, thy full salvation ,  
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ,  
 Joy to find, in every station,  
 Something still to do or bear  
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee '  
 What a Father's smile is thine '  
 What a Saviour died to win thee '  
 Child of Heaven, shouldst thou repine ?

Haste then on from grace to glory,  
 Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer ,  
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,  
 God's own hand shall guide thee there '  
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
 Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days ,  
 Hope soon change to glad fruition,  
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise '  
*Henry Francis Lyte. [1825]*

## VI

## JOY

*"In whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing,  
ye rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory"*  
—(1 PET 1 8)

## CCCLXXVII

My God, the Spring of all my joys,  
The Life of my delights,  
The Glory of my brightest days,  
And Comfort of my nights

In darkest shades if He appear,  
My dawning is begun,  
He is my soul's sweet Morning-star,  
And He my rising Sun

The opening heavens around me shine  
With beams of sacred bliss,  
While Jesus shows, His heart is mine,  
And whispers, I am His

My soul would leave this heavy clay  
At that transporting word,  
Run up with joy the shining way  
T' embrace my dearest Lord,

Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
I'd break through every foe  
The wings of love and arms of faith  
Should bear me conqueror through

*Isaac Watts 1709*



## CCCLXXVIII

Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,  
 From strife and tumult far,  
 From scenes where Satan wages still  
 His most successful war

The calm retreat, the silent shade,  
 With prayer and praise agree,  
 And seem by Thy sweet bounty made  
 For those who follow Thee

There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,  
 And grace her mean abode,  
 Oh with what peace, and joy, and love,  
 She communes with her God !

There, like the nightingale, she pours  
 Her solitary lays,  
 Nor asks a witness of her song,  
 Nor thirsts for human praise

Author and Guardian of my life,  
 Sweet Source of light Divine,  
 And, all harmonious names in one  
 My Saviour ! Thou art mine !

What thanks I owe Thee, and what love,  
 A boundless, endless store,  
 Shall echo through the realms above  
 When time shall be no more !

*William Cowper 1779*

## CCCLXXIX

There's not a bird, with lonely nest  
 In pathless wood or mountain crest,  
 Nor meaner thing, which does not share,  
 O God ! in Thy paternal care !

There's not a being now accurst,  
 Who did not taste Thy goodness first,  
 And every joy the wicked see  
 Received its origin from Thee,

Each barren crag, each desert rude,  
 Holds Thee within its solitude,  
 And Thou dost bless the wanderer there,  
 Who makes his solitary prayer

In busy mart and crowded street,  
 No less than in the still retreat,  
 Thou, Lord, art near, our souls to bless  
 With all a parent's tenderness !

And every moment still doth bring  
 Thy blessings on its loaded wing,  
 Widely they spread through earth and sky,  
 And last to all eternity !

Through all creation let Thy Name  
 Be echoed with a glad acclaim !  
 That let the grateful Churches sing ;  
 With that let heaven for ever ring !

And we, where'er our lot is cast,  
 While life and thought and feeling last,  
 Through all our years, in every place,  
 Will bless Thee for Thy boundless grace !  
*Baptist Wrothlesley Noel* [1841.]

# CCCLXXX

The child leans on its parent's breast,  
 Leaves there its cares, and is at rest,  
 The bird sits singing by his nest,

And tells aloud  
His trust in God, and so is blest  
'Neath every cloud

He has no store, he sows no seed,  
Yet sings aloud, and doth not heed;  
By flowing stream or grassy mead  
He sings to shame  
Men, who forget, in fear of need,  
A Father's Name

The heart that trusts for ever sings,  
And feels as light as it had wings,  
A well of peace within it springs  
Come good or ill,  
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,  
It is His will!  
*Isaac Williams* [1842.]

## CCCLXXXI

Why comes this fragrance on the summer breeze,  
The blended tribute of ten thousand flowers,  
To me, a frequent wanderer 'mid the trees  
That form these gay, though solitary bowers?  
One answer is around, beneath, above,  
The echo of the voice, that God is Love!

Why bursts such melody from tree and bush,  
The overflowing of each songster's heart,  
So filling mine, that it can scarcely hush  
Awhile to listen, but would take its part?  
'Tis but one song I hear where'er I rove,  
Though countless be the notes, that God is Love!

Why leaps the streamlet down the mountain's side,  
 Hastening so swiftly to the vale beneath,  
 To cheer the shepherd's thursty flock, or glide  
 Where the hot sun has left a faded wreath,  
 Or, rippling, aid the music of the grove ?  
 Its own glad voice replies, that God is Love !

In starry heavens, at the midnight hour,  
 In ever-varying hues at morning's dawn,  
 In the fair bow athwart the falling shower,  
 In forest, river, lake, rock, hill, and lawn,  
 One truth is written all conspire to prove,  
 What grace of old reveal'd, that God is Love !

Not less this pulse of health, far glancing eye,  
 And heart so moved with beauty, perfume, song,  
 This spirit, soaring through a gorgeous sky,  
 Or diving ocean's coral caves among,  
 Fleeter than darting fish or startled dove ,  
 All, all declare the same, that God is Love !

Is it a fallen world on which I gaze ?  
 Am I as deeply fallen as the rest,  
 Yet joys partaking, past my utmost praise,  
 Instead of wandering forlorn, unblest ?  
 It is as if an unseen spirit strove  
 To grave upon my heart, that God is Love !

Yet wouldst thou see, my soul, this truth display'd  
 In characters which wondering angels read,  
 And read, adoring, go, imploring aid  
 To gaze with faith, behold the Saviour bleed !  
 Thy God, in human form ! O, what can prove,  
 If this suffice thee not, that God is Love ?

Cling to His cross, and let thy ceaseless prayer  
 Be, that thy grasp may fail not! and, ere long,  
 Thou shalt ascend to that fair Temple, where  
 In strains ecstatic an innumerable throng  
 Of saints and seraphs, round the Throne above,  
 Proclaim for evermore, that God is Love!

*Thomas Davis 1859*

## CCCLXXXII

Shall I fear, O Earth, thy bosom?  
 Shrink and faint to lay me there,  
 Whence the fragrant lovely blossom  
 Springs to gladden earth and air?

Whence the tree, the brook, the river,  
 Soft clouds floating in the sky,  
 All fair things come, whispering ever  
 Of the love Divine on high?

Yea, whence One arose Victorious  
 O'er the darkness of the grave,  
 His strong arm revealing, glorious  
 In its might Divine to save?

No, fair Earth! a tender mother  
 Thou hast been, and yet canst be  
 And through Him, my Lord and Brother,  
 Sweet shall be my rest in thee!

*Thomas Davis 1860*

## CCCLXXXIII

How vast the treasure we possess,  
 How rich Thy bounty, King of grace!  
 This world is ours, and worlds to come,  
 Earth is our lodge, and Heaven our home

All things are ours, the gifts of God,  
 The purchase of a Saviour's Blood,  
 While the good Spirit shews us how  
 To use and to improve them too

If peace and plenty crown my days,  
 They help me, Lord, to speak Thy praise,  
 If bread of sorrows be my food,  
 Those sorrows work my lasting good

I would not change my blest estate  
 For all the world calls good or great,  
 And, while my faith can keep her hold,  
 I envy not the sinner's gold

Father, I wait Thy daily will,  
 Thou shalt divide my portion still,  
 Grant me on earth what seems Thee best,  
 Till death and Heaven reveal the rest

*Isaac Watts 1709*

CCCLXXXIV

By faith in Christ I walk with God,  
 With Heaven, my journey's end in view,  
 Supported by His staff and rod,  
 My road is safe, and pleasant too

I travel through a desert wide  
 Where many round me blindly stray,  
 But He vouchsafes to be my Guide,  
 And will not let me miss my way

Though snares and dangers throng my path,  
 And earth and hell my course withstand,  
 I triumph over all by faith,  
 Guarded by His Almighty hand,

The wilderness affords no food ,  
But God for my support prepares,  
Provides me every needful good,  
And frees my soul from wants and cares

With him sweet converse I maintain ,  
Great as He is, I dare be free ,  
I tell Him all my grief and pain ,  
And He reveals His love to me

Some cordial from His Word He brings,  
Whene'er my feeble spirit faints ,  
At once my soul revives and sings,  
And yields no more to sad complaints

I pity all that worldlings talk  
Of pleasures, that will quickly end ,  
Be this my choice, O Lord, to walk  
With Thee, my Guide, my Guard, my Friend  
*John Newton 1779*

## CCCLXXXV

Sometimes a light surprises  
The Christian while he sings ,  
It is the Lord, who uses  
With healing in His wings  
When comforts are declining,  
He grants the soul again  
A season of clear shining  
To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation  
We sweetly then pursue  
The theme of God's salvation,  
And find it ever new

Set free from present sorrow,  
 We cheerfully can say,  
 E'en let the unknown to-morrow  
 Bring with it what it may

It can bring with it nothing,  
 But He will bear us through,  
 Who gives the lilies clothing  
 Will clothe His people too,  
 Beneath the spreading heavens  
 No creature but is fed,  
 And He, who feeds the ravens,  
 Will give His children bread

Though vine nor fig-tree neither  
 Their wonted fruit shall bear,  
 Though all the field should wither,  
 Nor flocks nor herds be there,  
 Yet, God the same abiding,  
 His praise shall tune my voice,  
 For, while in Him confiding,  
 I cannot but rejoice

*William Cowper 1779*

CCCLXXXVI

Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest,  
 Far did I rove, and found no certain home,  
 At last I sought them in His sheltering breast,  
 Who opes His arms, and bids the weary come  
 With Him I found a home, a rest Divine,  
 And I since then am His, and He is mine

Yes! He is mine! and nought of earthly things,  
 Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth, or power,  
 The fame of heroes, or the pomp of kings,  
 Could tempt me to forego His love an hour



Go, worthless world, I cry, with all that's thine !  
Go ! I my Saviour s am, and He is mine

The good I have is from His stores supplied ,  
The ill is only what He deems the best ,  
He for my Friend, I'm rich with nought beside ,  
And poor without Him, though of all possest  
Changes may come , I take, or I resign ,  
Content, while I am His, while He is mine

Whate'er may change, in Him no change is seen ,  
A glorious Sun, that wanes not nor declines ,  
Above the clouds and storms He walks serene,  
And sweetly on his people's darkness shines  
All may depart , I fret not, nor repine,  
While I my Saviour's am, while He is mine

He stays me falling, lifts me up when down,  
Reclaims me wandering, guards from every foe ,  
Plants on my worthless brow the victor's crown ,  
Which, in return, before His feet I throw,  
Grieved that I cannot better grace His shrine,  
Who deigns to own me His, as He is mine

While here, alas ! I know but half His love,  
But half discern Him, and but half adore ,  
But when I meet Him in the realms above,  
I hope to love Him better, praise Him more,  
And feel, and tell, amid the choir Divine,  
How fully I am His, and He is mine

*Henry Francis Lyte 1833*

## VII

## DISCIPLINE

*'Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth'*—(HEB xii 6)

## CCCLXXXVII

When Christ, with all His graces crown'd,  
Sheds His kind beams abroad,  
'Tis a young Heaven on earthly ground,  
And glory in the bud

A blooming paradise of joy  
In this wild desert springs,  
And every sense I straight employ  
On sweet celestial things

But ah ! how soon my joys decay !  
How soon my sins arise  
And snatch the heavenly scene away  
From these lamenting eyes !

When shall the time, dear Jesus, when  
The shining day appear,  
That I shall leave those clouds of sin  
And guilt and darkness here ?

Up to the fields above the skies  
My hasty feet would go,  
There everlasting flowers arise,  
And joys unwithering grow !

*Isaac Watts 1709.*

## CCCLXXXVIII

O for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame !  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb !

Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord ?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and His word ?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !  
How sweet their memory still !  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill

Return, O holy Dove ! return,  
Sweet messenger of rest !  
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,  
And drove Thee from my breast

The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,  
And worship only Thee !

So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb !

*William Cowper 1779*

## CCCLXXXIX

The spring-tide hour  
Brings leaf and flower  
With songs of life and love.

And many a lay  
 Wears out the day  
 In many a leafy grove  
 Bird, flower, and tree  
 Seem to agree  
 Their choicest gifts to bring,  
 But this poor heart  
 Bears not its part,  
 In it there is no spring

Dews fall apace,  
 The dews of grace,  
 Upon this soul of sin  
 And love Divine  
 Delights to shine  
 Upon the waste within  
 Yet, year by year,  
 Fruits, flowers, appear,  
 And buds their praises sing,  
 But this poor heart  
 Bears not its part,  
 Its winter has no spring

Lord, let Thy love,  
 Fresh from above,  
 Soft as the south wind blow  
 Call forth its bloom,  
 Wake its perfume,  
 And bid its spices flow !  
 And when Thy voice  
 Makes earth rejoice,  
 And the hills laugh and sing,  
 Lord ! make this heart  
 To bear its part,  
 And join the praise of spring !  
 - *John S B Monsell* 1850

CCCXC

## PSALM LXIII

Early, my God, without delay,  
I haste to seek Thy face ,  
My thirsty spirit faints away  
Without Thy cheering grace

So pilgrims on the scorching sand  
Beneath a burning sky  
Long for a cooling stream at hand,  
And they must drink, or die

I've seen Thy glory and Thy power  
Through all Thy temple shine ,  
My God ! repeat that heavenly hour  
That vision so divine !

Not life itself, with all her joys,  
Can my best passions move,  
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,  
As Thy forgiving love

Thus till my last expiring day  
I'll bless my God and King ,  
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,  
And tune my lips to sing

*Isaac Watts 1719*

CCCXCI

God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform ,  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm

E E

Deep in unfathomable mines  
 Of never-failing skill,  
 He treasures up His bight designs,  
 And works His sovereign will

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,  
 The clouds ye so much dread  
 Are big with mercy, and shall break  
 In blessings on your head

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
 But trust Him for His grace,  
 Behind a frowning Providence  
 He hides a smiling face

His purposes will ripen fast,  
 Unfolding every hour,  
 The bud may have a bitter taste,  
 But sweet will be the flower

Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
 And scan His work in vain,  
 God is His own interpreter,  
 And He will make it plain

*William Cowper 1779*

# CCCXCII

The world can neither give nor take,  
 Nor can they comprehend  
 The peace of God, which Christ has bought,  
 The peace which knows no end

The burning bush was not consumed  
 Whilst God remained there,  
 The Three, when Jesus made the Fourth,  
 Found fire as soft as air

God's furnace doth in Zion stand ;  
 But Zion's God sits by,  
 As the refiner views his gold  
 With an observant eye

His thoughts are high, His love is wise,  
 His wounds a cure intend ,  
 And, though He does not always smile,  
 He loves unto the end

*Sento by Selina, Countess of Huntingdon 1780*  
*From John Mason 1683*

## CCCXCIII

Let Jacob to his Maker sing,  
 And praise his great Redeeming King  
 Call'd by a new, a gracious Name,  
 Let Israel loud his God proclaim

He knows our souls in all their fears,  
 And gently wipes our falling tears ,  
 Forms trembling voices to a song,  
 And bids the feeble heart be strong

Then let the rivers swell around,  
 And rising floods o'erflow the ground ,  
 Rivers and floods and seas divide,  
 And homage pay to Israel's Guide

Then let the fires their rage display,  
 And flaming terrors bar the way  
 Unburnt, unsinged, He leads them through,  
 And makes the flames refreshing too

The fires but on their bonds shall prey  
 The floods but wash their stains away ,  
 And Grace Divine new trophies raise  
 Amidst the deluge and the blaze

*Philip Doddridge 1755.*

## CCCXCIV

To Thee, my God, whose Presence fills  
The earth, and seas, and skies,  
To Thee, whose Name, whose heart is Love,  
With all my powers I rise

Troubles in long succession roll ,  
Wave rushes upon wave ,  
Pity, O pity my distress !  
Thy child, Thy suppliant, save !

O bid the roaring tempest cease ,  
Or give me strength to bear  
Whate'er Thy holy will appoints,  
And save me from despair !

To Thee, my God, alone I look,  
On Thee alone confide ,  
Thou never hast deceived the soul  
That on Thy grace relied

Though oft Thy ways are wrapt in clouds  
Mysterious and unknown,  
Truth, Righteousness, and Mercy stand  
The pillars of Thy throne

*Thomas Gibbons 1784*

## CCCXCV

The billows swell, the winds are high,  
Clouds overcast my wintry sky ,  
Out of the depths to Thee I call,  
My fears are great, my strength is small



O Lord, the pilot's part perform,  
And guide and guard me through the storm ,  
Defend me from each threatening ill,  
Control the waves, say, " Peace, be still ! "

Amidst the roaring of the sea  
My soul still hangs her hopes on Thee ,  
Thy constant love, Thy faithful care  
Is all that saves me from despair

Dangers of every shape and name  
Attend the followers of the Lamb,  
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,  
And leave it to return no more

Though tempest-toss'd, and half a wreck,  
My Saviour through the floods I seek  
Let neither winds nor stormy main  
Force back my shatter'd bark again '  
*William Cowper 1779*

## CCCXCVI

Why should I, in vain repining,  
Mourn the clouds that cross my way ,  
Since my Saviour's Presence shining  
Turns my darkness into day ?

Earthly honour, earthly treasure,  
All the warmest passions win,  
And the silken wings of pleasure  
Only waft us on to sin

But, within the vale of sorrow,  
All with tempests overblown,  
Purer light and joy we borrow  
From the face of God alone.

Welcome, then, each darker token !  
 Mercy sent it from above !  
 So the heart, subdued, not broken,  
 Bends in fear, and melts with love

*James Edmeston* 1820

## CCCXCVII

Why should I fear the darkest hour,  
 Or tremble at the Tempter's power ?  
 Jesus vouchsafes to be my Tower

Though hot the fight, why quit the field  
 Why must I either fly or yield,  
 Since Jesus is my mighty Shield ?

When creature-comforts fade and die,  
 Worldlings may weep, but why should I ?  
 Jesus still lives, and still is nigh

Though all the flocks and herds were dead,  
 My soul a famine need not dread,  
 For Jesus is my living Bread

I know not what may soon betide,  
 Or how my wants shall be supplied,  
 But Jesus knows, and will provide

Though Sin would fill me with distress,  
 The throne of Grace I dare address,  
 For Jesus is my Righteousness

Though faint my prayers, and cold my love,  
 My steadfast hope shall not remove  
 While Jesus intercedes above

Against me earth and hell combine ,  
But on my side is Power divine ,  
Jesus is all, and He is mine !

*John Newton 1779*

## CCCXCVIII

When gathering clouds around I view,  
And days are dark and friends are few,  
On Him I lean, who not in vain  
Experienced every human pain ,  
He sees my wants, allays my fears,  
And counts and treasures up my tears

If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way ,  
To fly the good I would pursue,  
Or do the sin I would not do ,  
Still He, who felt temptation's power,  
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour

If wounded love my bosom swell,  
Deceived by those I prized too well ,  
He shall His pitying aid bestow,  
Who felt on earth severer woe ,  
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,  
By those who shared His daily bread

If vexing thoughts within me rise,  
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies ,  
Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear  
The sickening anguish of despair,  
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,  
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,  
 Which covers what was once a friend,  
 And from his voice, his hand, his smile,  
 Divides me for a little while,  
 Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,  
 For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead !

And O ! when I have safely past  
 Through every conflict but the last,  
 Still, still unchanging, watch beside  
 My painful bed, for Thou hast died !  
 Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
 And wipe the latest tear away !

*Sir Robert Grant 1806--1812*

7

CCCXCIX

Whate'er my God ordains is right,  
 His will is ever just,  
 Howe'er He orders now my cause,  
 I will be still and trust  
     He is my God,  
     Though dark my road,  
 He holds me that I shall not fall,  
 Wherefore to Him I leave it all

Whate'er my God ordains is right,  
 He never will deceive,  
 He leads me by the proper path,  
 And so to Him I cleave,  
     And take content  
     What He hath sent,  
 His hand can turn my griefs away,  
 And patiently I wait His day

Whate'er my God ordains is right ,  
He taketh thought for me ,  
The cup that my Physician gives  
No poisoned draught can be,  
But medicine due ,  
For God is true ,  
And on that changeless truth I build,  
And all my heart with hope is fill'd

Whate'er my God ordains is right ,  
Though I the cup must drink  
That bitter seems to my faint heart,  
I will not fear nor shrink ,  
Tears pass away  
With dawn of day ,  
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,  
And pain and sorrow all depart

Whate'er my God ordains is right ,  
My Light, my Life is He,  
Who cannot will me aught but good ,  
I trust Him utterly ,  
For well I know,  
In joy or woe,  
We soon shall see as sunlight clear,  
How faithful was our Guardian here

Whate'er my God ordains is right ,  
Here will I take my stand,  
Though sorrow, need, or death make earth  
For me a desert land  
My Father's care  
Is round me there ,  
He holds me that I shall not fall,  
And so to Him I leave it all

*Catherine Winkworth* 1858  
(*From Samuel Rockgast*) 1675

VIII<sup>n</sup>

## PATIENCE

*"Be patient, therefore, brethren, unto the coming of  
the Lord"—(JAMES v 7)*

## CCCC

When languor and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,  
'Tis sweet to look beyond the cage,  
And long to fly away

Sweet to look inward, and attend  
The whispers of His love,  
Sweet to look upward to the place  
Where Jesus pleads above

Sweet to look back and see my Name  
In Life's fair book set down,  
Sweet to look forward, and behold  
Eternal joys my own

Sweet to reflect, how Grace Divine  
My sins on Jesus laid,  
Sweet to remember, that His Blood  
My debt of sufferings paid

Sweet on His Righteousness to stand  
Which saves from second death,  
Sweet to experience, day by day,  
His Spirit's quickening breath

Sweet on His Faithfulness to rest,  
Whose love can never end,  
Sweet on His covenant of grace  
For all things to depend

Sweet in the confidence of faith  
To trust His firm decrees ,  
Sweet to lie passive in His hand,  
And know no will but His

Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,  
That, when my change shall come,  
Angels will hover round my bed,  
And waft my spirit home

There shall my disimprison'd soul  
Behold Him, and adore ,  
Be with His Likeness satisfied,  
And grieve and sin no more ,

Shall see Him wear that very Flesh  
On which my guilt was lain ,  
His Love intense, His Merit fiesh,  
As though but newly slain !

Soon, too, my slumbering dust shall hear  
The Trumpet's quickening sound ,  
And, by my Saviour's Power rebuilt,  
At His right hand be found

These eyes shall see Him in that day,  
The God that died for me !  
And all my rising bones shall say,  
Lord, who is like to Thee ?

If such the views which grāce unfolds,  
Weak as it is below,  
What raptures must the Church above  
In Jesus' Presence know !

If such the sweetness of the stream,  
 What must the Fountain be,  
 Where saints and angels draw their bliss  
 Immediately from Thee !

O ! may the unction of these truths  
 For ever with me stay,  
 Till, from her sinful cage dismiss'd,  
 My spirit flies away !

*Augustus Montague Toplady 1777*

CCCCI

We're bound for yonder land  
 Where Jesus reigns supreme ,  
 We leave the shore at His command,  
 Forsaking all for Him

The perils of the sea,  
 The rocks, the waves, the wind,  
 Are small, whatever they may be,  
 To those we leave behind

No! have we cause to fear ,  
 The God, who rules the sea,  
 In every danger will be near,  
 And our protector be

The Lord Himself will keep  
 His people safe from harm,  
 Will hold the helm, and guide the ship,  
 With His Almighty arm

Then let the tempests roar,  
 The billows heave and swell ,  
 We trust to reach the peaceful shore  
 Where all the ransom'd dwell



And, when we gain the land,  
 How happy shall we be !  
 How shall we bless the mighty Hand  
 That led us through the sea !

*Thomas Kelly 1809.*

CCCCII

Rejoice, though storms assail thee ,  
 Rejoice, when skies are bright ,  
 Rejoice, though round thy pathway  
 Is spread the gloom of night  
 If the good hope be in thee  
 That all at last is well,  
 Then let thy happy spirit  
 With joyful feelings swell !

Look back on early childhood,  
 And let thy soul rejoice !  
 Who then upheld thy goings,  
 And tuned thy feeble voice ?  
 Look back on youth's gay visions  
 When life one glory seem'd  
 Who pour'd those rays of gladness  
 Which on thy prospect beam'd ?

Recall the hours of anguish,  
 And let thy soul rejoice,  
 Though wave on wave of sorrow  
 Rush on with fearful noise  
 Was not the Bow of Promise  
 Still seen amidst the gloom,  
 Shedding its hallow'd lustre  
 E'en round the silent tomb ?

Rejoice, rejoice for ever,  
 Though earthly friends be gone !  
 For silently and swiftly  
 The wheels of time roll on ,  
 And still they bear thee forward  
 Nearer that happy shore,  
 While the triumphant song is,  
 Rejoice for evermore !

*Henry Fletcher* [1825]

CCCCIII

Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee !  
 E'en though it be a cross  
 That raiseth me ,  
 Still all my song would be,  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee !

Though like the wanderer,  
 The sun gone down,  
 Darkness be over me,  
 My rest a stone ,  
 Yet in my dreams I'd be  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee !

There let the way appear ,  
 Steps unto Heaven ,  
 All that Thou send'st to me  
 In mercy given ,  
 Angels to beckon me  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee !

Then with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise ,  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee !

Or if on joyful wing  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upwards I fly,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee !  
*Sarah Flower Adams* 1840

## CCCCIV

Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,  
Lead Thou me on ,  
The night is dark, and I am far from home ,  
Lead Thou me on ,  
Keep Thou my feet , I do not ask to see  
The distant scene , one step enough for me  
  
I was not ever thus, nor pray'd, that Thou  
Shouldst lead me on ,  
I loved to choose and see my path , but now  
Lead Thou me on !  
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will Remember not past years !

So long Thy Power has blest me, sure it still  
 Will lead me on  
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
 The night is gone,  
 And with the morn those angel faces smile  
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile !

*John Henry Newman* 1833

CCCCV

Abide with me ! fast falls the even-tide ,  
 The darkness deepens , Lord, with me abide  
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
 Help of the helpless, O abide with me !

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ,  
 Earth's joys grow dim , its glories pass away  
 Change and decay in all around I see ,  
 O Thou, who changest not, abide with me !

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word ,  
 But, as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,  
 Familiar, condescending, patient, free,  
 Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me !

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings ,  
 But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings ,  
 Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea ,  
 Come, Friend of sinners, and thus 'bide with me !

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile ,  
 And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile  
 Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee  
 On to the close, O Lord, abide with me !

I need Thy Presence every passing hour  
 What but Thy grace can foil the Tempter's power ?  
 Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?  
 Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me !

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless  
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness  
 Where is death's sting ? where, Grave, thy victory ?  
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with me !

Hold then Thy cross before my closing eyes !  
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies !  
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows  
 flee ,  
 In life and death, O Lord, abide with me !

*Henry Francis Lyte 1847*

CCCCVI

Commit thou all thy griefs  
 And ways into His hands,  
 To His sure Truth and tender care,  
 Who earth and Heaven commands

Who points the clouds their course  
 Whom winds and seas obey,  
 He shall direct thy wandering feet,  
 He shall prepare thy way.

Thou on the Lord rely ,  
 So safe shalt thou go on ,  
 Fix on His Work thy stedfast eye,  
 So shall thy work be done

F F

No profit canst thou gain  
By self-consuming care ,  
To Him commend thy cause , His ear  
Attends the softest prayer

Thy everlasting Truth,  
Father ! Thy ceaseless love,  
Sees all Thy children's wants, and knows  
What best for each will prove

And whatsoe'er Thou wilt  
Thou dost, O King of kings ,  
What Thy unerring Wisdom chose,  
Thy Power to being brings

Thou everywhere hast sway,  
And all things serve Thy might ,  
Thy every act pure blessing is,  
Thy path unsullied light

When Thou arisest, Lord,  
Who shall Thy work withstand ?  
When all Thy children want Thou giv'st,  
Who, who shall stay Thy hand

Give to the winds thy fears ,  
Hope, and be undismay'd ,  
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,  
God shall lift up thy head

Through waves and clouds and storms,  
He gently clears thy way ,  
Wait thou His time , so shall this night  
Soon end in joyous day.

Still heavy is thy heart ?  
Still sink thy spirits down ?  
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,  
And every care be gone

What though thou rulest not ?  
Yet Heaven and earth and hell  
Proclaim, God sitteth on the Throne,  
And ruleth all things well !

Leave to His sovereign sway  
To choose and to command ,  
So shalt thou wondering own, His way  
How wise, how strong His hand !

Far, far above thy thought  
His counsel shall appear,  
When fully He the work hath wrought  
That caused thy needless fear

Thou seest our weakness, Lord !  
Our hearts are known to Thee  
Oh ! lift Thou up the sinking hand,  
Confirm the feeble knee !

Let us, in life, in death,  
Thy stedfast Truth declare,  
And publish, with our latest breath,  
Thy love and guardian care !

*John Wesley 1739*  
*(From Paul Gerhardt 1659)*

CCCCVII

Your harps, ye trembling saints,  
Down from the willows take ,  
Loud to the praise of Love divine,  
Bid every string awake

Though in a foreign land,  
We are not far from home ,  
And nearer to our house above,  
We every moment come

His Grace will to the end  
Stronger and brighter shine ,  
Nor present things, nor things to come,  
Shall quench the spark divine

Fasten'd within the vail,  
Hope be your anchor strong ,  
His loving Spirit the sweet gale  
That wafts you smooth along

Or, should the surges rise,  
And peace delay to come,  
Blest is the sorrow, kind the storm,  
That drives us nearer home

The people of His choice  
He will not cast away ,  
Yet do not always here expect  
On Tabor's mount to stay

When we in darkness walk,  
Nor feel the heavenly flame,  
Then is the time to trust our God,  
And rest upon His Name

Soon shall our doubts and fears  
Subside at His control ,  
His loving-kindness shall break through  
The midnight of the soul



No wonder, when His Love  
Pervades your kindling breast,  
You wish for ever to retain  
The heart-transporting Guest

Yet learn, in every state,  
To make His will your own ,  
And, when the joys of sense depart,  
To walk by faith alone

By anxious fear depress'd,  
When from the deep ye mourn,  
" Lord, why so hasty to depart,  
" So tedious in return ?"

Still on His plighted Love  
At all events rely ,  
The very hidings of His face  
Shall train thee up to joy

Wait, till the shadows flee ,  
Wait thy appointed hour ,  
Wait, till the Bridegroom of thy soul  
Reveal His Love with power

The time of Love will come,  
When thou shalt clearly see,  
Not only that He shed His Blood,  
But that it flowed for thee !

Tarry His leisure, then,  
Although He seem to stay ,  
A moment's intercourse with Him  
Thy grief will overpay

Blest is the man, O God,  
 That stays himself On Thee !  
 Who wait for Thy salvation, Lord,  
 Shall Thy salvation see !

*Augustus Montague Toplady 1772*

## CCCCVIII

Through the love of God our Saviour  
 All will be well ,  
 Free and changeless is His favour ,  
 All, all is well !  
 Precious is the Blood that heal'd us,  
 Perfect is the grace that seal'd us,  
 Strong the Hand stretch'd forth to shield us ,  
 All must be well !

Though we pass through tribulation,  
 All will be well ,  
 Ours is such a full salvation,  
 All, all is well !  
 Happy, still to God confiding,  
 Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,  
 Holy, through the Spirit's guiding ,  
 All must be well !

We expect a bright to-morrow,  
 All will be well ,  
 Faith can sing through days of sorrow,  
 All, all is well !  
 On our Father's love relying,  
 Jesus every need supplying,  
 Or in living, or in dying,  
 All must be well !

*Mary Bowly 1847*

CCCCIX

Rest weary soul !

The penalty is borne, the ransom paid,  
For all thy sins full satisfaction made ,  
Strive not to do thyself what Christ has done,  
Claim the free gift, and make the joy thine own ,  
No more by pangs of guilt and fear distrest,  
Rest, sweetly rest !

Rest, weary heart,

From all thy silent griefs, and secret pain,  
Thy profitless regrets, and longings vain ,  
Wisdom and love have ordered all the past,  
All shall be blessedness and light at last ,  
Cast off the cares that have so long opprest ,  
Rest, sweetly rest !

Rest, weary head !

Lie down to slumber in the peaceful tomb  
Light from above has broken through its gloom ,  
Here, in the place where once thy Saviour lay,  
Where He shall wake thee on a future day,  
Like a tired child upon its mother's breast,  
Rest, sweetly rest !

Rest, spirit free !

In the green pastures of the heavenly shore,  
Where sin and sorrow can approach no more,  
With all the flock by the Good Shepherd fed,  
Beside the streams of Life eternal led,  
For ever with thy God and Saviour blest,  
Rest, sweetly rest !

*Jane Borthwick 1859*

CCCCX

For ever with the Lord !  
Amen ! so let it be !  
Life from the dead is in that word,  
'Tis immortality !

Here in the body pent,  
Absent from Him I roam,  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home

My Father's house on high,  
Home of my soul ! how near,  
At times, to faith's far-seeing eye,  
Thy golden gates appear !

Ah ! then my spirit faints  
To reach the land I love,  
The bright inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above !

Yet clouds will intervene,  
And all my prospect flies ,  
Like Noah's dove, I flit between  
Rough seas and stormy skies

Anon the clouds depart,  
The winds and waters cease ,  
While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart  
Expands the bow of peace !

Beneath its glowing arch,  
Along the hallow'd ground,  
I see cherubic armies march,  
A camp of fire around

I hear at morn and even,  
At noon and midnight hour,  
The choral harmonies of Heaven  
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower

Then, then I feel, that He,  
Remember'd or forgot,  
The Lord, is never far from me,  
Though I perceive Him not  
*James Montgomery* 1835

CCCCXI

The God of Abraham praise,  
Who reigns enthroned above,  
Ancient of everlasting days,  
And God of Love !  
Jehovah ! Great I Am !  
By earth and Heaven confest ,  
I bow and bless the sacred Name,  
For ever blest !

The God of Abraham praise !  
At whose supreme command  
From earth I rise, and seek the joys  
At His right hand  
I all on earth forsake,  
Its wisdom, fame, and power,  
And Him my only portion make,  
• My Shield and Tower

The God of Abraham praise !  
Whose all-sufficient grace  
Shall guide me all my happy days  
In all my ways

He shows His prints of love ,  
 They kindle to a flame,  
 And sound, through all the worlds above,  
 The slaughter'd Lamb !

The whole triumphant host  
 Give thanks to God on high ,  
 "Hail ! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !" <sup>f</sup>  
 They ever cry  
 Hail ! Abraham's God, and mine !  
 I join the heavenly lays,  
 All might and majesty are Thine,  
 And endless praise !

*Thomas Olivers 1772*

## CCCCXII

REV vii 9—17

I saw, and lo ! a countless throng,  
 Th' elect of every nation, name, and tongue,  
 Assembled round the everlasting Throne ,  
 With robes of white endued,  
 The Righteousness of God ,  
 And each a palm sustain'd  
 In his victorious hand ,  
 When thus the bright melodious choir begun  
 " Salvation to Thy Name,  
 " Eternal God, and co eternal Lamb !  
 " In power, in glory, and in Essence, One ! "

So sung the Saints Th' Angelic train  
 Second the anthem with a loud Amen  
 (These in the outer circle stood,  
 The Saints were nearest God ,)

And prostrate fall, with glory overpower'd,  
 And hide their faces with their wings,  
 And thus address the King of kings  
 "All hail ! by Thy triumphant Church adored !  
 " Blessing and thanks and honour too  
 " Are Thy supreme, Thy everlasting due,  
 " Our Triune Sovereign, our propitious Lord !"

While I beheld th' amazing sight,  
 A Seraph pointed to the Saints in white,  
 And told me who they were, and whence they came  
 " These are they, whose lot below  
 " Was persecution, pain, and woe ,  
 " These are the chosen purchased Flock,  
 " Who ne'er their Lord forsook ,  
 " Through His imputed Merit free from blame ,  
 " Redeem'd from every sin ,  
 " And, as thou seest, whose garments were made  
     clean,  
 " Wash'd in the Blood of yon Exalted Lamb

" Saved by His Righteousness alone,  
 " Spotless they stand before the Throne,  
 " And in th' ethereal Temple chant His praise  
 " Himself among them deigns to dwell,  
 " And face to face His Light reveal  
 " Hunger and thirst, as heretofore,  
 " And pain, and heat, they know no more,  
 " Nor need, as once, the sun's prolific rays  
 " Immanuel here His people feeds,  
 " To streams of joy perennial leads,  
 " And wipes, for ever wipes, the tears from every face "

Happy the souls released from fear,  
 And safely landed there !

Some of the shining number once I knew,  
 And travell'd with them here  
 Nay some, my elder brethren now,  
 Set later out for Heaven, my junior saints below  
 Long after me, they heard the call of Grace  
 Which waked them unto Righteousness  
 How have they got beyond !  
 Converted last, yet first with glory crown'd !  
 Little, once, I thought that these  
 Would first the Summit gain,  
 And leave me far behind, slow journeying through  
 the Plain

Loved while on earth ! nor less belov'd, tho' gone !  
 Think not I envy you your crown  
 No ! if I could, I would not call you down !  
 Though slower is my pace,  
 To you I'll follow on,  
 Leaning on Jesus all the way ,  
 Who, now and then, lets fall a ray  
 Of comfort from His Throne  
 The shinings of His grace  
 Soften my passage through the wilderness ,  
 And vines, nectareous, spring where briers grew  
 The sweet unveilings of His Face  
 Make me, at times, near half as blest as you !  
 O ! might His Beauty feast my ravish'd eyes,  
 His gladdening Presence ever stay,  
 And cheer me all my journey through !  
 But soon the clouds return , my triumph dies ,  
 Damp vapours from the valley rise,  
 And hide the hill of Sion from my view

Spirit of Light ! thrice holy Dove !  
 Brighten my sense of interest in that Love



Which knew no birth, and never shall expire !  
 Electing Goodness, firm and free,  
 My whole salvation hangs on thee,  
 Eldest and fairest daughter of Eternity !  
 Redemption, grace, and glory too,  
 Our bliss above, and hopes below,  
 From her, their parent-fountain, flow  
 Ah ! tell me, Lord, that Thou hast chosen me !  
 Thou, who hast kindled my intense desire,  
 Fulfil the wish Thy influence did inspire,  
 And let me my election know !  
 Then, when Thy summons bids me come up  
     higher,  
 Well pleased I shall from life retire,  
 And join the burning hosts, beheld at distance now  
*Augustus Montague Toplady 1759—1774.*



## ADDITIONAL HYMNS



## ADDITIONAL HYMNS

### *Christ Incarnate*

#### 1

When Thou, O Lord, in flesh wert drest,  
The world Thou mad'st to free,  
The Inn, where weary travellers rest,  
Had not a room for Thee

The Holy Babe in manger rude  
Was all His birth-night laid,  
Pondering God's words, in thoughtful mood,  
Nigh watched the Mother Maid

But oh ! that wondrous midnight round  
What light, what glories throng,  
When man his infant Saviour found,  
And heard the angels' song !

Sweet anthem ! caught from hosts on high,  
Dwell thou our hearts within,  
Blest bridal of the earth and sky,  
Long separate through sin

Though all unmeet that gladsome hymn  
For harps by sin unstrung,  
That psalm, by white-robed seraphim  
In God's own presence sung,

Yet sometimes, when our spirit tires,  
 By toil and darkness worn,  
 Lord ' make us hear seraphic choirs,  
 And give a glimpse of morn ' !

If love wax cold, and strife increase,  
 Chant in our hearts again,  
 " Glory to God on high, and peace  
 " On earth, good will to men ' "

*Joseph Anstice 1836*

2

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning ' !  
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid ' !  
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid ' !

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining ,  
 Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall ,  
 Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,  
 Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,  
 Odours of Edom and offerings divine ?  
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
 Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine ?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation ,  
 Vainly with gifts would His favour secure .  
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration ,  
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning !  
Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid !  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !  
*Bishop Reginald Heber 1811*

*Christ Crucified*

## 3

*"And was crucified for us under Pontius Pilate,  
He suffered, and was buried"*

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !  
Hark ! all the tribes Hosanna cry !  
Thine humble beast pursues his road,  
With palms and scattered garments strow'd

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !  
In lowly pomp ride on to die !  
O Christ ! Thy triumphs now begin  
O'er captive Death and conquer'd Sin

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !  
The winged squadrons of the sky  
Look down with sad and wondering eyes  
To see the approaching Sacrifice

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !  
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh ,  
The Father on His sapphire Throne  
Expects His own anointed Son

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !  
In lowly pomp ride on to die !  
Bow Thy meek Head to mortal pain !  
Then take, O God ! Thy power, and reign !  
*Henry Hart M<sup>r</sup>man 1827*

## 6

Come, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the Throne,  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one

"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
"To be exalted thus!"  
"Worthy the Lamb!" our lips reply,  
"For He was slain for us"

Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honour and power divine,  
And blessings, more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, for ever Thine

Let all that dwell above the sky,  
And air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,  
And speak Thine endless praise

The whole Creation join in one  
To bless the sacred Name  
Of Him, that sits upon the Throne,  
And to adore the Lamb!

*Isaac Watts 1709*

*Christ Risen*

## 7

Lo! the day the Lord hath made!  
From the tomb's funereal shade  
Now the Sun of goodness brings  
Healing on His radiant wings



And before His bridal light  
All the denizens of night,  
Fear, and shame, and sorrow fade  
Bless the day the Lord hath made !

Angels, who the morn outrun  
To adore the glorious Sun ,  
At whose step the firm earth shakes,  
From whose eye the lightning breaks ,  
Ye, whose hand excels in might ,  
Ye, whose accents breathe delight ,  
Forms in dazzling white array'd ,  
Bless the day the Lord hath made !

Holy women, whom the dawn  
Sees by pious duty drawn  
To the Saviour's rock-hewn bed,  
Tears, and unguents rich, to shed ,  
Stay your tears, your gifts withhold ,  
Angel-led, the cave behold,  
Where the Saviour's corse was laid  
Bless the day the Lord hath made !

Holy men, beloved pair,  
Who with rival speed repair  
To explore the inmost gloom  
Of the yet untrodden tomb ,  
Mark the clothes, that wrapped Him round,  
Swathed His limbs, His temples bound,  
All in seemliest order laid  
Bless the day the Lord hath made !

First of all the faithful train  
To behold thy Lord again,  
Stay not, Mary, weeping here ,  
See, thy Saviour's self is near ,

Quick thy mighty Master greet,  
Fall in homage at His feet  
All thy griefs are now repaid  
Bless the day the Lord hath made !

Doubtful hearts, whom late He taught,  
Musing now in anxious thought,  
Cease your doubts, your sorrows cease,  
Hear Him speak the words of peace  
Deem your eyes no spirit meet ,  
Mark His pierced hands and feet,  
Mark His wounded side display'd  
Bless the day the Lord hath made !

Church of God, whom this fair morn  
Sees to life and glory born,  
Founded on the living Stone,  
Which by Judah's burdens thrown,  
Thrown with infamy aside,  
Now becomes thy Strength and Pride ,  
Be thy debt of duty paid ,  
Bless the day the Lord hath made !

Ever, as this day shall rise  
Beaming in the vernal skies,  
Duly to the Saviour's praise,  
Church of God, the anthem raise !  
Christ our passover was slain !  
Keep the feast, and swell the strain ,  
Christ is raised from the dead !  
Bless the day the Lord hath made !

*Bishop Richard Mant* 1830

## 8

*Ad templum nos rursus vocat*

Morning lifts her dewy veil  
With new-born blessings crown'd ,  
Let us haste her light to hail  
In courts of holy ground  
Christ hath shed a fairer morn,  
From darkness rising free ,  
In His glorious light new born,  
Let us lift the jubilee

From the swaddling bands of night  
When sprang the world so fair,  
Putting on her robes of light,  
O what a power was there !  
When our God, who gave His Son,  
His guilty foes to spare,  
Woke to life the guiltless One,  
O what a love was there !

When from the Eternal's hand  
The earth in beauty stood,  
Deck'd in light at His command,  
He saw, and called it good  
Yet a goodlier world it stood  
In the Creator's sight,  
In the Lamb's all-cleansing blood  
Wash'd to celestial white  
*Isaac Williams, 1834*

*Christ Ascended*

## 9

Where high the heavenly Temple stands,  
The house of God not made with hands,  
A great High Priest our nature wears,  
The guardian of mankind appears.

He, who for man their Surety stood,  
And poured on earth His precious Blood,  
Pursues in Heaven His mighty plan,  
The Saviour and the Friend of man

Though now ascended up on high,  
He bends on earth a Brother's eye,  
Partaker of the human name,  
He knows the frailty of our frame

Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains  
A fellow-feeling of our pains,  
And still remembers in the skies  
His tears, His agonies, and cries

In every pang that rends the heart  
The Man of Sorrows had a part,  
He sympathises with our grief,  
And to the sufferer sends relief

With boldness, therefore, at the Throne,  
Let us make all our sorrows known,  
And ask the aid of Heavenly power  
To help us in the evil hour

*Michael Bruce* 1768

*Variation by John Logan* 1781.

## 10

Lord of mercy and of might !  
Of mankind the Life and Light !  
Maker, Teacher Infinite !  
    Jesus ! hear and save !

Who, when sin's tremendous doom  
Gave creation to the tomb,  
Didst not scorn the Virgin's womb,  
    Jesus ! hear and save !

Mighty Monarch ! Saviour mild !  
Humbled to a mortal child,  
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,  
    Jesus ! hear and save !

Throned above celestial things,  
Borne aloft on angels' wings,  
Lord of lords, and King of kings,  
    Jesus ! hear and save !

Who shalt yet return from high,  
Robed in might and majesty,  
Hear us ! help us when we cry !  
    Jesus ! hear and save !  
    *Bishop Reginald Heber* 1811

## 11

Thou the cup of death didst drain,  
    Thou within the tomb wert laid ,  
Thou art Risen, Thou dost reign,  
    Seraphim Thy subjects made !

Lord ! when we recal the story  
Of Thy lowliness and glory,  
Keep us, lest we fall from Thee,  
Through that awful mystery

Who can fathom the abyss ?  
Where Thou plunged'st for our love ?  
Who conceive the glorious bliss  
Waiting on Thy steps above ?  
Cradled in the lowliest shed,  
Weeping, toiling, suffering, dead !  
Mighty Monarch, throned on high,  
Ruling all in earth and sky !

Who is equal to these things ?  
Who such mysteries can brook ?  
Faith, with eagle eye and wings,  
Scarcely there may soar or look  
Thought must seek that height in vain,  
All her musings turn to pain,  
Whelmed beneath the mighty load  
Of that word, Incarnate God !

Blessed, blessed be the Lord !  
Who on simple souls and poor  
Gently has the knowledge pour'd,  
Which the wise can scarce endure  
Saved from sinning, happy, healed  
By those mystic truths revealed,  
Changed by power above their own,  
Christ to them is fully known

Known when drawing infant breath,  
Known in labour and in pain,  
Known victorious over death,  
Known in His triumphant reign

All He suffered, all He won,  
God, and woman's wondrous Son  
All alike from sin restrain,  
All to them is wise and plain

Other days may come at last,  
When our purer eyes shall see,  
By no whelming thoughts o'ercast,  
Our salvation's mystery  
Give us grace meanwhile to rest,  
By obedience taught and blest,  
Sure, that truths which make us free,  
God of counsel, flow from Thee !  
*Joseph Anstice 1836*

## 12

One there is, above all others,  
• Well deserves the name of Friend  
His is love beyond a brother's,  
Costly, free, and knows no end  
They who once His kindness prove  
Find it everlasting love

Which of all our friends, to save us,  
Could or would have shed their blood ?  
But our Jesus died to have us  
Reconciled in Him to God  
This was boundless love indeed ,  
Jesus is a Friend in need

When He lived on earth abased,  
Friend of sinners was His name ,  
Now above all glory raised,  
He rejoices in the same

Still He calls them brethren, friends,  
And to all their wants attends

Could we bear from one another  
What He daily bears from us ?  
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother  
Loves us though we treat Him thus  
Though for good we render ill,  
He accounts us brethren still

Oh ! for grace our hearts to soften !  
\*Teach us, Lord, at length to love !  
We, alas ! forget too often  
What a Friend we have above  
But, when home our souls are brought,  
We will love Thee as we ought  
*John Newton 1779*

*Christ's Kingdom and Judgment*

13

When came in flesh th' Incarnate Word,  
The heedless world slept on,  
And only simple shepherds heard  
That God had sent His Son.

When comes the Saviour at the last,  
From west to east shall shine  
The awful pomp, and earth aghast  
Shall tremble at the sign

Then shall the pure in heart be blest,  
As mild He comes to them,  
As when upon the Virgin's breast  
He lay at Bethlehem



As mild to meek-eyed love and faith ,  
Only more strong to save ,  
Strengthened, by having bowed to death  
By having buist the grave

Lord ! who could dare see Thee descend  
In state, unless he knew  
Thou art the sorrowing sinnei's Friend,  
The gracious, and the true ?

Dwell in our hearts, O Saviour blest !  
So shall Thine Advent dawn  
'Twixt us and Thee, our bosom-Guest,  
Be but the veil withdrawn

*Joseph Austice* 1836

14

Great God, what do I see and hear !  
The end of things created !  
The Judge of mankind doth appear  
On clouds of glory seated !  
The trumpet sounds , the graves restore  
The dead which they contained before  
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him !

The dead in Christ are first to rise  
And greet th' Archangel's warning,  
To meet the Saviour in the skies  
On this auspicious morning  
No gloomy fears their souls dismay ,  
His Presence sheds eternal day  
On those prepared to meet Him

Far over space, to distant spheres,  
The lightnings are prevailing  
Th' ungodly rise, and all their tears  
And sighs are unavailing

H H

The day of grace is past and gone ,  
 They shake before the Judge's throne,  
 All unprepared to meet Him

Stay, fancy, stay, and close thy wings,  
 Repress thy flight too daring!  
 One wondrous sight my comfort brings,  
 The Judge my nature wearing  
 Beneath His cross I view the day  
 When Heaven and Earth shall pass away,  
 And thus prepare to meet Him

*William Bengo Collyer* 1812

(First stanza Anon from *Bartholomew Ringwald*)

1550

15

That day of wrath, that dreadful day  
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
 What power shall be the sinner's stay?  
 How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When, shrivelling like a parchèd scoll,  
 The flaming heavens together roll ,  
 When louder yet, and yet more dead,  
 Swells the high trump that wakes the dead ,

O ! on that day, that wrathful day,  
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
 Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,  
 Though heaven and earth shall pass away !

*Sir Walter Scott* 1805

16

*"Urbs Syon aurea, Patria lactea"*

Jerusalem the golden,  
With milk and honey blest,  
Beneath thy contemplation  
Sink heart and voice opprest

I know not, O I know not,  
What social joys are there,  
What radiancy of glory,  
What light beyond compare

They stand, those halls of Sion,  
Conjugal with song,  
And bright with many an angel,  
And all the martyr throng

The Prince is ever in them,  
The daylight is serene,  
The pastures of the Blessed  
Are decked in glorious sheen

There is the Throne of David,  
And there, from care releas'd,  
The song of them that triumph,  
The shout of them that feast

And they, who, with their Leader,  
Have conquer'd in the fight,  
For ever and for ever  
Are clad in robes of white

*John Mason Neale 1858  
From Bernard of Morlaix*

## 17

Songs of praise the angels sang,  
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,  
When Jehovah's work begun,  
When He spake, and it was done

Songs of praise awoke the morn,  
When the Prince of Peace was born ;  
Songs of praise arose, when He  
Captive led captivity

Heaven and earth must pass away,  
Songs of praise shall crown that day ,  
God will make new heavens, new earth,  
Songs of praise shall hail their birth

And can man alone be dumb,  
Till that glorious kingdom come ?  
No the Church delights to raise  
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise

Saints below, with heart and voice,  
Still in songs of praise rejoice,  
Learning here, by faith and love,  
Songs of praise to sing above

Borne upon their latest breath,  
Songs of praise shall conquer death ,  
Then, amidst eternal joy,  
Songs of praise their powers employ

*James Montgomery* 1819

*Resurrection and Eternal Life*

18

*"Hic brevis vivitur, hic brevis plangitur"*

Brief life is here our portion,  
Brief sorrow, short-liv'd care ,  
The life that knows no ending,  
The tearless life is there

O happy retribution !  
Short toil, eternal rest ,  
For mortals and for sinners  
A mansion with the blest !

That we should look, poor wand'ers,  
To have our home on high !  
That worms should seek for dwellings  
Beyond the starry sky !

To all one happy guerdon  
Of one celestial grace •  
For all, for all, who mourn their fall,  
Is one eternal place

And martyrdom hath roses  
Upon that heavenly ground  
And white and virgin lilies  
For virgin souls abound.

There grief is turned to pleasure ,  
Such pleasure, as below  
No human voice can utter,  
No human heart can know

And, after fleshly scandal,  
 And after this world's night,  
 And after storm and whirlwind,  
 Is calm, and joy, and light

And now we fight the battle ,  
 But then shall wear the crown  
 Of full and everlasting  
 And passionless renown

And now we watch and struggle  
 And now we live in hope,  
 And Sion, in her anguish,  
 With Babylon must cope

But He, Whom now we trust in,  
 Shall then be seen and known,  
 And they who know and see Him  
 Shall have Him for their own

*John Mason Neale* 1858  
*From Bernard of Morlaix*

*"Thy Kingdom Come"*

19

Almighty God ! Thy word is cast  
 Like seed upon the ground  
 Oh ! may it grow in humble hearts,  
 And righteous fruits abound

Let not the foe of Christ and man  
 This holy seed remove ,  
 But give it root in praying souls  
 To bring forth fruits of love

Let not the world's deceitful cares  
The rising plant destroy,  
But may it in converted minds  
Produce the fruits of joy

Let not Thy word so kindly sent  
To raise us to Thy Throne  
Return to Thee, and sadly tell  
That we reject Thy Son

Great God ! come down, and on Thy word  
Thy mighty power bestow ,  
That all who hear the joyful sound  
Thy saving grace may know

*John Carwood 1816*

*Thy Will be Done "*

20

Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee,  
And plead to be forgiven, •  
So let Thy life our pattern be,  
And form our souls for Heaven

Help us, through good report and ill,  
Our daily cross to bear,  
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,  
Our brethren's griefs to share

Let grace our selfishness expel,  
Our earthliness refine,  
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,  
As free and true as Thine

If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,  
 And grief's dark day come on,  
 We, in our turn, would meekly cry,  
 Father ! Thy will be done !

Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,  
 Or brethren faithless prove,  
 Then, like Thine own, be all our aim  
 To conquer them by love

Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,  
 Forgiving and forgiven,  
 O may we lead the pilgrim's life,  
 And follow Thee to Heaven !

*John Hampden Gurney* 1838

## 21

Eternal Beam of Light Divine,  
 Fountain of unexhausted love,  
 In Whom the Father's glories shine  
 Through earth beneath, and Heaven above

Jesu ! the weary wanderer's Rest !  
 Give me Thy easy yoke to bear,  
 With steadfast patience arm my breast,  
 With spotless love, and lowly fear

Thankful I take the cup from Thee,  
 Prepar'd and mingled by Thy skill  
 Though bitter to the taste it be,  
 Powerful the wounded soul to heal

Be Thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh !  
 So shall each murmuring thought be gone  
 And grief, and fear, and care shall fly  
 As clouds before the mid-day sun



Speak to my warring passions peace ,  
Say to my trembling heart, Be still  
Thy power my strength and fortress is,  
For all things serve Thy sovereign will

O Death, where is thy sting ? where now  
Thy boasted victory, O Grave ?  
Who shall contend with God, or who  
Can hurt whom God delights to save?  
*Charles Wesley 1740*

22

All wondering on the desert ground  
The hungry thousands gazed around,  
While Jesus for their need display'd  
The power that once the worlds had made

Few were the words the Saviour spake ,  
He only blest the bread and brake ,  
The scanty loaves, the fishes few,  
At His commandment ceaseless grew

No meagre store, O Lord, have we  
Of grace and blessings shower'd from Thee ,  
Yet in our barren hearts and dry  
More scanty grows the rich supply

On desert sands we seem'd to roam,  
Weary, and faint, and far from home,  
Though pastures green around us grow,  
And Thy still waters near us flow

Oh ! with a living growth inspire,  
 Not Thy blest gifts, but our desire,  
 That we may taste Thy mercy's store,  
 And thirst and hunger never more !

*John Ernest Bode* 1860

*"And forgive us our Trespases"*

23

When rising from the bed of death,  
 O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,  
 I see my Maker face to face,  
 O how shall I appear !

If yet, while pardon may be found,  
 And mercy may be sought,  
 My heart with inward horror shrinks,  
 And trembles at the thought,

When Thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd  
 In majesty severe,  
 And sit in judgment on my soul,  
 O how shall I appear !

But Thou hast told the troubled soul,  
 Who does her sins lament,  
 The timely tribute of her tears  
 Shall endless woe prevent

Then see the sorrows of my heart,  
 Ere yet it be too late,  
 And add my Saviour's dying groans  
 To give those sorrows weight

For never shall my soul despair  
Her pardon to procure,  
Who knows Thy only Son has died  
To make that pardon sure  
*Joseph Addison* 1719

*Noonday*

## 24

Up to the throne of God is borne  
The voice of praise at early morn,  
And He accepts the punctual hymn,  
Sung as the light of day grows dim

Nor will He turn His ear aside  
From holy offerings at noontide  
Then here reposing let us raise  
A song of gratitude and praise

What though our burthen be not light,  
We need not toil from morn to night,  
The respite of the mid-day hour  
Is in the thankful Creature's power

Blest are the moments, doubly blest,  
That, drawn from this one hour of rest,  
Are with a ready heart bestowed  
Upon the service of our God

Each field is then a hallowed spot,  
An altar is in each man's cot,  
A church in every grove that spreads  
Its living roof above our heads

Look up to Heaven ! the industrious sun  
 Already half his race hath run ,  
 He cannot halt nor go astray ,  
 But our immortal Spirits may

Lord ! since his rising in the east,  
 If we have faltered or transgressed,  
 Guide, from Thy love's abundant source,  
 What yet remains of this day's course

Help with Thy grace, through life's short day  
 Our upward, and our downward, way ,  
 And glorify for us the west,  
 When we shall sink to final rest !

*William Wordsworth 1834*

### *Evening*

#### 25

Father ! by Thy love and power,  
 Comes again the evening hour  
 Light has vanished, labours cease,  
 Weary creatures rest in peace  
 Thou, whose genial dews distil

On the lowliest weed that grows,  
 Father ! guard our couch from ill,

Lull Thy children to repose  
 We to Thee ourselves resign,  
 Let our latest thoughts be Thine !

Saviour ! to Thy Father bear  
 This our feeble evening prayer ,  
 Thou hast seen how oft to-day  
 We, like sheep, have gone astray  
 Worldly thoughts, and thoughts of pride,  
 Wishes to Thy Cross untrue,

Secret faults and undescried,  
Meet Thy spirit-piercing view  
Blessed Saviour ! yet, through Thee,  
Pray that these may pardoned be

Holy Spirit ! Breath of balm !  
Fall on us in evening's calm  
Yet awhile, before we sleep,  
We with Thee will vigil keep  
Lead us on our sins to muse ,  
Give us truest penitence ,  
Then the love of God infuse,  
Breathing humble confidence ,  
Melt our spirits, mould our will,  
Softens, strengthen, comfort still !

Blessed Trinity ! be near  
Through the hours of darkness drear ,  
When the help of man is far,  
Ye more clearly present are  
Father ! Son ! and Holy Ghost !  
Watch o'er our defenceless head,  
Let Your angels' guardian host  
Keep all evil from our bed, •  
Till the flood of morning rays  
Wake us to a song of praise

*Joseph Anstue 1836*

*The Old and New Year*

## 26

Now, gracious Lord, Thy arm reveal,  
And make Thy glory known ,  
Now let us all Thy presence feel,  
And soften hearts of stone !

Help us to venture near Thy Throne,  
And plead a Saviour's Name,  
For all that we can call our own  
Is vanity and shame

From all the guilt of former sin  
May mercy set us free  
And let the year we now begin,  
Begin and end with Thee

Send down Thy Spirit from above,  
That saints may love Thee more,  
And sinners now may learn to love,  
Who never loved before

And when before Thee we appear  
In our eternal home,  
May growing numbers worship here,  
And praise Thee in our room !

*John Newton* 1779

### *Baptism and Childhood*

#### 27

Saviour, who didst from Heaven come down,  
A little Child awhile to be,  
Whose precious blood and thorny crown  
From death and sin have ransomed me

Teach me, dear Saviour, some return  
Of lowly service for Thy love,  
Such as a thankful child may learn,  
Such as Thy Spirit shall approve

Young hearts, I hear them say, are claimed  
For God's own altar by Thy word  
May I lay there my own, unblamed !  
And wilt Thou lift it heavenward, Lord ?  
*James Bullivant Tomalin [1860]*  
*From Louis, Count Zinzendorf*

*Holy Communion*

## 28

Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face ,  
Here would I touch and handle things unseen ,  
Here grasp with finer hand the eternal grace,  
And all my weariness upon Thee lean  
  
Here would I feed upon the Bread of God ,  
Here drink with Thee the royal Wine of Heaven ,  
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,  
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven  
  
This is the hour of banquet and of song,  
This is the heavenly Table spread for me ,  
Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong  
The brief bright hour of fellowship with Thee  
  
Too soon we rise , the symbols disappear ,  
The Feast, though not the Love, is past and gone ,  
The Bread and Wine remove , but Thou art here,  
Nearer than ever , still my Shield and Sun  
  
I have no help but Thine , nor do I need  
Another arm save Thine to lean upon  
It is enough, my Lord , enough, indeed ,  
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone

I have no wisdom, save in Him Who is  
 My Wisdom and my Teacher, both in one,  
 No wisdom can I lack while Thou art wise,  
 No teaching do I crave, save Thine alone

Mine is the sin, but Thine the Righteousness,  
 Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing Blood,  
 Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace,  
 Thy blood, Thy Righteousness, O Lord my God!

I know, that deadly evils compass me,  
 Dark perils threaten, yet I would not fear,  
 Nor poorly shrink, nor feebly turn to flee,  
 Thou, O my Christ, art buckler, sword, and spear

But see, the Pillar-Cloud is rising now,  
 And moving onward through the desert night,  
 It beckons, and I follow, for I know  
 It leads me to the heritage of Light

Feast after feast thus comes, and passes by,  
 Yet, passing, points to the glad Feast above,  
 Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,  
 The Lamb's great Bridal Feast of bliss and love

*Horatius Bonar. 1856*

## 29

My God, and is Thy Table spread?  
 And does Thy cup with love o'erflow?  
 Thither be all Thy children led,  
 And let them all its sweetness know

Hail, sacred Feast, which Jesus makes!  
 Rich banquet of His Flesh and Blood!  
 Thrice happy he, who here partakes  
 That sacred stream, that heavenly Food!



Why are its dainties all in vain  
Before unwilling hearts display'd ?  
Was not for you the victim slain ?  
Are you forbid the children's Bread ?

O let Thy Table honour'd be,  
And furnished well with joyful guests ,  
And may each soul salvation see,  
That here its sacred pledges tastes

Let crowds approach, with hearts prepar'd ,  
With hearts inflamed let all attend ,  
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,  
The pleasure or the profit end

Revive Thy dying churches, Lord !  
And bid our drooping graces live ,  
And more, that energy afford,  
A Saviour's love alone can give  
*Philip Doddridge 1755*

## 30

Thou, who hast call'd us by Thy Word  
The marriage feast to share  
Of Thy dear Son, our only Lord,  
Thy bidden guests prepare !

No vain excuse we dare to make,  
Thy call we do not slight ,  
We come unworthy , for His sake  
Help us to come aright !

The marriage-garment we require  
Thyself to us impart,  
And with Thy precious gifts inspire  
A pure and thankful heart

And Thou, to whom the Father's love  
 The wedding guests has brought,  
 Who ever helpest from above  
 Those whom Thy blood has bought,

Lord of the feast ! our coming Bless,  
 And round our souls entwine  
 The garment of Thy Righteousness,  
 In which Thy saints shall shine

*John Ernest Bode* 1860

## 31

For mercies, countless as the sands,  
 Which daily I receive  
 From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,  
 My soul, what canst thou give ?

Alas ! from such an heart as mine,•  
 What can I bring Him forth ?  
 My best is stain'd and dyed with sin,  
 My all is nothing worth

Yet this acknowledgment I'll make  
 For all He has bestow'd ,  
 Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,  
 And call upon my God

The best return for one like me,  
 So wretched and so poor,  
 Is from His gifts to draw a plea,  
 And ask Him still for more

*William Cowper* 1779

32

Lord, when my soul her secrets doth reveal,  
All self-condemned, before Thy Throne I kneel,  
And own my thoughts unclean, my words untrue,  
Deeds nothing worth, eyes blind, and flattering too

Oh ! from this death who shall deliver me ?  
Oh ! from this torment whither can I flee ?  
No virtue have I left, no strength within,  
Corrupt at heart, enslaved and bound in sin

But, Lord, Thy mercy to the Heavens ascends ,  
Thy faithfulness beyond the clouds extends ,  
Like the strong mountains stands Thy Righteous-  
ness ,  
Deep are Thy Judgments, as the vast Abyss

Thou, excellent in Mercy, savest still  
Men and mute creatures with a Father's will  
Under Thy gracious shadow, Good and Just,  
The children of mankind shall put their trust

They from Thy house of plenty shall be fed,  
And drink Joy's River from the Fountain-Head ,  
For Life's eternal well-spring is with Thee ,  
And in Thy Light, light only shall we see

O Lord ! to the true-hearted men of love  
Still may Thy loving-kindness constant prove !  
And save Thy servant from the foot of pride  
While Thy foes fall around, be Thou my guide !

*Roundell Palmer 1865*

*Church Dedication*

## 33

O Lord, our languid souls inspire,  
For here, we trust, Thou art !  
Send down a coal of heavenly fire,  
To warm each waiting heart

Dear Shepherd of Thy people, hear,  
Thy Presence now display ,  
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,  
So give us hearts to pray

Shew us some token of Thy love,  
Our fainting hope to raise ,  
And pour Thy blessings from above,  
That we may render praise

Within these walls let holy peace,  
And love, and concord, dwell ,  
Here give the troubled conscience ease,  
The wounded spirit heal

The feeling heart, the melting eye,  
The humbled mind bestow ,  
And shine upon us from on high,  
To make our graces grow

May we in faith receive Thy word,  
In faith present our prayers,  
And in the presence of our Lord  
Unbosom all our cares

And may the Gospel's joyful sound,  
Enforced by mighty grace,  
Awaken many sinners round,  
To come and fill the place

*John Newton 1779*

*Ordination of Ministers*

## 34

Pour out Thy Spirit from on high,  
Lord, Thine assembled servants bless,  
Graces and gifts to each supply,  
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness

Within Thy Temple when we stand  
To teach the truth, as taught by Thee,  
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand  
The angels of the Churches be !

Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,  
Firmness, with meekness from above,  
To bear Thy people on our heart,  
And love the souls whom Thou dost love

To watch, and pray, and never faint,  
By day and night strict guard to keep,  
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,  
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep

Then, when our work is finish'd here,  
In humble hope our charge resign !  
When the chief Shepherd shall appear,  
O God ! may they and we be Thine !  
*James Montgomery 1825*

## 35

Fearless, calm, and strong in love,  
Would'st thou ply the Gospel net ?  
Then remember God above,  
And thyself forget

Like the fisher, patient be ,  
Try at morn, and try at even,  
Hope, where thou canst nothing see ,  
And still trust in Heaven °

Never shall the net be cast  
All in vain, though cast amiss  
Wait the great Day and the last,  
Ere thou judge of this

O what issues that may show  
Even of thy poor toil and care !  
But, till then, enough to know  
Thou dost neither spare

Spend, then, and be spent, in love ,  
Take the task before thee set ,  
Souls to win for Heaven above,  
And thyself forget

*Thomas Davis. 1862*

*The Call*

## 36

Awake, my soul ! lift up thine eyes,  
See where thy foes against thee rise,  
In long array, a numerous host ,  
Awake, my soul ! or thou art lost

Here giant Danger threatening stands,  
Mustering his pale terrific bands ,  
There pleasure's silken banners spread,  
And willing souls are captive led

See where rebellious passions rage,  
And fierce desires and lusts engage ,  
The meanest foe of all the train  
Has thousands and ten thousands slain

Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground,  
Perils and snares beset thee round ,  
Beware of all, guard every part,  
But most, the traitor in thy heart

Come then, my soul, now learn to wield  
The weight of thine immortal shield ,  
Put on the armour from above  
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love

The terror and the charm repel,  
And powers of earth, and powers of hell ,  
The Man of Calvary triumphed here  
Why should His faithful followers fear?

*Anna Letitia Barbauld 1773*





## NOTES

### HYMN

- II —Part of Hymn No 100 in Munt's *Ancient Hymns*, &c Three stanzas out of eight are omitted
- IV —The text of this hymn is from *The Devout Chorister* (Masters, Third Edition, 1854), in which book it was first published, and the author's name is given, by his kind permission
- V —The text of this is from the Fifth Edition (Newcastle, no date, but water mark 1810), of the Rev Thomas Cotterill's *Psalms and Hymns*
- VII —From *Hymns for the Church of England* (Longman, 1857) The first and third stanzas are adapted, by Mr Darling, from Nos 49 and 36 of John Quigley's *Divine ejaculations*
- VIII —From John and Charles Wesley's *Collection of Psalms and Hymns* (the first edition published in 1741), but it had been previously published in John Wesley's Charlestown book of 1737 The Psalm, as rendered by Watts, is in six stanzas, of which Wesley omitted the first and fourth, and varied the second by substituting the well known lines,  
     " Before Jehovah's awful throne,  
       Ye nations, bow with sacred joy,"  
 for Watts' original,  
     " Nations, attend before his throne  
       With solemn fear, with sacred joy  
 The only other change is the word "shall" instead of "must," in the third line of the last stanza
- XII —Three stanzas out of six The first, second and fifth of Watts are omitted
- XV —Nine stanzas out of twelve (the first, third, and eleventh of Watts being omitted) The word "God" is brought down into the first line, from the first (omitted) stanza, instead of "Him"
- XVI —The four first stanzas of Hymn No 11, Book II in Gibbons *Hymns adapted to Divine Worship* (London, 1784), so named wrongly ascribed to Berriige Gibbons has seven stanzas

## HYMN

- xviii — Altered from a poem by Eliza Lee Cabot first published in 1826, by Emily Taylor in *Sabbath Recreations* (Wellington, Salop,) 1826
- xxi — Thus, attributed in 18101 to Charles Grant, is in the Rev E H Bickersteth's *Christian Psalmody*, 1833, but must have been in circulation for nearly twenty years before
- xxiii — Four out of five stanzas, Lyte's fourth being omitted
- xxviii — The first thirteen out of forty two stanzas The poem is the last of several in Shelton's *Appeal to Common Sense on the Subject of Christianity* (Dublin, 1784)
- xxxii — Stanzas 1, 6, 9, and 10, of a poem in ten stanzas (No 68 of T Grimfield's *Century of Sacred Songs*) I have adhered to the selection made by the late Rev John Hampden Gunney in the Marylebone Hymn Book of 1851
- xxxiii — My only authority for ascribing this to Tate is the late Rev Edward Bickersteth, but the authorship seems probable, as this is one of the hymns included in the "Supplement to the New Version, for the use of which Brady and Tate obtained from Queen Anne an Order in Council, dated the 30th July, 1703 It was advertised as ready, and issued, as early as 1698
- xxxiv — The text is that of the fourth edition (1743) of *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, by John and Charles Wesley, differing in one word only ("Heavenly," instead of "Inner," in the second line of the last stanza) from the first edition, published in 1739 The common variation, beginning, "Hark, the herald angels sing," is probably by Martin Madan (1760), who, besides altering several lines, has left out part (but not the whole) of the two last stanzas, which are usually omitted at the end of modern editions of the New Version of the Psalms The word "walkin," in the first line, is open to criticism, but in other respects I prefer Wesley's original to Madan's variation
- xxxviii — Mr Sears is an American writer
- xl — From the volume, published in 1829 (London Cadell & Co), under the title *Spirit of the Psalms*, which is not to be confounded with the work of the Rev H F Lyte, afterwards published under the same title, in 1834
- xli — This hymn is from *Hymns Ancient and Modern, for Use in the Services of the Church* (London Novello, 1861) I am indebted to the Rev Sir Henry Williams Baker, Bart (one of the editors of that collection), for the permission, which he has kindly obtained for me from the author, to publish his name, as well as for the authentication of the text I am also indebted to him and his co editors for their consent to the use which I have made of this hymn, and of three others, contributed by Sir Henry Williams Baker himself to the same collection, to which he has allowed me to affix his name
- xlii — Five out of seven stanzas Those omitted are Doddridge's second and sixth
- xlvii — Five stanzas out of a hymn which, as first published in 1740 (then beginning "Glory to God, and praise, and love"),

## HYMN

consisted of eighteen stanzas, and which, in the seventeenth edition of *Hymns and Spiritual Songs* (Pine, Bristol, 1773), was reduced to eleven stanzas, then beginning as in the present text. In the *Hymn Book for Methodists*, it consists of ten stanzas, one of which is taken from the earlier edition, and is not in that of 1773.

XLVIII — Four out of five stanzas. That omitted is the fourth of Watts.

LII — Five out of eight stanzas. Those omitted are the fourth, fifth, and seventh of Watts.

LV — Six out of seven stanzas. That omitted is the third of Newton.

LVII — This hymn, as here given, was introduced into the Marylebone Collection (1851) from a poem of some length, published in 1881, in *The Lyre*, a volume edited by the Rev Thomas Dale. The text (which will be found at page 139 of that volume) is unaltered, except that the first word "Saviour," has been brought down from a preceding line, in substitution for the words "And then," so as to give to these stanzas an independent beginning.

LVIII — Nine out of eleven stanzas. Those omitted are the fifth and seventh of Mrs Barbauld.

LX — From *Lyra Davidica*, 1708, but brought into general use in *The Compleat Psalmist* by John Arnold, of which the second edition was published in 1750. The "Gloria," which constitutes the fourth stanza, goes with the hymn in some modern books, and suits so well, that I have ventured to retain it. This "Gloria" is certainly by Charles Wesley, it will be found at page 242 of the fourth edition (1743) of the *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, by the two brothers.

LXI — This hymn (No. 2, in the Rev John Chandler's *Hymns of the Primitive Church*) is, as stated by himself in his Preface to that work, a variation from a translation of the same Latin original, by the Rev Isaac Williams, which had previously appeared in the *British Magazine*, and which is No. 2 in Mr Williams' *Hymns Translated from the Parisian Breviary* (Rivingtons, 1839).

LXII — A selection, adopted by me out of the *Marylebone Hymn Book* of 1851 (where it is erroneously ascribed to A. Gray), from a hymn in nine stanzas of eight lines each, by the late Mr George Mogridge, popularly known as "Old Humphrey." There is no alteration in the words, but the two tetrastrichs composing the first stanza are transposed. The entire hymn will be found in *My Poetry Book*, published by the Religious Tract Society, at p. 28.

LXIV — Dr Neale's hymn is divided into thirteen unequal parts, the first seven of which constitute the present text.

LXV — Three out of five stanzas contributed to the S. P. C. K. Hymnal, 1852, but the first stanza was added at a later revision.

LXVIII — The date assigned to this hymn, and to No. CCCXCVIII are

## HYMN

- those of their publication, by the author himself, in the *Christian Observer*. The other hymns of Sir Robert Grant, in this collection, bear the date of the posthumous republication of his collected hymns, by his brother, Lord Glenelg.
- LXIX — Four out of nine stanzas, of unequal length, from Bishop Mant's *Holydays of the Church, or, Scriptural Narratives and Biographical Notices*, vol. II p. 536 (Oxford: Parker, 1831).
- LXX — The *Offices* of John Austin, containing some excellent hymns, were adapted to the use of members of the Church of England, first by Theophilus Dorrington, and afterwards by the Nonjuring Bishop Hicke. Dorrington, in some cases, altered Austin's hymns, Hicke almost always reprinted them without alteration. This hymn is No. 81 in Austin's *Offices*, where it consists of seven stanzas, the first of which was omitted, and some of the others slightly altered, by Charles Wesley. The present text is taken from the first edition (1789) of the Wesleys' *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, page 180, where it is entitled *Hymn to Christ, altered from Dr Hicke's "Reformed Devotions"*.
- LXXI — The text of this hymn is given from Toplady's Collection: published in 1776. Whether it is Mr. Bakewell's genuine work, or was altered by Toplady, is not certain. The hymn, as first published by Madan, in 1760, wants the last stanza, (which is by some ascribed to James Allen,) and differs from the present text in some other respects. Both Madan and Toplady were friends of the author, and the probability seems to be that it was revised and altered by the author himself, for Toplady's Collection.
- LXXIII — Twenty three out of twenty eight stanzas communicated by Mr. Turner, one of the authors, to Dr. Rippon in 1791 (See Rippon's *Baptist Annual Register*, vol. III p. 471.) The composition is generally the same as one which appeared in the *Gospel Magazine*, for June, 1776, but with a good many verbal differences. The first four stanzas of the text are by Fanch, who also wrote the three which follow them in the original, but which are here omitted, because they are repeated in substance towards the end of the part contributed by Turner. The stanzas, from "Blest angels," to the end, are by Turner, and were published by him separately, with variations (not improvements), in a little volume, printed in 1794. Abridgments of this hymn, more or less varied (usually beginning "Beyond the glittering starry skies"), occur in several modern hymn books. One of the first of them appeared in Dr. Rippon's own Collection.
- LXXIV — The three last out of five stanzas (Hymn LVIII in Book I of Watts' *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, beginning "Let mortal tongues attempt to sing.")
- LXXIX — This hymn, (composed in 1833,) was originally published in *Metrical Psalms and Hymns for singing in Churches* (Worcester, 1849).

## HYMN

LXXX —Seven stanzas out of eight That omitted is Montgomery's third

LXXXI —This is one of a small number of compositions by Michael Bruce (a Scottish schoolmaster, who died very young) which have been the subject of much controversy in Scotland, and, indeed, of a kind of literary romance. They appear to have been intrusted in manuscript by Michael Bruce, or by his father, to John Logan, who, some time after Bruce's death, published them with variations in his own name. The eighteenth "Paraphrase" is a variation of this hymn, no doubt contributed by Logan. The present is Bruce's original text, as given in Mr Mackelvie's collection of his poems (Edinburgh: Paterson, 1837).

LXXXII —Six out of eight stanzas The second and third of Watts are omitted

LXXXIII —Four out of six stanzas The second and third of Watts are omitted

LXXXIV —The dates assigned to this hymn, and to Nos cxxi and cxxvii and the two "Additional Hymns," Nos 2 and 9, are those of their original publication in the *Christian Observer*. The rest of Bishop Heber's Hymns (as well as Dean Milman's), in this volume, bear the date of the publication of the Bishop's Hymn book, in 1827.

LXXXV —The text of this hymn, and of No ciii as now corrected is from the first edition of *Psalms and Hymns* (Ipswich, 1813), by the author, the Rev William Hurn, formerly Vicar of Debenham.

LXXXVIII —The text is from *Conder's Hymns* (London: Snow, 1856), where this is a complete hymn. As first published by the author, in *The Choir and the Oratory* (Jackson and Walford, 1837), these were the last four of thirteen stanzas, on "Thy Kingdom Come."

xc —This popular hymn is a cento, composed by Martin Madan, with some variations, out of two hymns by Charles Wesley (Nos 38 and 39 of *Hymns of Intercession for all Mankind*), and one by John Cennick (No 128 in his *Collection of Sacred Hymns*, Fifth Edition, Dublin, 1752). The choice and arrangement of the stanzas, as made by Madan, is here preserved, as are his variations of the third and fourth stanzas (Cennick's), of which the last lines do not rhyme in the original. The first two stanzas and the last are from Wesley's No 39, a hymn of four stanzas. Madan made some alterations in the first and the last, which (with the exception of "O come quickly, taken by him from Cennick, instead of Wesley's 'Jah, Jehovah'") I have not retained. The second, and the fifth (which is the concluding stanza of Wesley's No 38), he did not alter.

xcii —The preceding hymn is generally, by a popular error, attributed to Oliver, the only foundation for that error being, that he adopted its first line as the beginning of one of his stanzas, which (though the first of those selected here) is

## HYMN

- not the first in either edition of his Judgment Hymn. His hymn was greatly altered and enlarged in its second edition, from which the present text is taken, being a selection of eleven out of thirty six stanzas.
- xciv — This translation of *Veni Creator*, from the Bishop's *Collection of Private Devotions*, 1627, was first introduced into the Office for the Ordination of Priests upon the revision of the Liturgy of the Church of England, in 1662.
- xcviii — Seven out of nine stanzas. Harts seventh and eighth are omitted.
- c — Jacobi's translation will be found at page 48 of Haberkorn's *Psalmodia Germanica* (London, 1765). It consists of ten stanzas, of which Toplady adopted and altered six. Toplady's third stanza is here omitted.
- ci — Five out of six stanzas, from Mant's *Holydays of the Church* (vol. II, page 317). The Bishop's first stanza is omitted.
- civ — The last seven out of eleven stanzas (No. 24 of John Mason's *Songs of Praise*).
- cvi — Four out of eight stanzas (the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh of Watts are omitted).
- cxviii — Fourteen out of twenty six stanzas. This is the most ancient of all the compositions included in this volume, and it is the true English source of all the "New Jerusalem Hymns" of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It is printed at length in Dr Bonar's interesting Preface to his edition, published in 1852 (Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter), of David Dickson's *New Jerusalem*, which is itself a mere variation of this hymn, with thirty six more stanzas added to it from William Frid's *Glaspe of Vaine Glorie*, 1585. The original hymn is contained in a MS quarto volume, numbered 15,225, in the British Museum, the date of which seems (from the internal evidence, as stated by Dr Bonar), to be about 1616. The hymn itself (which is entitled, *A Song by F. B. P. to the tune of Diana*) is, probably, of Queen Elizabeth's time.
- cix — The text of this hymn (printed in the first edition of the present volume, from the Ninth Edition of Crossman), has been now corrected, and restored as it originally appeared in the first Edition of the *Young Man's Calling, or the whole Duty of Youth, &c. with Divine Poems* except that the third stanza, which was omitted by Crossman in his second and all subsequent editions, is also omitted here.
- cx — I have been unable to trace this hymn higher than to the Collection of Dr Williams and Mr Boden, first published in 1801, in which it is stated to be from 'Eckinton Collection', and I have not discovered the author, or the original text. In the collections which give it most fully, there are seven stanzas of which one the third (a stanza of inferior merit, and borrowed directly from an older hymn), is here omitted.
- cxliii — Five out of six stanzas, from Hymn cxliii of Berridge's *Sion's Songs*. The stanza omitted is Berridge's fourth. The

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last couplet of the second stanza is taken by Berridge, with very little alteration, from Ralph Erskine's *Gospel Sonnets* (Part V section 6), and the whole hymn follows so closely in Erskine's track, that it might properly be described as a variation from him

CXIV —The text is that of the 66th Scotch Paraphrase in which Cameron, taking the general plan, and much of the detail and expression of Watts' hymn (No 41 of Watts Book I), has recast the whole composition, with excellent effect

CXVI —Four out of five stanzas That omitted is Newton's fourth

CXXII —The first ten lines of this hymn were left a fragment by Kirke White, written on the back of one of his mathematical papers They came after his death into the hands of Dr Collyer, who published them, with six (not very successful) lines of his own added, in his *Hymn Book* of 1812, where the hymn is numbered 867 The task of finishing it was more happily accomplished by Miss Maitland, in the form in which it is here given, which first appeared in a volume published by Hatchard in 1827, under the title of *Hymns for Private Devotion, selected and original*

CXXIII —Five out of ten stanzas

CXXV —Six out of seven stanzas That omitted is Newton's third

CXXVI —Eight out of twelve stanzas Those omitted are the third, ninth, tenth, and eleventh of Cennick

CXXVII —Hammond's hymn (which will be found at page 65 of his *Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs*, London, 1745) is in fourteen stanzas Of these, the first, second, and thirteenth, are the same, except some very slight verbal changes, with the three first stanzas of Madan's variation The last two stanzas of the variation are an expansion by Madan of Hammond's concluding stanza

CXXVIII —Chandler concludes this hymn with a "Gloria, which is omitted here

CXXIX —Three out of seven stanzas

CXLII —Six out of eight stanzas

CXLVIII —This and No CLXIII are taken, by permission of the authoress, from *The Legend of the Golden Prayers, and other Poems* (London Bell and Daldy, 1809, pages 119—142) Both hymns had been previously published at or before the dates marked in the text

CLV —This is a variation from the first four and the last two stanzas of James Montgomery's *Verses to the Memory of the late Joseph Brown, of Leithersdale*, a poem in fourteen stanzas (of four lines each), which was written about 1803, and published in *The Wanderer of Switzerland and other Poems*, in 1806 The hymn, in its present form, seems to have first appeared in Dr Collyer's Collection, published in 1812, but I have not been able to ascertain whether the variation is due to Dr Collyer, or (as, from the internal evidence, I should have thought probable) to Montgomery himself It is not, however, included in Montgomery's Collection of his own

## HYMN

- hymns, published in 1853, nor is it in his *Christian Psalmist*, published in 1825
- CLVIII —The last four out of five stanzas (The hymn is No 86, Book II of Watts)
- CLX —Eight out of eleven stanzas (*Theodosia's Poems*, vol 1 page 159, Bristol edition of 1780) The stanzas omitted are the fourth, fifth, and sixth of the authoress
- CLXXVIII —Seven out of nine stanzas The fourth and eighth of Watts are omitted
- CLXXI —Four out of six stanzas The fourth and fifth of Watts are omitted
- CLXXVI —From *Hymns and Poems*, by Sir Edward Denny, Bart (Nisbet, 1848)
- CLXXVIII —The first five out of six stanzas
- CLXXX —The text of this hymn is from Dr Raffles Collection, whom I understand (on Mr Sedgwick's authority) to have had it from the author
- CLXXXII —This, and No CCXCVI are by Dr Ray Palmer, a living American writer The text has been compared with authentic American copies, and found correct
- CLXXXVI —Eight out of eleven four line stanzas, which constitute the latter part of *The Covenant and Confidence of Faith*, in Baxter's Poems (Pickering's edition, 1871, page 71) The stanzas omitted are the first, third, and fifth, at the page referred to
- CLXXXIX —Four stanzas out of eight The hymn is No 82 in John Austin's *Offices* The stanzas omitted are the first three, and the "Gloria" at the end
- CXC —Five stanzas out of six The stanza omitted is Cowper's fifth
- CXCI —Five stanzas out of eight Those omitted are Wesley's fifth, sixth, and seventh The hymn is at page 30 of the *Hymns and Sacred Poems* (Second Edition, Bristol, 1743)
- CLCIII —The last stanza is wanting in Miss Elliott's *Hours of Sorrow cheered and comforted* (Fourth Edition, 1840, page 186) It is, however, as I have ascertained, the concluding stanza of the hymn, as originally composed by the authoress
- CXCIV —From a memoir of the Life of Oberlin published anonymously in 1830 (London Ball) The translator is Mrs Daniel Wilson, of Islington, who has kindly permitted me to give her name It is very doubtful if the original is Oberlin's, though its true source has not been ascertained
- CLCV —Five out of ten stanzas (*Theodosia's Poems*, vol 1, p 184, of the edition of 1780) The stanzas omitted are the third to the seventh inclusive
- CCII —From *The Rivulet* (Longman and Co, Second Edition 1856)
- CCIII —Five out of ten stanzas, from Mant's *Holydays of the Church*



## HYMN

(vol. 11 page 563) The Bishop's fifth, sixth, seventh, ninth, and tenth stanzas are omitted

CCV —From *The Church of England Magazine*, February, 1888, with a X signifying it to be original. It is there in seven stanzas, and is signed, Ω, Chelsea

CCVI —A curious example of a successful cento. Each stanza is taken from a different hymn by Mason, the four hymns, which have each contributed one stanza, being Nos 6, 7, 9 and 8, of Mason's *Songs of Praise*. Mr Gurney (who had been to some extent anticipated in this operation, by former Collectors—e.g. Montgomery, in the *Christian Psalmist*, gives a composite hymn of greater length, from the same sources) has introduced some slight verbal alterations, which are here retained

CCIX.—Five out of eight stanzas (*Conder's Hymns*, London Snow p 140). The stanzas omitted are Conder's second, third, and fourth

CCXIII.—The text is that of the second Scotch Paraphrase. It is slightly different from that printed in Logan's works, where some of the pieces, now ascertained to be by Michael Bruce, are still ascribed to Logan, who originally published them as his own. The true original (which begins, "O God of Jacob," &c) is No. 4 of Doddridge's hymns, it has been re-written, and certainly improved, by Bruce or Logan

CCXIX.—The first five out of six stanzas

CCXX.—The first five out of six stanzas (from Watts' *Devine Songs for Children*, Song 9)

CCXXIII.—Six stanzas out of eight (from Lyte's *Poems, chiefly religious*, London, Nisbet, p 158). The stanzas omitted are the fourth and eighth of Lyte

CCXXIV.—The text of this hymn is from Le Bas' *Life of Bishop Middleton* (Rivingtons, 1831)

CCXXVI.—The original of this is the *Humble Lamentation of a Sinner*, usually appended to the "Old Version" of the Psalms. Some recent students of Hymnology have thought it probable that the author of the *Humble Lamentation* was John Marchant (not Martley), but their opinion seems to rest on no higher ground than conjecture. In Bishop Heber's book, it is erroneously ascribed to Sternhold, and no notice is there taken of the Bishop's extensive variations

CCXXVIII.—Three out of four stanzas. The stanza omitted is Mr Russell's third

CCXXIX.—This and No. CCLII were communicated to me in manuscript by the kindness of my friend, Mr Palgrave

CCXXXI.—Three out of four stanzas, the fourth is that omitted

CCXLIII.—From *Hymns for Sunday Schools, Original and Selected* (Cambridge Second Edition, 1844), by the Rev. C. J. Phipps Eyre. The first two and the fourth lines are by Waring, the rest by a different hand, but whose, I have not been able to ascertain

## HYMN \*

CCXLIV—This, and CCXCIV first appeared in *Hall's Collection* (1836). The present text is from a collection of tracts and hymns, published in 1837, with the author, Mr Osler's name, under the title of *Church and King* (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

CCXLVI—The text of this, and of Nos. CCLVII and CCLV is from the edition of 1709, containing Bishop Ken's latest corrections. That of the earlier editions will be found in Mr Anderson's *Life of Ken*, and in Mr Sedgwick's recent edition of Ken's hymns, since the publication of which, the discovery of a copy of the edition of 1709 (now in my possession) has settled the controversy, previously raised, as to the genuineness of the present text. This text was revised by the Bishop for an undated edition of the hymns issued as a twopenny tract for general use, not earlier than 1705, and not later than 1707. A copy (probably unique) is in the British Museum Library. Ken's Evening Hymn, in its original form, first appeared, with a musical setting by Jeremiah Clarke, in Playford's *Harmonia Sacra*, of 1698.

CCXLVIII—The last twelve of sixteen stanzas, from the first poem in the *Christian Year*.

CCLIII—I am indebted for the communication of this hymn and No. CCLXVI to the kindness of the author, the Rev James Ford, Prebendary of Exeter.

CCLVI—A variation from Watts' "Dread Sovereign, let my evening song" (No. VII of Watts' Hymns, Book II). Browne has altered the metre, and has rewritten and improved the whole composition.

CCLIX—The last twelve of fourteen stanzas, from the second poem in the *Christian Year*.

CCLX—This Hymn (originally taken by the Editor from *The New Congregational Hymn Book*, Jackson, Walford, and Co.) was, by mistake, ascribed in the former impressions of this volume to Thomas Park. It was first published in *The Wreck of the Golden Mary*, constituting the extra number of *Household Words*, for Christmas, 1856.

CCLXIV—One couplet only is omitted, viz. that which, in Doddridge's text, follows the sixteenth line. The hymn, as originally, and generally, printed, is divided into three unequal parts, the first consisting of eighteen lines, the second of twenty eight, and the third of twenty four. I have ventured to adopt a division into stanzas, as being more suitable for music.

CCLXVII—Five out of seven stanzas. The omitted stanzas are Doddridge's second and fifth.

CCLXIX—This, and No. CCXCIX were first published in Lord Nelson's *Salsbury Hymnal*, from whence they are taken, and the author's name now for the first time added, by Mr Keble's and Lord Nelson's kind permission.

CCLXX—The repeated couplet is taken from Milton's translation of the 186th Psalm, with the change of Milton's word "aye," into "still."

## HYMN

- COLXXXIII — From the *British Magazine*, 1832, there is one stanza with a ♯
- COLXXVI COLXXIX — Both these are taken (with four of his own hymns), by the permission of the Rev Arthur Tozer Russell, from his Hymn Book (*Psalm and Hymns*, &c., Cambridge, Deighton, 1851), in which COLXXVI was first published, while COLXXIX is from the *Church of England Magazine*, 1848, where it is in seven stanzas. The author is the Rev Henry Downton, formerly of Chatham, and afterwards of Geneva. Hymn COLXXVI though first published in 1851, had previously been printed in 1848, in the collection (not published) of *Hymns for the German Hospital*.
- COLXXXI — This, and No COLXXXIX are from *Parish Musings*, by the Rev Dr J S B Monsell, Vicar of Egham (Rivingtons, Fifth Edition, 1860), and are inserted by his kind permission.
- COLXXXII — This Hymn (now ascertained to be by Mr Osler) first appeared in the Rev W J Hall's collection (London Wix, 1886).
- COLXXXV — Six out of twelve stanzas. Those omitted are the sixth to the eleventh, inclusive, of Jacobi. The hymn is at page 189 of Haberlein's *Psalmodia Germanica* (London, 1760).
- COLXXXVII — First published in the *Protestant Episcopal Collection of Hymns* (1820), appended to the version of the Psalms at the end of the American Prayer Book.
- COLXXXVIII — The seven last out of fourteen stanzas (*Hymns and Sacred Poems* by J & C Wesley, second edition 1843 page 192).
- COLXXVIX — Seven out of eight stanzas. Montgomery's last stanza is omitted.
- COLXC — The text is from the late Rev Edward Bickersteth's *Christian Psalmody*. The third stanza has been altered, and the fifth inserted by some unknown compiler.
- COLXCI — Crashaw's hymn is a translation from the *Adoro te devote* of Thomas Aquinas. It consists of fifty six lines from which most of the lines of the present hymn are adopted, with more or less variation. The first abridgment (less varied than the present, and containing only six stanzas), was Hymn 18 in Austin's *Offices*, and was repeated, with the change of one or two words, by Hickes (*Devotions*, 1706 page 210). The present text is that of Dorrington's variation from Austin in whose *Reformed Devotions* it is Hymn 28.
- COLXCIII — From the collection of the Rev R Whittingham (Simpkin and Marshall fourth edition, 1843), altered from a hymn by the Rev Thomas Cotterill, 1810.
- COLXCV — From the *Church of England Magazine*, June 1938, where it is given in five stanzas.
- COLXCVIII — Ten out of twenty eight stanzas from a poem entitled *Jesus teaches to die*, at page 80 of the fourth volume of Bishop Ken's works (London, 1721). The stanzas omitted are the first four, the tenth to the eighteenth inclusive, the twenty-second to the twenty-fifth inclusive, and the twenty-eighth.

## HYMN

ccc —From *The Dove on the Cross and other Poems* (Bath, Binns and Goodwin), 1849

cccx —Three out of forty three stanzas The poem (a translation from the Hymn of Prudentius, *Circa exequias defuncti*) is in Williams' *Thoughts in Past Years* (Rivingtons, third edition) 1843, page 296) The stanzas selected are at pages 304-5

cccxii —The last three stanzas of James Montgomery's, *The Grave* (Montgomery's *Poetical Works complete in one volume*, Longman page 261) They now constitute, I believe, part of the epitaph on the poet's tomb

cccxviii —Four out of five stanzas The omitted stanza, a "Gloria," is Chandler's last

cccx —Five out of six stanzas The omitted stanza is Browne's last (Browne's *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, No. 208)

cccxix —Eight out of nine stanzas The omitted stanza is Herbert's last There is a copy of this, with a good many variations, in St. Williams' Library

cccxii —In Mason's *Songs of Praise* (No. 19), this hymn ends (as many of Mason's hymns do) with a half stanza, the general scheme of division being into stanzas of eight lines The concluding half stanza is omitted here

cccxvii —This hymn was first privately printed in 1833 It was afterwards subdivided into three distinct hymns, in the collection of the Rev. H. V. Elliott (the husband of the authoress), by whose kindness I have been enabled to reunite, in this place, the parts so separated

cccxix —From the *Missionary Magazine* (London, Nisbet, 1836), a small collection of 100 hymns, more than fifty of which bear the initials of the anonymous compiler

cccxix ccxxxiv —The text of both these is from the late Dr. Andrew Reed's collection Mr. Hastings is an American author, and, on comparing them with his original text, since the first edition of the present volume was published, they appear to be correctly given, except that the refrain, "Return, return," in No. ccxxxiv is not in Mr. Hastings' book (*Hymns and Poems*, New York, 1850)

cccxliii —I am indebted to Mr. Morris, of Worcester, for the communication of Mrs. Morris' volume, entitled, *The Voice and the Reply* (Worcester, Granger), from which this hymn is taken

cccxv —From the twenty-ninth edition (published about 1829) of Dr. Rippon's Hymn Book, where it is attributed to Dr. Collyer It is not in Dr. Collyer's own collection, of 1812, and I have not succeeded in tracing it beyond Dr. Rippon's book

cccxvi —Communicated by the author to Miss Elliott, the authoress of the hymn by which it was suggested, "Just as I am," &c (No. cxlvii of this volume)

cccxix —This was kindly communicated to me in manuscript, by the author, Robert Smith, Esq., of Holloway

## HYMN

CCCCXXV —Thirteen out of sixteen stanzas, from *Hymns and Sacred Poems* by Charles Wesley, vol 1 p 40 (Farley, Bristol, second edition, 1765)

CCCCXXVII —The hymn from which these eight stanzas are taken, was first published in twenty two stanzas in *Spiritual Songs by J and C Wesley* (vol 1 p 224, fourth edition, 1743) Afterwards in the seventeenth edition (Pine, Bistol, 1773, p 80) it was reduced to sixteen stanzas In both it begins, "And wilt Thou yet be found"

CCCLXIX —Miss Elliott's name is now (through the kindness of her brother, the Rev H V Elliott, in obtaining for me her permission) first made public, as the authoress of this hymn Through some accidental error it is ascribed in the Rev H V Elliott's Collection to Wesley, and the same mistake has been transferred to Ryle's *Spiritual Songs*, Bouchier's *Solace in Sickness and Sorrow*, and probably other books

CCCLI —Six out of seven stanzas (*Hymns and Sacred Poems*, vol 1 p 146, second edition, 1743) Wesley's last stanza is omitted, and a change of arrangement, which the Wesleys themselves sanctioned in the *Hymn Book for Methodists*, is adopted, by placing as last of the six the stanza which is second in the original text

CCCLVI —Five out of six stanzas Browne's last is omitted

CCCLVIII —Five out of eight stanzas Those omitted are Mr Massie's third, fourth, and seventh (From *Martin Luther's Spiritual Songs*, translated by R Massie, Esq of Eccleston, Hatchard, 1854)

CCCLXIII —From the original, as printed, with music, by the late Baron Bunsen, and communicated to me by a friend

CCCLXIV —In most of the editions of Kelly's hymns (including that of 1836), this is a hymn of ten stanzas, of which the fifth, sixth, seventh, and tenth, are here omitted In the edition of 1812, it was reduced by the author himself to six stanzas, being (except the last), the same with the present text The last stanza of that edition was unequal to the rest, and was omitted by the author in all the later editions

CCCLXVIII —From *Nugæ Sacre, or, Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs* (Hatchard, 1825)

CCCLXX —The seven last of twenty stanzas, from Erskine's *Gospel Sonnets* (twentieth edition, Berwick Phorson, 1788 page 272)

CCCLXXV —This is No 47 in *Hymns by R C Chapman* (London John R Bateman, 1, Ivy Lane) This edition, which is without date, was published in 1852 The same hymn, in a slightly different form, had appeared in the earlier edition of the Author's hymns, published in 1837 (John F Shaw, Southampton Row, Russell Square)

CCCLXXVI —(From Lyte's *Poems, chiefly Religious*, page 41) This hymn had been in circulation several years before the publication of that volume, and will be found in the *Christian*

## HYMN

*Psalmist* (1825), and in *Hymns for Private Devotion, Selected and Original* (Hatchard, 1827). It has sometimes been erroneously attributed to Miss Grenfell.

CCCLXXXI — I am indebted for the communication of the volumes from which these two pieces are taken (*Songs for the Suffering*, and *The Family Hymnal*, London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.), to the kindness of the Agent, the Rev. Thomas Davis, Incumbent of Roundhay, Yorkshire.

CCCLXXXII — Five out of nine stanzas (from Watts' Hymn 99 of Book II). The stanzas omitted are the first, second, fifth, and sixth.

CCCLXC — Five out of six stanzas. The omitted stanza is the fourth of Watts.

CCCLXCI — This has been made up by putting together two stanzas taken from No. 28 (with some slight variation), and two others taken (without variation) from No. 28 of Mason's *Songs of Praise*. Lady Huntingdon added two stanzas more from the latter hymn, which are here omitted.

CCCLXII — Six out of eight stanzas. The stanzas omitted are the first, second and third.

CCCLXIII — This hymn (in five stanzas of which the fourth is here omitted) appears in the second series of *Sacred Poetry* (Edinburgh: Oliphant), first published in 1824. Dr. Bonar spoke of it to Mr. Seigwick as one which he remembered as early as 1825. In the Chelsea Collection (*Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship*, Seeley's, second edition 1858) it bears the name of "Newton," but the point is settled by its insertion in the author's *Poems*, 1852.

CCCLXIV — From *Hymns and Anthems* (Fox, Paternoster Row), a volume edited by Mr. William Johnson Fox, to whom this hymn was given for publication by the author.

CCCLXV — From *Thoughts for Thoughtful Hours* (Nelson, Edinburgh, 1859).

## NOTES TO ADDITIONAL HYMNS

## HYMN

- I—I am indebted to the Rev J Keble for permission, obtained through him, to introduce this and the other additional Hymns of the late Professor Joseph Anstice. The two numbered cclxxiir and cccxxvii I had previously taken from the *Child's Christian Year*, (in which the additional Hymn, No 24, will also be found.) The collected hymns of the author have never been made public, though they were privately printed, after his death, in 1836.
- v—The first four out of five stanzas
- vii—From Bishop Mant's *Holydays of the Church*, &c vol 1 p 360
- viii—This is the original translation of Mr Williams (omitting the last twelve lines), of which Hymn LXI is a variation
- ix—The text is that of the 58th Scotch Paraphrase, and, although differing from that given in Logan's works, may be regarded as altered by himself, or with his authority, from the original by Michael Bruce
- xii—Five out of six stanzas (*Olney Hymns*, Book I No 53)
- xiv—This is No 856 in Dr Collier's Hymn Book of 1812. Dr Collier, in a note, states, that he is himself the author of the last three stanzas, having never seen more than the first which (following a popular error) he assumes to be a translation from Luther, by whose name it is usually called, and to one of whose tunes it is set and sung. The original German hymn, however, on which this is founded (beginning, "*Es ist gewisslich an der Zeit*," ) is not by Luther, but by Bartholomew Ringwald. I have not been able to discover the author of the first English stanza.
- xvi xviii—These two popular hymns constitute parts of Dr Neale's translation of *The Rhythm of Bernard de Morlaix, Monk of Cluny, on the Celestial Country* (London J T Hayes, 1862.) The entire translation is very long (442 lines). The Latin original begins with the line,  
*"Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt, vigilemus"*
- xxii xxx—From *Hymns from the Gospel of the Day for each Sunday and the Festivals of our Lord* by the Rev J L Bode (Oxford and London J H & J Parker, 1860)
- xxvii—I am indebted for this to the kindness of the translator
- xxxi—The first four out of five stanzas *Olney Hymns*, Book I No 50
- xxxiv—I am indebted for this to the author





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